

Mirline Petit-Frere

The Sun and The Moon

The moon shines brightly
Along with the copper sun
Along with my glowing cage
 Inside I yearn
 For the touch of light
 I yearn for the moon
 Long for its glow

I cry for the sun
For the warmth it's never given
For the light it promised me
The light that almost blinded me
 I am locked in a room
 As bright as the moon
 As glowing as the sun
 It feigns the sun's warmth
 Gives me a sense of security
 It glimmers like the moon
 Glowing right through me

I begin to dream
Wanting and yearning
Crying for the sun
Weeping for the moon
A light from the dark
 The obscurity that surrounds
 Begins to glow dimly
 A cry from the light
 Reaches out for me
 I look to find the moon
 And instead find the sun
 Smiling away

It calls for me, mourning
The moon laughs
The moon glows at me
The moon sets me free
 I reach for the sun
 And away it goes
 Vanishing in the darkness
 Sorrowful, smiling
The moon laughs
It glows at me
Like milk it nourishes me
Like milk it soothes me
Like a child I am content
 I am happy, I am free
 Away in the daylight
 The sun misses me
 Here in the dark
 A light comforts me