Horcas

"An Abandoned Grave Bathes Softly In The Falling Moonlight"

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A soft

Glowing sphere rises within the darkened sky Clouds move and shift around a glorious moon Hanging far above the earth below

Beams fall from the huge night light in the sky

Far below

The cemetrey gates gently creak

As a cold breeze tickles the oak tree's leaves

They dance and sway to the blowing wind

An eerie fog descends upon the cemetery

Thick enough to catch the moon beams

The graves are aglow with soft light

The full moon growing brighter with time

The breeze is no more

The air is still

A blankey of think fog is horizon bound

An abandoned grave is bathing ever so softly

In the fallen glowing full moon light

The grave abandoned in the wake of rapture

No longer the abode of a corpse

But a cavity in the earth's crust

The former occupant now far beyond the clouds

To bid farewell to the moon

The stars

The past

Now but a faded memory

Soon to vanish

The life beyond the flesh is yet to be discovered

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