

One Night

(from the jazz title 'Round Midnight by Thelonious
Monk 1940/41)

The full moon escapes the clouds' long fingers,
Her silvered beams freed
To dive into the river's waters,
Sparkling and rippling around the reeds.

Leaves rustle in the midnight breeze
Echoed from the deepest shadow.
Before the unseen creatures freeze
Avoiding death from a soft-winged owl.

A dog fox calls from miles away.
Just a shade among the trees,
A woman pauses, her mind astray
Until a greater desire demands she speeds

Along the path to where they should meet,
Should have met, that night, around midnight.
Her foot slips but this time her two feet
Do not create a watery death for her to fight.

Moonlight bright on the water shimmers,
Two shadows becoming one in its light.
A final lovers' meeting fades and quivers,
Into music, faintly heard, 'round Midnight.