

# In Till March

December

In the night I do stand  
For the moon call my name in winter land.  
Alas, I wait for springtime to come.  
But for now I carry on  
Through snowy skies  
Thick as a sheep's wool  
Covering the land;  
Silhouettes of night creature spread across the streets  
Howling to Mother Moon.  
Neon colors flash in my eyes  
Of festive lights;  
Happiness it should bring me.  
Yet the cold nips at the nap of my neck  
I yarns for nothing more then the  
Nights of full blossoms.  
So ill wait an eternity  
For the first cherry blossom  
In March

January

In the night of my birthday  
I wait on the shore of the pacific  
I hear Mother Moon's patient words  
For May, may not be far away  
But still my hear aches  
For the company  
Of nature's dance  
Still sleeps, sleeps, dormant with out me  
While I look through the window  
And see a glowing light  
Casting shadows of dear one's

I should be greeting  
But no, that's not my wish  
Again I see the pink floral  
Whispering, "wait for me"  
I wait on the shore of the pacific  
For the cherry blossom in March.

## February

The night sky awaits a new moon  
To alight the darkened shadows  
Within the beating heart.  
A Valentine's call  
Cupid sends to earth,  
Through a candle's glow  
Violin's graceful praise,  
Two people drawn together  
By a magnet's magic.  
Yet for me  
Short and sweet  
Are these twenty-eight days;  
And they're beyond the bend  
The seeds of life will grow.  
For now I'll watch  
As lovers grow  
Till my time  
In mid-March bloom.

## March

Now in late March night  
The lion has past, with lambs coming.  
Ancient Mother Moon  
Gentle winds welcome the

Mighty Cherry Blossom tree,  
Who in return joins the dance.  
In silvery light  
I illuminate  
For every constant memory,  
For lives of the past,  
Now stand still  
Being swept away by  
The forever gently twirling  
Nights of full blossoms.  
So I'll wait an eternity  
For the first cherry blossom  
In next year's March.