

Moon Up High

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This is a children's story/poem about a prince and a princess longing to reach the moon, not have for thier own, not to research it, but just because it looks like it needs a loving hug.

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As the prince lay in his cot
and his sister, the princess, tugged on a knot,
they both stared out the window -
along with the prince's fuzzy pink hippo.

Even though bedtime had come early,
due to their mischief their parents were surly.

Yet as moonlight flooded the castle
you could hear nay a rustle - no hustle and bustle

A white face shown overhead
It was the moon going to bed
They gazed as the orb cresend
It was as though, it truly, hastened

Enveloping the night's darkness
Leaping and bounding between stars with brashness
Making its way ever nearer.
The children stood watching the shadows disappear.

Finally the moon appeared at the window,

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Caressing each doll with light, as well as the hippo.

The children leaned toward the bright face

Hoping to give it a peck, just in caseâ !

Just in case it was lonely way up high

Between the clouds and stars in the mid-night sky.

They wished to caress the moon

Cheek to cheek, just as with a stubborn balloon

One which strains to go up high

And you hug it before you let go with a sigh.

They wished to ask the moon its story, but didn't want to pry

It looked so glorious way up high.

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