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Where is the Moonlight?

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Cover Page Footnote

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ROBIN BUDA

A PERFECT FIT

The feeling engulfs my body,
my soul. I'm filled
with the wonder of you.
Pieces of you become
pieces of me.
My life and yours,
intertwined,
like our legs
in the comfort of the sheets.
Laying next to you, your breath
becomes mine
as your sweet aroma
awakens my heart.
Two lost puzzle pieces
that have found their match.
We fit together
perfectly.

MARGARET MAY

WHERE IS THE MOONLIGHT?

As the crisp autumn air consumes my every being,
I gaze up into the heavens.
The stars—they seem to taunt me.
As do my dreams: dancing in the joys of my sorrows,
Glowing in my defeats.
As the night dew develops, it questions my existence.
Do you not have an intuition of the sunrise?
Shall you dismiss your feelings and carry your tree
Or shall you lie in the painfully sweet smelling pasture?
Do you not subside to the tormenting hollows of the wind?
Dare you be mesmerized by the flaming sparks of light
And be held to watch the heavens swell up?
The master of the skies forbids such!
Do not subside!
Let the moonlight be your compass.
Oh Divine Master, where are your illuminating beams?
Why have you permitted the blackness of the clouds to enter the skies?
Is there now no compass the sky will offer?