
Silly Moon

By T. Hickey

The sun was coming up one day;
The moon was going down.
As sunlight chased away the dark,
The moon began to frown.

*O sun, I do not like my place.
I shine, but it's still night.
When you come up to start the day,
The darkness turns to light.
My night-time sky I share with stars;
You share your sky with none.
Can I not shine as bright as you?
Can moon be like a sun?*

O lovely moon, now stop such talk.
It's silly, what you say.
If you were shining bright as I,
No night would follow day.
I burn with heat, but men need rest
Beneath your glow at night.
While people cannot look at me,
You are their great delight.

*But all men do not rest at night,
I see so much that's bad.
My brightest light still lets them hide:
It's this that makes me sad.
I want to shine as bright as you
And make an endless day.
No more night to hide the bad.
We'll send the dark away!*

It cannot be, O foolish moon.
Your light, it comes from me.

*And now I want to shine as you,
So all the world can see.*

But don't you see we need the night
To keep our days apart?

*Then you take night, and I'll take day.
I'm ready now to start.*

It cannot be. It can't be done.
Your body's not like mine.

*You want to keep me trapped in dark,
Afraid to let me shine.*

Not so, fair moon, my dearest friend.
We're simply not the same.
I cannot shine with softer glow;
You cannot burn with flame.

*Your brightness never lets me shine.
It's time for me to show—
If you can burn, then so can I.
Then you can learn to glow.*

I freely share my light with you.
What makes you talk this way?

*You share your light, but not your place,
For you must rule the day.*

Together we have always ruled
The skies of day and night.

*We are not equals, you and I.
I am the smaller light.*

O moon, most lovely of all sights,
Your beauty is not small.
Of all the lights up in the sky,
You far outshine them all.

*O gentle moon! O lovely moon!
O, call me no more names!
My anger burns at words like these!
Already I'm in flames!
See, now I burn like you, O sun,
The morning shines like noon.*

My queen, you'll change the world indeed,
For then there'll be no moon,
No wonder in the harvest sky,
No awe-inspired dreams,
No lovers' sighs and promised love
Beneath your gentle beams.
I warm the world with light and heat,
But cannot reach man's soul.
The moon warms people from inside
And helps to make them whole.

*My sun, it's true now what you say.
I've heard men curse at you.
But always they have welcomed me
When I come into view.
Yes, I am loved while you are feared
For burning, blinding light.
A silly moon indeed I've been.
O give me back the night.*

So sun continued burning bright,
The moon kept her light mild.
As one went up and one went down,
The sun and moon both smiled.