

HE WHO STEARS THE NIGHTS LANTERN

The man in the moon, who is steering his ship,
goes sailing along on the course that is set.
It glides through the skys that has craddled it to and fro,
guiding its sails with a protective but slight blow.
He watches as not to annoy the dream fallen boy,
who is deep asleep on the starlit sky.
He aims his beams as not to awake,
but watch o'er each little child that's asleep.

In days past I would set by my window,
and gaze at the stars that would glow.
I could see a gleaming body like that of God's glory
being steared by a man who's hand is fearlessly steady.
I could faintly see a little head held high
by pride and fear of the Almighty,
a little man who stood his ground
in fear of not a single human or moon body.

Many a lover has poured out his heart
to this wise little man in the moon,
He has let him decide upon which way to turn,
to follow his lover or return home in gloom.
With the moon in view a mother will welcome
the sight of the captain who steers the night's lantern,
for her day has been a long one
and her patience thorned with scorn,
but the man in the moon solved this forlorn.

As for me, I still watch with now wrinkled brow,
and think of the moments I've spent beneath it's bow.
As I have yet to come face to face
with a friend who has shared in my tears,
My heart will pour forth it's longing to him
Of the fears in a grieved lovers hymn.

As I turn to face the master ship
that is placed in God's sparkling crown,
I notice those who have followed the path
of the fallen stars now gone.
I will never commend my heart
to leave behind the memory of such a fellow:
the man in the moon, he who mars gloom, he
who shall set your heart afire.

May, 57
PDC