

What is the Moon?

What is the moon?

A dancer, frolicking over the clouds,

A spotlight, hurling shards of light,

A silver coin in the ebony sky

A teardrop from Mother Earth's cries

A football for the giants to play with

An eye

A glistening, shimmering, glinting eye

It could be a face,

A joyful, happy, gleeful face

But what is the moon when the sun arises, beaming down on the land?

A dancer?

A spotlight?

A silver coin?

A teardrop?

A football?

An eye?

A face?

No.

It's nothing.