

Night Walk

The house is quiet, O so still.
The moon shines on my windowsill
And draws me out in silver light
To hear the language of the night.

The doves and owls, the crickets near
Are voices that I often hear
When moonlight waves its tempting hand
And I obey its soft command.

But on this night, the rustling trees
Sing different songs upon the breeze.
Tonight the woods out past the lawn
Cry out, "Where have the People gone?"

The People. Yes. The ones whose lands
Have passed to others' eager hands
The ones who sing Earth Mother's song
Not heard in this woods for so long.

The ones who tell the tales of dreams
Of sacred mountains, lakes, and streams.
Where are they now? I long to see
Their fires and lodges close to me.

Too soon the moon sets round and red.
I wander back to my warm bed.
I pray the People will return
That, hearts together, I might learn

The language of the earth and sky,
The songs of stars that pass me by,
The secret of the moonbeam's light
That calls me out to walk at night.

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