

## Moonbeam

*By Marilyn Reeves*

As I awakened from an early morning dream, I became aware of a bright light streaking across the end of my bed. 'What on earth is that?' I said. So I threw back the covers and walked to the window to see if I could discover the source of that bright beam. I peered out through a crack between the curtains, and there it was: the full moon, riding high in the purple sky, shining down like shimmering pearl.

That mysterious orb – whether bright-lit by the sleeping sun or hiding in the earth's dark shadow – is always there, eternally hovering nearby. Like an eye in the sky, it watches over us, compelling us, as we yearn toward its magnetic force. Its silvery beams light up the night, defying the darkness, dispelling our most primitive fears.

The moon keeps us anchored as we spin about the heavens. It is the keeper of time and tides. It makes us long for love.

What is it about the moon that brings out our most primal passions? Is it the love affair that's been going on between the moon and the earth since the beginning of time? Are all earth's creatures drawn into its romantic spell as well?

Dear, wondrous Moon shining above. Enchanting. Compelling. Thy name is Love.