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To Apollo from Selene

Heather Peters

Sing to me, oh god of sun,
life-giver, fire-eater—
make me a melody, and with your lyre,
whisper words so sweet
and I will be your harmony.

Let your notes move like hands over hills and valleys lush the music of life and love, bestowed with all your heart and I will be your instrument.

Within my silvery shadow life
I dream of warmth—
sing for me your sonorous song
so I may drink of its ambrosia
and I will dream of you.

For I am cursed to darkness, as you fall, I rise although I ache for your light, Sirius is my companion, the Milky Way my playground.

Clasped in our eternal orbit,
the sun and moon
forever bound, forever apart—
two pieces of a whole,
neither satisfied alone.

So, sing to me, oh god of sun,
make your music sound—
although I may be far from you
I will know that I am loved,
your goddess of the moon.