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The Humble Moon

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Surprise

One day age will creep up on you
like one of your childhood friends.
He could be hiding in the closet now,
waiting for you to walk towards the foyer
so he can tiptoe out and startle you,
quickly wrapping his skinny arms around your stomach
and sending you both down onto the hardwood,
laughing.

Brett Stonecipher

The Humble Moon

He reaches out
With soft, white tendrils
To caress her freckled cheeks
A silent sentry
Ever watching as she sleeps
The Light in Darkness
Hope in night
Forgotten with the morning light

Emily Blinn