Moonlight’s Dance

Kristina Ibitayo, PhD, RN

I danced among rays of moonlight
And shadows of twilight,
Enfolded in the arms
Of trees both royal and giant.

We danced, the trees and I,
Swaying to the music
Of night’s rhythm,
A silent tune trumpeting
Wonders not seen,
Nor magic understood.

The night grew cold
As I got old,
And moonlight vanished
In the midst of day.

But the sun came out,
The trees grew leaves,
And once again I danced,
Cavorting in sunlight bright.

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