

Moon at Midnight

Now...moon at midnight, what say you
As Earth is bathed in glistening dew,
Do you portend another day
Whereon most people make their way
As they have done for years and years
Amid their ever present fears
Of those whose mission seems to be
The conquest, murder of the free?

So...midnight moon, is it your stand
That nothing changes in each land,
That, as till now, this world travail
Will unrelentingly prevail,
That all who read their history
Are bound to see that misery
By despots bent on power and greed
Will yet afflict in bloody deed?

But...might you wonder, midnight moon,
That, whether coming late or soon,
The hand of God might intervene
At least in places where is seen
A modicum of worship, pure,
By those who stand steadfast and sure
To man the bulwarks and endure
Against those powers...which they abjure?

Well...moon at midnight, raying dew,
About this matter, what say you?
Though soul-less, yet of earthly way,
Do you know God this dawning day...
And, if you do, will there be fears
That all must face for years and years,
Or, with God's help, while here be free,
Not wait until eternity?