

Fill the Crescent Moon
September 27, 2021
for Ed Huston

A silver sliver,
suspended, seemingly,
by a celestial thread
hangs against a motionless, black drape.

Waiting high above our wondrous, incredulous stare,
it will gradually fill with wishes from lovers
and from children at their bedtime.

“Star kisses” will drop into its hollowed bowl until it fills.
Then, suddenly, it will burst and overflow,
cascading down upon all who deeply yearn
that their dreams will come true.

Reciting a nocturnal blessing,
pouring across the heavens,
the night sky shimmers, magically, as if thousands of comets
rain down to fulfill those wants
and reflect, glistening, in the tears of children;

And, with hands together, on their knees next to their beds,
their prayers are answered,
as, too, are the expectant gazes of those, old,
still needing something to believe in.