

Daughter of the Moon

[Adriana Figueroa](#)

Trail amidst the snow-clad trees, winding is the way
Sunless is the path we roam, bitter is the air we breathe
Fell is the icy blast, coming from the hills
Blowing through my ailing heart, wailing in the emptiness inside
Vanished is the light we had, hidden deep in
rimy soil
Bereft of us the one we cherished, lost for ever our love
Still at night I see her figure
Flickering on moonlit glades
But passing is the hope she's giving
Just a faintest breath of air and she's gone again
The clouds are moving heavily, across the livid sky
Yonder the hues are darkening, slowly turning grey to black
For the two who stray in dusk, all hope is long since gone
Cruel is the winter's reign, merciless the grasp of despair
For what mirth there is left in life for a motherless son
What solace in this world for a widower to find
Slender the shape in night, unbearable the beauty
Shining in the silvery light, watching me with wistful eyes
Evanescent this vision, unattainable this illusion
But an image in my troubled dreams, hewn out of yearning and rue

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