

Cold is her Light

Luna, she remembers;
Though never will she tell.
With cold, indifferent eyes she watched
As kings and kingdoms fell.

Admirers look upon her;
A time-stained canvas of knowing stone.
When the gallery burns she'll shed no tear;
To the void she'll again belong.

Hopeless, she crawls toward the light;
But in darkness she surrenders - overtaken.
Poseidon will rise to console his mistress,
Only to fall, once again - forsaken.

In eternal silence she passes;
This voyeur of the night.
She glows with curiosity,
But cold is her light.