

**Moon**  
**All round**  
**and silver,**  
**Illuminating the night.**  
**Just like a big silver coin.**  
**The wind tries to take it**  
**but doesn't succeed.**  
**As I gaze into the night,**  
**the moon slips down**  
**the night's slide**  
**into the earth's pocket.**

**By Linda Oster**

:Linda Oster