

MANUSCRIPTS
MOON-LIT NIGHT

Diane Marie Smagatz

Beneath the glow of a
moon-lit night
oak trees whisper to
one another
raindrops christen
cool spring grass
flowers close
to rest.
Stars peek from
between the clouds
crickets chirp
their sweet ballads.
The wind mellows
broken hearts,
stillness blankets
the midnight air.
Beneath the glow of a moon-lit night—
Peace.

