

Waxing Moon

By Erin Lang Crowley
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The moon is a comma in an epic sky
It says pause right here; don't pass by
So we stop and watch this space expand
And I close my eyes and you take my hand

The past is still, the future slow
Our mingled breath, the ebb and flow
And all these season in the dark
Are shattered in a firefly spark

Ch:
On and on and on and on
And gone so soon
Round and round and round and back
Around the waxing moon

We share a raft of memories
In a tilted world with sloshing seas
The tides will rise and the currents pull
As this cup of moonlight waxes full

Into the horizon from dusk to morn
To the curving line where a fragile now is born
Into the place where time and space and gravity
Have lost their unrelenting hold on you and me

The moon is a comma in an epic sky
It says pause right here; don't pass by
We're two small souls in a sea of stars
And the universe between our arms