

MOONLIGHT

Natalie George POETRY

The watchman over the darkening scene
Towering cypress of rotting brown
Mangled like a sickly reaper
Observes the silent, sleeping town

The world is bathed in cold shadows
That look towards mountains of opal blue
Rolling like a wave of nightfall
They bleed their color into the sky's dark hue

Few lights break through this growing night

The pale church steeple, pinpricking the heavens
Climbs up from the village
Touching the swirls of wind that beckons

The crooked yellow crescent moon
The aura of harvest in her light
She shines on the town and planets
On this unending, swirling night

I am a current third-year Pre-Med student but I've always loved creative writing. This piece was inspired by Van Gogh's classic painting The Starry Night. His painting always conveyed an air of mystery and suspense to me, which I tried to explore in my poem, Moonlight.

