

Moon

Are you lonely, Moon?

You giant, white balloon.

You have no water, wind or air.

No wonder nothing lives up there.

You can't grow trees, or flowers, or grass.

Your soil is only rocks and glass.

Even your light is not your own.

Instead it's from the sun that's shone.

Your gravity is weak, I hear.

You really have no atmosphere.

But don't be sad, Moon, please don't cry.

For I still love you in the sky.

By Meish Goldish