

## The Changing of the Guard in the Sky

*By Marilyn Reeves*

Is it any wonder that early man  
Looked up at the sky and worshipped the Sun?  
It gives us warmth and life and light,  
And even the precious gift of sight.

I sometimes marvel on a cold winter's day  
When the new-fallen snow is piled so high,  
It covers up everything in our way.

People out in the elements, freezing –  
Scooping, shoveling, scraping, wheezing,  
To open up pathways so we can get by.

Hours of back-breaking work we apply.  
Yet as soon as the storm passes on by,  
Out comes the Sun!

And within just a short matter of time,  
It replaces the labor of countless men.

Our lives depend on that orb in the sky.  
If it were to darken, we'd all surely die.  
Yet this marvelous wonder can also cause harm.  
Staring at the sun can make us go blind,  
And if we stay out in its rays too long  
It can also cause our skin to burn.

The Sun rules the day, but then at night,  
The Moon's pearly glow provides us with light.  
She has no fire of her own,  
But simply mirrors the reflection  
of the sleeping Sun.

There are times during the month  
When we can't see her –  
She hides in the shadow of her Mother.  
And sometimes all she'll reveal  
Is just a slim crescent at the side of her wheel.

But when from the shadow  
She finally breaks free  
We behold her full face in all its glory!  
And irresistibly, we are drawn to her beauty.

But we must all take care!  
For the Moon casts a spell –  
There's romance in the air,  
And quicker than it takes the time to tell  
We can fall blindly in love with each other!

What marvelous wonders, these orbs on high  
As they take turns, lighting our way.  
The Moon at night, the Sun by day,  
Both standing watch eternally –  
The changing of the guard in the sky.