

# Gardens of the Moon

by Jane Stuart

No morning tarnishes these purest hours  
 in the Moon's Gardens, where silver and gold  
     shine in the sunlight above windy clouds  
     where life's harmony opens to unfold  
 back into pictures first painted by hands  
 of poets who once dreamed of Innisfree  
     and Coole's wild visions, where the swans come home  
     to mystic circles found in Galilee . . .  
 but no ships splash in waters that are full  
 of dreams that fall, as poems, on the shore.

When life's circle is straight, the road is hard  
 but man can move through madness and lost streams  
 of his confusion—yet the truth is there  
 in roads we traveled, full of mystery,  
 before recalling answers that are gone  
 so that these years on earth are long and free.

We go back into books before time wakes  
 and painters' inky brushes shaken quiet.  
     In the Moon's Gardens where our hearts are free,  
     there is no morning but there was no night!  
 The writer's moments are not ever there;  
 but hope stays fixed in words that fall with rain  
     onto the snow where reddest roses bloom  
     and in our homes on rooftops the snow stained  
 with beauty we believed in those long hours  
 when truth was gone, before new time was born,  
 in merry moments full of silvered gold,  
 on evenings that were here before this morn  
     when circles opened without lock or key—  
     when words were everywhere! and visions free  
     for us to see, again, at Innisfree.