

The moon is an orb of fine silvery sweet
Dancing each night to her own rhythmic beat
The stars are her partners, they twirl and spin
Except one – quite irked by her moon-dancing twin

But the moon understands, and closes her eyes
She turns off her music to let the sun rise
The day is awakened, the stars go to sleep
The sun is now smiling with no need to weep

She stretches unfolding her buttery beams
Sneaks under lace curtains and closes out dreams
She rolls through the valleys and drinks up the dew
Caresses the flowers and paints the sky blue

She summits the mountains and blankets the land
Throws diamonds on water and heats up the sand
She keeps rising higher, hopscotching through clouds
Naps only a moment when rain is allowed

O' mighty healer! Earth's soft goldenrod balm
Faithful and constant, she heals like a psalm
Thus, she deems her twin useless, dancing all night
Forgets what goes on when she turns out her light

Scoffing at the mischief, she tucks in her heat
Folding up her fire, she falls fast asleep
It sure seems silly for a night-moon to play
The grass cannot grow from that silvery ray

The moon winks - and rises as owls awake
Her music spills out in the sky with a shake
Bright stars start to shuffle, step, and sashay
Waltzing off worries that unsettled their day

All night life is stirring, happy to move
The dark cloak of evening busts out a groove
While day needs sun's spotlight, night also shares love
For one silvery orb that dances above