*THE BACK SIDE OF THE MOON*

*Standing behind the tree, he hides to avoid the wrath*

*Now hidden, he clearly feels his anger, his despair*

*His will pushes forward as a rearing horse, scared*

*Full of confusion, moved only by a small, rustling leaf,*

*Not sure why, like a breeze stirring, his senses vibrate*

*Hidden, like the back side of the moon,*

*His feelings resound into the quiet*

*His heart beating strongly and loudly,*

*As a syncopated rhythm slapping the air*

*He makes his presence heard, his soul’s voice*

*The road is clear, as he looks around, his choice apparent*

*His journey bound, his panic felt surging through his body*

*Knowing only that he must leave his old home, his security*

*Once, he felt a warm joy holding love and comfort*

*Now, he feels only a cold misery of hate and discontent*

*Wrought with tears, he starts shaking, he starts running*

*How could he have put up with this so long, he roars*

*He hugs each tree, strong and silent, as he says goodbye*

*Deer stand frozen with their ears forward listening*

*Noises follow his steps as he retreats, further hidden*

*Hidden, like the back side of the moon*

*He reins in his feelings, sharply cutting*

*The leaves bent under his torn feet*

*Only he knows the intent bourne so sure*

*From which his motions are forward taken*

*He’s focused, he’s sure, he’s decided his fate, his passion*

*He will no longer endure these unrelenting violent forces*

*The voices in his head stand still, his body tense in motion*

*He fights against the complacency that numbs his mind,*

*His body now moves like a machete, cutting through the pain*

*No longer questioning what he is doing, rather, he moves*

*Instinctually knowing without thought, word, or deed*

*Gathering his momentum, known from graceful motion,*

*He shines brightly against the outcast shadows of his soul*

*Upon the earth risen to meet his feet prancing, dancing*

*Feeling life on the back side of the moon, standing,*

*Feeling, hidden, not seen, but felt surrounded and guarded*

*His mission to kill the hate that swirls around his body*

*Solidly brazen, he meets the quiet with his resonating beat*

*Piercing through the veil of hidden truths yet undiscovered*

*His existence now known*

*The back side of the moon not seen but felt forever hidden*

*The answer to his being*

*He is here, he says, never to move into the light seen*

*Yet, present, here, known as the unseen, expressed*

*Still, he now understands the upwelling so despairing*

*Passionate, alive, felt always within, alone*

*No importance, no senses lessen determine his purpose*

*To be here and understand the merging of his whole*

*Thanks to the others who stand as shadows to his senses*

*No more wrath, no more despair, now only foresight*

*Departing is no longer taken in haste, in fear*

*His heartbeat slows in the quiet recesses of his being*

*This is important, this is a distance not voiced*

*Now, turning, walking, standing and knowing*

*The answer to his existence*

*Now known*

*This is life lived fully and passionately*

*In all its total glory felt*

*on both sides of the moon*

*cmc 8/31/17*