

## Moon on Plantation Earth

Dreamy romantic moon shelters lovers, paints romance on wine glasses across the table. Alone and in spiritual trance moon shows his face as God in beauty and peace. In the forest high above, moon ripples his flexible fingers through the pines, as night lays its coverlet across the needles.

Through the eyes of the photographer, imagination takes a deep breath, the shutter clicks, as moon flirts with distant white capped apexes, capturing the dance of infatuated halos. On the dry fields after summer's copious heat, the camera snaps, eyes of the lens following each stick of mocha grass, into the seasons waiting season.

Moon listens to the howl of wolfs, leading them a feeling of isolation Shadows across his lunar circle, dipping down into their lonely souls. Trails of dirt and dust blow them no closer to a destination. Frogs wait in ponds murky waters, croaking mate songs in the bush. Moon lends them his glowing jacket, his sigh of silver whispers. Ripples curl in crystal cups, coaching lumpy to the bank. They drink of moons mating song.



And from the mood of moonlight  
Sleek and winged, disinterested  
From the pages, he sitting in his  
Secret corner reading first.

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## His Mood and Poe.

In his sullen mood

He sat in his secret corner  
Reading Poe.

Shadow threads grey light  
Trough his opaque drapes  
Moon in non-flattering face.

In this state of mind  
Black panels close in  
Reflecting melancholy

And in the labyrinths he sought books  
With strong backbones and soft threads  
On parchment and space for accord.

The raven's claw had not yet drawn blood,  
Nor infected his cerebral quality  
As the ebony screech lay voiceless  
On the book case.

And from the mood of moonlight  
Sleek onyx wings disintegrated  
From the pages, he sitting in his  
Secret corner reading Frost.

## My Sister She Loved Frogs

I often wondered why the sun had wasted her warming rays on those slimy creatures called frogs. My sister on the other hand was impressed by their cute characters, bulgy eyes and croaky vibes, which seem to call her to a fantasy land.

We were only kids when we visited daddy for the summer. We lived in a cabin behind Mrs. Heinz's ranch near Fallon Nevada. We really loved it there, with its cotton wood trees and acres and acres of land to hike. My sister especially liked the brook by our cabin; the aroma of flora and the arrangement of trees and shrubs along the rim of the bank.

It wasn't all fun and play; there were chores to be done, but we didn't mind, they were simple like: doing dishes, taking out the trash, mopping the kitchen, and other minor tasks. Daddy gave us a small allowance which we appreciated very much.

I could buy her books about frogs. I was so happy to see her turn page and page of articles and photos of them, smiling and giggling like a baby when it gurgles.

Our cabin was situated on a greenbelt, where forest trees were lofty evergreens, with aroma of pine and plots of land skirted by turf that slopped in hillocks and small plots of land. Our

cabin happened to come complete with a small pond with mossy stones protruding from the slow moving water. The aroma of fresh air drew us there very early in the morning to splash our faces with its cool ripples, to vitalize our bodies with energy for the excitement of the day.

## When sun ascended

in dawn's early hours,  
she sojourned at the bank of the wavering pond  
behind our summer cabin retreat.  
  
Her baggy overalls and plaid shirt  
hanging loosely while waiting for prince frog to appear.  
  
Age never entered the picture,  
the passing years never make a difference  
like a play preformed a hundred times  
the stage was set to retrieve memories  
the sun a stage light, a beacon to return  
over and over again.



twinkling stars

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By

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the inscribes words from the muse

as parchment threads

## **My Tears for Dru**

Dru you were my nephew  
and remembering you now,  
is like taking a journey  
back—back  
to times past, of different times,  
when I should have been with you.

If only my tears could reach your soul:  
I would swim in its lakes,  
I would rest my yearning love on its shores,  
and recall those tender moments we had together.

But now, your journey is laying on that beacon of heaven's light,  
where you sit on its rims of eternity, and  
breathe softly down on us for moments of spirit together.

Yes Dru....

You were my nephew, and your face will always,  
live in my heart.

over and over again.

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## Mystic Ambience

Moon in ethereal night  
Enchanting mood  
Captures her mind

She sits enveloped in its magic  
The mystical instincts  
Of who she is

She is poetess  
engaged in inspiration  
and mystical moon aglow

her long slender fingers loosen  
luring the muse  
writing on threads of parchment

Sophisticated words dip from ink well  
awaken twinkling stars  
on night carpet's on magical sway

under the reflection of moon glow  
she inscribes words from the muse  
on parchment threads