

Under the Moonlight

by Yomar A. Lebrón Valle

The trees, the birds, and the rivers!
they all look so beautiful,
kinda' shows how well a place can look,
if you take care of it.

I wanted to wander off into the forest,
I started to dream...a nightmare,
I was in a room,
but didn't recognize anyone there.

Someone, who I assumed were my parents,
called me "My daughter",
I felt disoriented,
I don't even like girls!

I ran out the door,
all I could see was black,
all I could hear was mocking laughter,
I ran back to the room...locked it.

I went to the nearest river,
I looked at the sky,
a full moon,
majestically glows in the sky.

A giant, white gumball,
unreachable through the glance of Gaia,
wondering... how could it feel,
to be in the moon avoiding the "world".

Someone had told my secret,
I dipped my finger into ink,
I drew a broken heart, graves, people crying,
wasn't hard to figured out...pain.

He jumped out of the hole,
He reached for my hand,
we climbed our way out,
we tightly hugged and ran.

He was grateful for getting out,
I was grateful of getting out,
now, both, off to the light,
holding hands under the moonlight.