

Moonlights Kiss

Standing at the water's edge,
her mind seemed willed.
To time long past when
days and nights were filled.

Eyes flooding tears
her love being singled
Into the stream where
the droplets were mingled.

Lowering his palm
catching water filled with love.
Lifting to pursed lips
the water lit from above.

Drinking the glowing treat
from her lips to his.
In the distant past
they shared the Moonlight's Kiss.

by Margaret Jones, William Moore
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