The moon is in love
with the temple.
She lingers in the columns’
steady embrace as long as she can.

The temple is bathed in moonlight
and she stands taller,
her columns a little straighter,
her walls a little more complete.

Marble gleams white as the two
dance through the night,
and the temple is new again.
Dust stirs, hanging in the air
like drops of silver, slowly falling
onto ruins and chipped stone.

As the moon leaves, her love shrouds
the city in mist. Soon her love’s twin
will burn it away, but for now,
she relishes the memories of
nighttime.