



## **MOON THE CELESTIAL BODY**

How much made  
the bright lady  
people dream and  
how many fall in love  
making them hover  
as majestic birds

Their hearts full  
of tender feelings  
dazzled by her white beams  
disclosed in her light  
the men's hearts  
as roses in may

The lovers' eyes dampened  
tell of their burning passions  
their lips whisper promises  
to keep precious engraved  
to listen them then  
again and again

But  
once faded the darkness  
and dawn slowly rising  
to spread the light  
over the still sleeping towns  
you can soon realize  
the moon nothing else than  
a celestial body in the void space  
Dark its surface  
its mantle a crust  
its inner core of solid iron there from billion years  
surrounded by flickering maids  
unsuspected deceiving men  
from anywhere and of all Ages

**Maria Miraglia**