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Drink to the Moon

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Drink to the Moon

Give me a taste
and I'll hand you the moon-
blood red and full- to hang on your wall.
I'll float out your door,
as you ponder and say,
"It will fit nicely, yes, right here by the stairs."



and time grows us older.

I'll linger by, one autumn day,
with the scent of knowledge still clinging to my throat.
I'll watch the shadows, from your moon,
seep out your door and down the lane.

and time will grow us older.

We'll drink wine to your moon,
we'll wallow in intellect.
And when the shadows fall, we'll make love-
to the notion of light.
Hope will simmer beneath our eyelids,
but dreams, desires, and lust -
they will dance upon our tongues,
curl between our fingers,
settle into our souls.

and we will grow older with time.

Give me a day
and I'll show you the world.
We'll paint it white and blue to hide the stains -
from tongues, fingers, souls.
We'll drink to your moon,
we'll waltz to the earth -

and time will never leave us far behind.