

Moon Fairy

For Caetlyn

I lay on my bed in the dead of night,
my body illuminated only by moonlight—
eerie, misty, and ghostly white.

A late April rain born of storm cloud tears
falls outside my window, cleansing my fears
and restoring the vitality of my younger years.

I hug one of my plush axolotls to my chest
and study the midnight sun with which I'm obsessed.
I tire of the day but I am unable to rest.

I wish upon every star in the shadow veil
for a companion to share with me a mystical tale
of adventure in which the heroes prevail.

Hearing my prayer, the Moon creates a friend
out of light and dust and rain— a perfect blend.
She appears in my window, ready my heart to mend.

She wears a lavender dress adorned with flowers
and her hands glow with her magical powers.
When I am with her, I lose count of the hours.

Her stained glass wings flutter in the air
and so ripples her platinum blonde hair.
Silver stars decorate her gentle face fair.

Hovering in my room, she smiles warmly.
“Are you a moon fairy?” I ask curiously.
“Yes. I shall bless your dreams,” she says to me.

And so I close my eyes as she begins her spell.
My mind quiets as my raging thoughts are quelled.
Her magic within me all night long shall dwell.

As I drift off, the Moon Fairy wishes me goodbye
and returns alone to the cloudless night sky.
I dream only of her, the celestial creature, and sigh.