Kaguya Hime

(Princess of the Moon Children)

High in the uplands of Japan, A dense bamboo forest grew. In a rickshaw house of bamboo flesh, The wood cutter lived a peaceful life.

Under the wan luminescence of Luna, A gleaming magic discovered, The forest of bamboo held a secret, The Lunar Child was left to rest.

A glowing tree of golden hue, Was the cradle for the child, Waiting for her emergence, Like that of a moon butterfly.

When Solarius touched the sky, The woodcutter entered the now Enchanted forest with axe in hand. Unprepared for his discovery.

A whisper on the breeze and a kiss to his cheek, the forest welcomed, The earthly guardian of the blessed Moon Princess.

The glittering tree beckoned,
The woodcutter found the child,
And called her Kaguya-Hime,
The Princess of the Moon Children.

Eyes as dark as the new moon, Hair as smooth as the morning dew, Skin kissed by Diana's light, A crescent moon adorned her brow. The beauty revealed in the years to come of rarity with a cost. She could love none of the suitors That came to her earth home.

A curse was hers to forever hold, No love for her, not from a human. For if she found love, her time would end And be transported to the moon forever.

Still callers came, still she sent them away, Never imagining that her true love Would come and claim her heart, In the form of a poor young man. Persistence was his skill and time wears all cloaks. Their love grew slowly, like the changing of the moon.

He confessed his love to her and she to him. At the moment of embrace Her body began to shimmer. "The curse has come! And I must go."

To the moon her body began to pull, And casting a farewell to her love, A single tear fell upon the earth, And from it sprang the cherry tree.



photo submitted by J. Spangler