

Moonlight Serenade

Kurt Elling

Understand the Night.
When she flashes her sparkling eyes at dusk,
She flirts with Twilight.
When the noise of day dies away,
The Night and Twilight stay and stay,
Making quiet love up high over the town.
And the gentle Twilight gives his light,
Making a queen of Night.

If I could, I would write a sonnet of the night as a
Remembrance of your eyes.

And, if you'd promise not to tell,
I could whisper the words in the dark, like a lover.
We could count the stars - the shooting stars -
And talk of lovers through the ages who had lived out
Of their dreams.
Such will and courage they needed to live in a dream;
To burn, with every breath so serene -
As if they had been the first to find love at all -
Like Night and Twilight.
(They were the first of lovers ever.)
Could we be like them - hold on to one another until
Dawn comes?
Then, we'll fly off and dream until Night and Twilight
Kiss again.

My love - my one and only love -
Let me take you out under the moonlight and show how
The Twilight loves the Night;
Why he lives for an hour of loving through lifetimes of
Longing
And sings his moonlight serenade.