

The Moon

Kendall Payne

The moon's worn thin
Succumbed to the pressure
Her silver dress
Hangs in the sky like a rag
Her coat, her cloak
Her cover of darkness
It fails to hide
The tears that she's cried
Oh she cries
But she still shines
Though the night falls around her
And by her light
I find my way
When I fear the path laid before me
I look to the light of her face
And thank her for being so brave
The moon remains
In fullness or frailty
A faithful climb
And I stand amazed at the way