

Blue Moon Melodia

Luna descended upon the moor.

Carrying the rosewood stool
I entered the meadow's heart
into Autumn's sacred literature
leaving summer and her odes.

Encompassed within this solace
I dig four legs firmly through soil
because I dream of you being
basked in beauteous moonbeams.

Once in a blue moon's breathing
Paradiso's melodia will be reason.
It is here I will always be waiting:
between the pages of this season.

— *Timothy Giles*

Adventus Malevolentia

Azure Prologue of the soul
Malevolent entities of old
bask upon ancient language
as shining seraphs whisper
blessings of our ancestors.

Guardian spirits with sorrow sing
-choir of eternal ruler's creeds-
correlating chords as weeping
for each child Advent, warped
under shining moon melodies.

Turquoise Epilogue of origin
afterlife banquet before death
through white river destiny
snuffing candlelit faith.
Chapters of the book never ending.

— *Timothy Giles*