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 Pity

The Moon-Child.

Pity the moon-child lost in ~~the~~ mist,
 White fusions pinned in her dark black hair,
 She who has walked on moonbeams long
 & breathed only silvered air.

Pity the moon-child - pale face skinning,
 long & slim fingers curved her knees,
 Eyes like velvet drip dark caresses
 lighted with stars of fire, for she's
 heedful of moonbeams she was born
 under the full moon's light,
 of a mother wooed by a leprechaun
 once on a silvery night.

Pity the moon-child now no trace
 of moon-beams ~~of~~ pierces the mist,
 pity the moon-child sitting there,
 her face by the moon veiled.
 She who has caught the moon's bright light
 & dressed herself in its sheen,
 she who has danced to pipes of pan-
 a beautiful silver queen.
 Weep for the moon-child, hear her moan,
 lost in the fog & cold - alone.