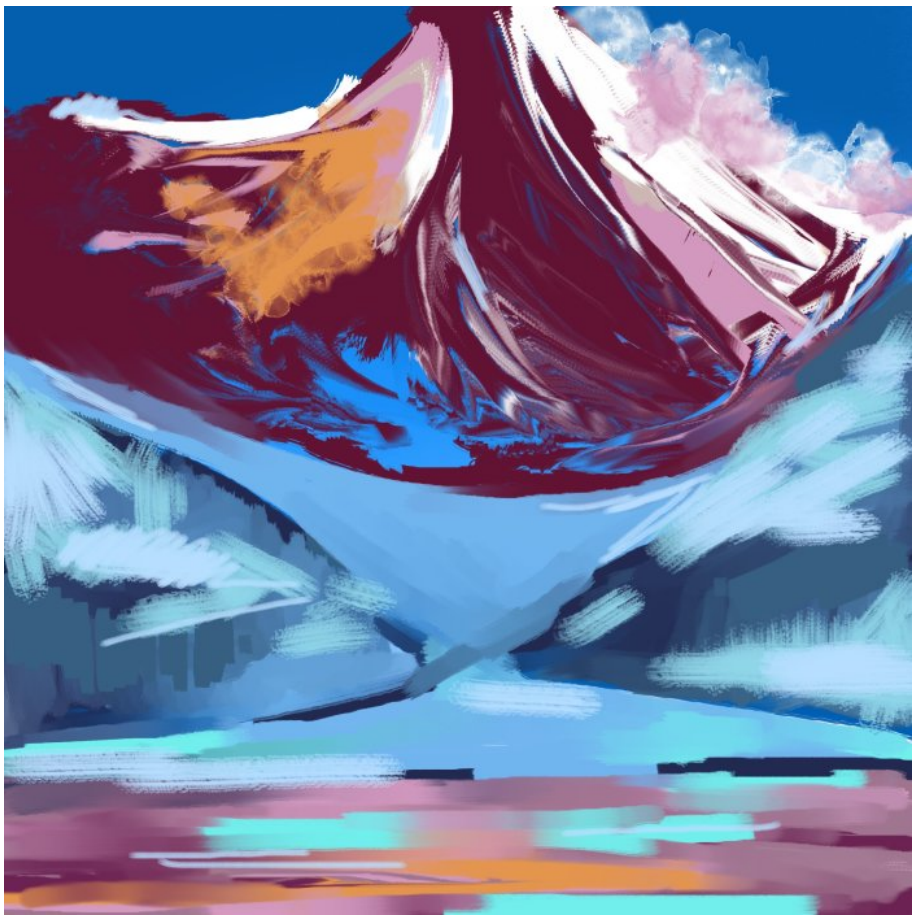
POETRY

Moonlight Shimmers

by David Herbst



"Breeze" by Anja Schmedler

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As moonlight shimmers on the lake
winds howl at the exposed landing,
the cold air gusts
serenity upon the scene.
Bright shades illuminate my eyes,
a duality of worlds —
reality and mind combined
like white reflections of the past.

Mummy, mummy, look at my stride,
how I glide along the plane,
the solid liquid giving way
to even cooler metal blades.
Listen, as the valleys form
amid the shallow, frigid glaciers —
as though celestially created
with an otherworldly force.

The wind blew fiercely in my eyes,
urging mummy to catch up,
drowned out by crevasses so vast
that even gods dared not create.
A glance behind, a second look,
upon the brisk December scene
unravelled nature’s bleak eruption
alongside muffled screams.
With heathen’s eyes, completely still,
did I perceive the void,
all senses numb, the frozen air,
my insides firmly grasped;
a chilling sight, an icy touch,
as Father’s last embrace
returned to me and in a flash
euphoria, erased.

Mum, look, the moon is full tonight,
and reflections in the lake
so marvellous and elegant,
too grand to view alone.

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Don’t worry mum, we’ll meet again!
The cold, wet moonlight on my face:
Selene’s last kiss, a parting gift…
no shimmers on the lake remain.

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