

## This Chill Winter's Night

Tonight the Moon is riding high  
twixt clouds and half-closed shutters  
she winks, tossing a kiss my way.

Some might say *Lunacy*,  
*Lunacy* brought on by the Moon's cold kiss.  
I say it's better than nothing.

What then, my dear, shall I say of  
your kiss, framed always and ever  
in that June afternoon.

Here now, on this chill winter's night,  
the memory of it makes me sweat.