

April Moon

Over the night's starred face
a full bright moon came up.

Tall firs were etched on it like lace.
I watched it higher rise, so huge

and singularly white, so bright
I used my hand to shade my eyes.

Night was day in the shadowed fields
where startled animals took flight

or hid from this luminescent sight.
A pearl immense, without price.

How beauty brings hope in dark times
even to the world's scarred places

Beth Paulson