

The Moon shines bright in the sky at night,
A blanket of stars overhead.
They glow and shimmer, sparkle and glimmer,
Whilst we get ready for bed.

In the dark, imagination blooms,

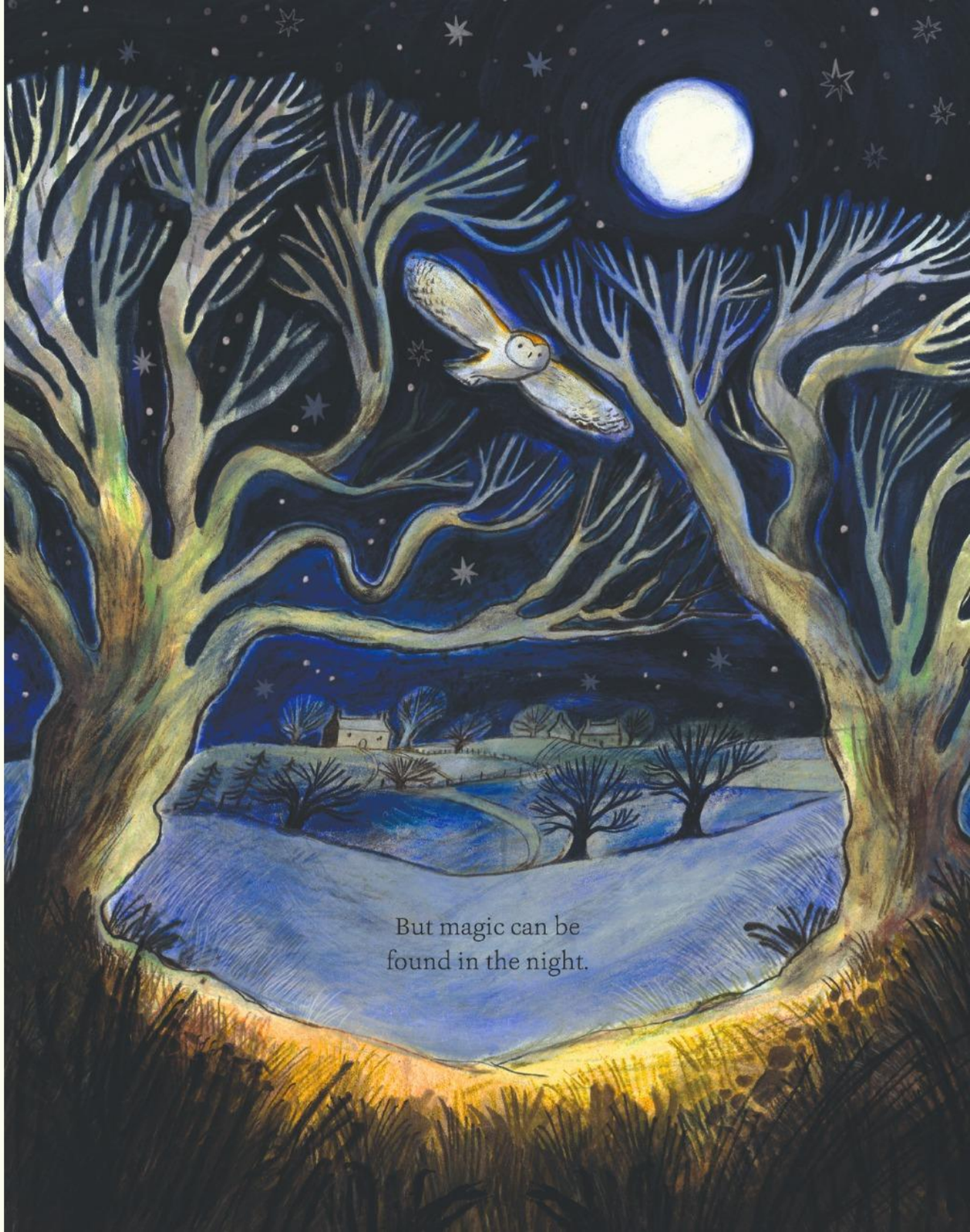


Thoughts grow, and worries take flight.



Trees we see each day make shadows that sway,







. . . Each a wish, waiting to come true.


The way you feel will change every day,
Each night the Moon will change too.
Shining full and bright, or a crescent of light,
Drifting as it wanders the night through.