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Confessions

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Confessions

Amy Schiller

Just as the moon
My finest hour is the night
When no one is watching...
I am silent and still.

Yet I keep my composure
To never cry out and
To never shine through
It is my duty to merely live among the shadows...

I am constantly reminded that
The darkness which holds me
Will soon fade to blue
And I will be alone-
I know I could never stay with you...

For just as I rise
So does my sun
Stealing the spotlight
-As so often it does-
Then once again I am still and silent
And the arms of the darkness which held me
Are now gone...