



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

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