Images

New moon departs,
Leaving in its trail,
A patchwork:
Broken images of hopes,
Moulded in hasty light
Of elegant night.

The night dawns
into reality of hopes,
Too bright to survive
Under dull light
Of our manicured life.

The tide will rise again,
When the departed sun
of Island's greenery
Invades this dumbness,
Forcing dear heart
To another wakefulness.