

Poem by Balsar Mosleh 10EH
Free verse insta poem for the theme “voices”

the moon, me and her.

shut the book, flip the page.
tell me once again why i changed.
just like the caterpillar,
who once crawled the depths of the earth,
i should not question why my wings
have spread.

the sun does not rise in sync with my heart,
but the moon understands my bone-
deep pain.
it carries the weight of the stars and the sky
all on its own,
and gives light to the world all on its own.

without anyone seeing,
i come and go.

just like the moon in all its phases.

i look up at the sky and ask once again,
“tell me, after so long, how does it feel to be
full again?”

i do not fear to look inside,
but i did,
and a part of me died.
i wish to look through the lens of the child i
once was,
i wish i could see myself in her.

but i do not,
just like the butterfly,
and just like the moon –
we all crave wholeness.

- metanoia

