

Alchemist, Lunation

The silent image of a poetic light the
crescent moon enhances the
blackened night my eyes are bound to
the beauty that I see the moon's
magnetism - it beckons me pores of
my mind rise and fall in lunation lost in
a spell entranced in lunar fixation
alters the rhythms and the tides of
the oceans eclipsing hemispheres of
my emotions moon enters in its new
phase-governs both the nights and
the days bathe in its heavenly rays -
strange allure the one that I praise