

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, all 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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