

When the Moon Flashes Signals

By Sam Mills

When the moon flashes signals, brightly through the sky—damaging the black wall of night—I think of you, my secret love, and I try to remember your eyes, and I wonder where they are now.

Are they on the cold, dark streets searching for potential lovers? Are they outside the bars, searching for their favorite liquor or wine? I miss the way they used to shine during all of the dark nights.

Now I stand on the balcony edge, looking down into the crowded streets, wondering why you left to join the vulgar herd. I hope (one of these lonely nights) to see you down below, staring back up at me.

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