

A walk out along Elizabeth Pier at Hobart Wharf,
Around nine o'clock still a little early for a moonlight walk;
But the moonlit river so beautiful shining blue,
A silvery moon on the Derwent perfectly true.

But how lonely I is there standing alone,
As if expecting romance greets me while on my own;
But the passion of reflection of white light streams,
In the full perfect perfection of moonlight beams.

And as the clouds pass shadily by,
The dark grey brown impetuously sly;
Well then they move on to leave the moon perfectly clear,
That I may see the full beauty perfection appear.

But lost in heart and mind and spirit.
The loneliness of solitude so dear fears it;
All I would take is one woman to make the night,
The love and hold and cuddle so tight.

But still the magic too awesome to miss,
The white moonlight reflecting in blinding mist;
That the heart could not take any more or endure,
But demands a kiss of a woman to ensure.

But perhaps God is hiding a deeper meaning,
Through all the light and beauty streaming;
The moon in all its humble might and glory,
The lord of Earth to lead and conclude his story.

Signed,

I'll follow the moons love