

Covette

"Beneath The Gate"

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She was found beneath the gate,
Forsaken at the gate.
Who would have thought that so much love
Could be so carelessly misplaced.
Found. Beneath the gate.

We gazed upon the moon,
A honed and whetted moon.
Wondered if you saw the same
An hour from your mothers womb.
Gazing at the moon.

We stood beneath the gate.
Three beneath the gate.
The rare good will of the random world,
Smiling like a sickle moon.

She was found beneath the gate.
Forsaken at the gate.
Found beneath the gate.

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