

MUSINGS

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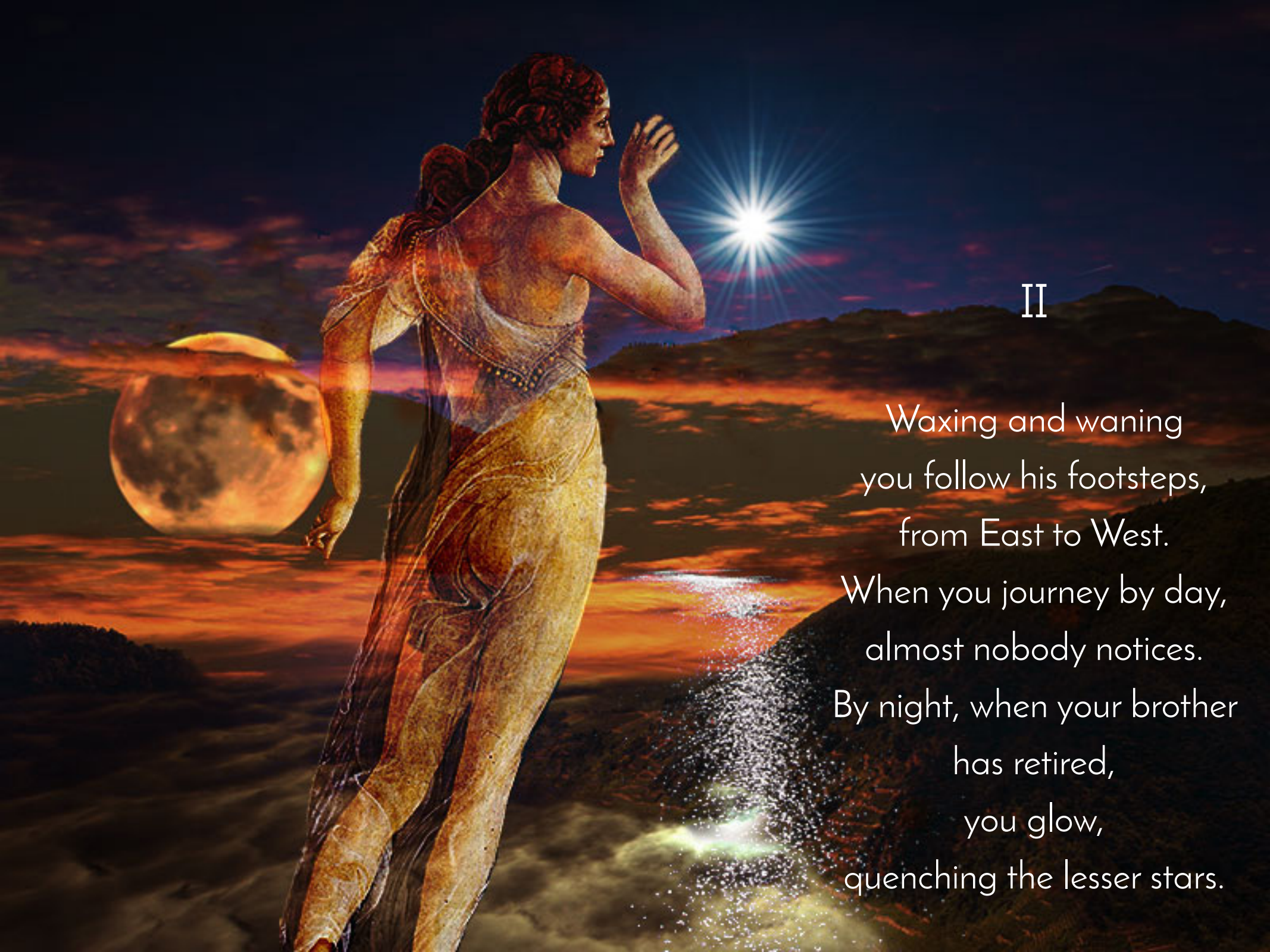


MOONBOW
MAIDEN



I

Little sister mimicking
your older brother.
Pale, petite waif
tiny and tentative,
shyly taking
two weeks
to show
your full face;
and two weeks more
to turn
self-deprecatingly away.



II

Waxing and waning
you follow his footsteps,
from East to West.
When you journey by day,
almost nobody notices.
By night, when your brother
has retired,
you glow,
quenching the lesser stars.

The background is a surreal landscape. A large, glowing orb with a rainbow-like spectrum of colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue) is positioned in the upper left. A rainbow is visible in the sky, and numerous birds are flying across the scene. The foreground shows a rocky hillside with some vegetation, and the middle ground features a body of water reflecting the colors of the sky.

III

He creates rainbows regularly,
seven-colored arcs,
sometimes, even, concentric,
seven-colored arcs.

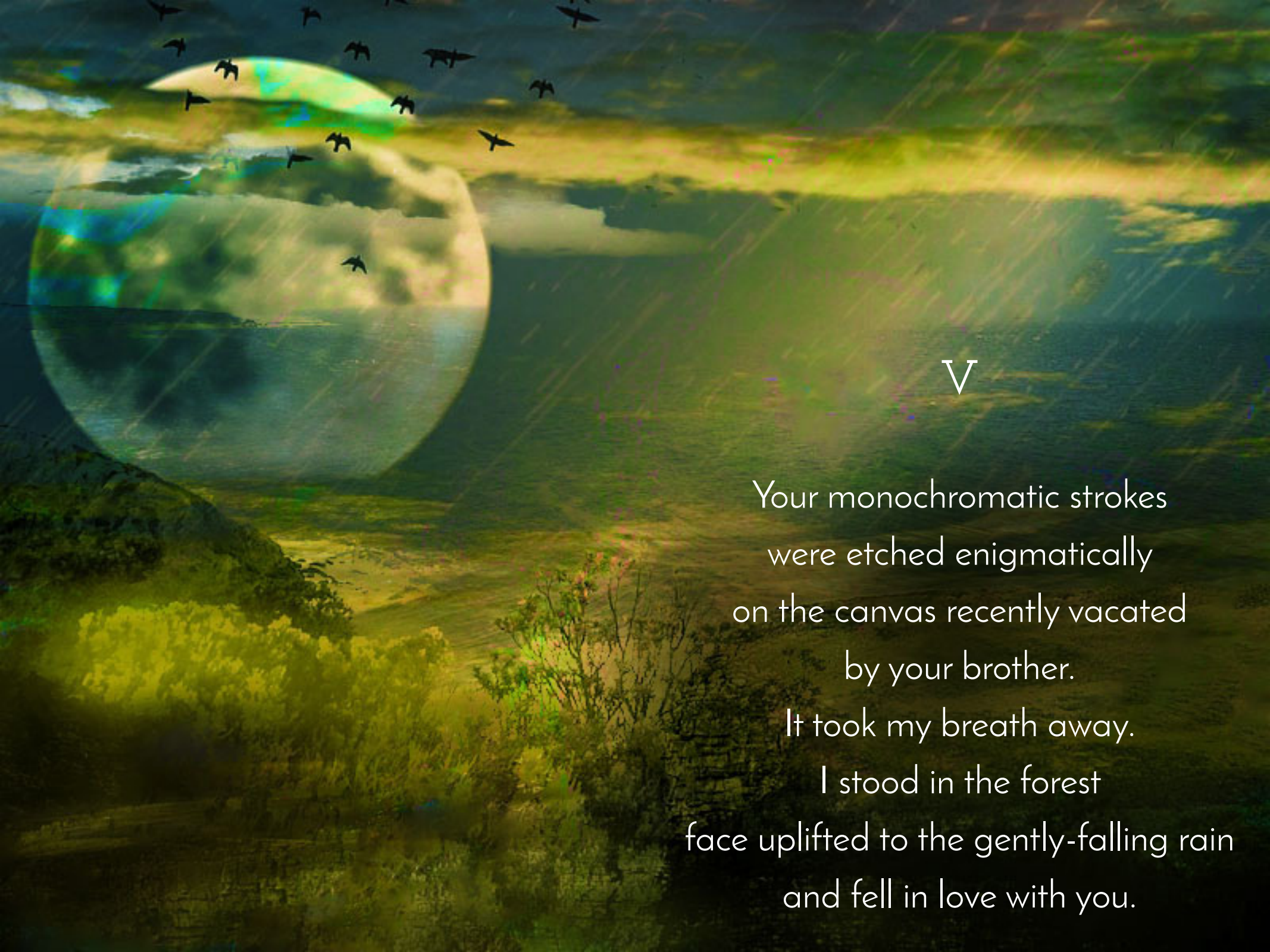
You've been taking lessons,
haven't you?

Tonight, you outdid yourself!
Tonight, you arose full-faced,
in the blue-black Eastern sky,
at precisely 6:00 pm.

IV

Across the heaven,
the sky was clouded,
and it was gently raining.
Sensitive micro-droplets
of mystic mist.

You dipped your brush
into your own creamy soul
and drew a perfect arc
in the Western sky.



V

Your monochromatic strokes
were etched enigmatically
on the canvas recently vacated
by your brother.

It took my breath away.

I stood in the forest
face uplifted to the gently-falling rain
and fell in love with you.



VI

I have a secret name for you.
Lovers must always have secret names.

For how could I use
a vulgarization,
a commonality,
a telephone directory
to whisper the verbalized essence
of my beloved.



VII

Hail, to you Moonbow Maiden!

Namasté,

Seán

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