

Moonbeam

In the most silent hour of the darkest night,
When the full Moon casts, its celestial beacon of light—
A silvery beam from my soul, through my eyes takes flight;
Oh how they swirl! Your name in cursive light.

Slowly our thoughts spiral, so soft, so slow,
Dancing like snowflakes where dream-winds blow.
A beam of magic arcs from my eyes to the sky,
As the evening moon, softly rises high.

This is our Moonbeam, our secret sign,
That tells us, that I am yours and you are mine!
Now, when your eyes meet the full moon's glow,
A warmth of whispers, assuring you know;
That our messages ride on this magical beam,
Tangling our souls; in this luminous dream.

You catch its glow—our souls aligned—
And, sending it back, with love enshrined.
When your answering whispers ride the moonbeams in reply,
They light the path beneath the moon-lit endless sky.

No matter—time won't steal what's true:
Next moonrise, I'll send it anew.
With each beam sent from me to you,
And back again, our sweet adieu.

So let our kisses ride the light,
Two voices cast in lunar flight.
These moonlit kisses, thoughts that fly,
Remind us that our love will never die!
