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The Moon Knows My Name

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The Moon Knows My Name

I often find
when I cannot sleep
I stare out my window
instead of counting sheep.

I look at the stars,
they're always the same.
I map out their places,
I call them by name.

I listen to crickets
chirping their songs;
The toads croaking happily
about the grass getting long.

The nocturnal creatures.
The craters of the moon.
The sound of the night
and its calming perfume.

As I lay wondering,
it starts to seem
that I know of them,
but do they know of me?

Do the crickets know
that I'm listening in?
Do the stars look down
and measure my grin?

Do the trees gently rustle
in the breeze just for me?
And sway in the starlight
to keep me company?

Because the people I know
are asleep through the night.
Their brains all shut off
when they turn out the light.

But I'm not the same,
my imagination takes flight.
I lay awake in my bed,
I'm addicted to night.

I'm friends with the owls.
I'm pals with the moon.
The cold December evenings
and the warm nights of June.



MORGAN PFEIFFER

