

Oft I Sat and Thought About Shadows of the Moon

by Brandon M. Dennis

Oft I sat and thought about
Shadows of the Moon.
My mind was bent, my will was set,
and all was running smooth.
Fellowships were made and are,
friendships that remain;
but even in such good of times,
Utopia can't sustain.
Man is man, will always be,
and with him comes his mind.
The mind that strays and is unmade
since the first sand of time.
Ancient banes rear up today
from the greatest to the least.
And although I try as I may,
I cannot enforce peace.

Change is change; it always changes
and puts men ill at ease.
Men invent atrocities
and labor them as they please.
Excuses, excuses, always excuses,
to justify ones mind,
for they care not whose feet they tramp;
they tramp them all in kind.
Every deed and every word
can make the stars collide.
The walls will crumble into stones
as malcontents doth chide.
Tempests rage, storms brew,
a squall shakes the sea.
Yet all these things I thought I controlled;
how very foolish of me.

The spark has lit, the coals are burning,
and soon the flames will bear.
Weaker limbs will burn to ashes
and mar that which was fair.
But in the end the stones still shine,
polished, hardened by fire.
And while our loses may be great,
we still have our desire.
It will go on, for good or ill;

Let's see what comes of it.
For in the end we have our will.
It wont be consumed by the pit.

Oft I sat and thought about
Shadows of the Moon.
When all my plans have gone amuck,
the maiden Hope will loom.
I wail in sadness and cry to the stars,
but time will comfort my croon.
Through woe and pain and heartbreak too,
The Moon will not set soon.