

Moongazers

Some are stargazers,
we are moongazers.

Here by the quay,
where darkness has now descended,
I was made into one,
a moongazer.

There aren't many of us,
we are rare creatures obsessed with colour.

'Focus on the colour.

There, look at the shade of blue
just around the moon and how it turns darker.'

Dark blue, nearly grey.

So different from the dawn.

The magnificent dawn
in its pale pastel orange glow
which I have painted repeatedly.

I have now moved on
to dark blue, nearly grey.

I have been approved into nocturnal arms,
where the moon shines in its glory,
where I must find that perfect hue
of dark blue, nearly grey.

Staring at splendid sphere,
nervously questioning if I am worthy,
if I will find the pure perfect shade.

But uncertainty is the magic clue:
does it suffocate blue into grey,
or grey into blue?

This is our everlasting dilemma.

Some our stargazers,
but we,
we are owned by the moon,
there aren't many of us,
moongazers.

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April 2021