

## Michael McGuire "The Moon In Virgo"

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Thru the journey of the days and the map of the hour, I  
was born right at  
the tip of the scales in the balance of this impotent  
power, Iâ€™m always  
nose to the grindstone full of some kind of moody  
perfection, Iâ€™m an earth  
heart muse lover connected to some kind of  
disconnection.  
The moon in virgo, Iâ€™m my own worst enemy, not  
because I donâ€™t know,  
but because I cant break free.  
Every beast has a nature and every angel has a gods  
eye view, but until  
you find your wings whatâ€™s a poor little beast to do, I  
always feel like Iâ€™m  
waiting for some little miracle to push me all the way  
into the light, I  
donâ€™t know what the hell is wrong but I can tell you all  
841.9 things that  
are right.  
The moon in virgo, rising in the twelfth house, a secret  
hero, deft hands  
in a virginâ€™s blouse.  
I feel like I was born with a purpose but I guess Iâ€™ll just  
die by the clock, if  
my sleep dreamed any deeper I could pass right thru  
solid rock, and I  
donâ€™t want to be the master but I can no longer play  
the slave, and I donâ€™t  
want anything I could name but all I seem to do is  
crave.  
The moon in virgo, take me in a lovers rush, hide in  
moon-glow, lose me  
in the mystic crush.

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