

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

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Shrouded in her cloudy veil
the moon beckons me
- tantalising like a coy mistress –
she makes me hungry and angry
with broken promises of apocalyptic visions.

The damp grass quivers under my weight,
begging me not to tread any further
lest I should ravage the bliss of its fleeting union
with the moonlight and the evening dew:
Their eternity frozen in that moment.

Unrelenting, I pursue the receding moon,
the wind beating fiercely
against my pale face and frail frame;
angry that I alone should have willed
when all is quiet whence I come.

The narrow pass
meanders into the grim woods,
like a rickety stairs to an abandoned attic
hurting my feet with stones sharp and rocks rough
- A path seldom used?

In the silence of the growing night
I can hear my heart pounding
and the heavy breadth in rhythmic rasps,
warning me it's time I stopped
my hunt for the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

As I pause mighty baffled,
wondering if it is the end of the road
there surges a voice from the wilderness,
"Come on! Don't stop – at least not yet,
the moon is only waiting to be all yours."