

The path of the moon through the night sky
(for Roderic)

It is always so.
The falling of the moon into the spell of night,
Its act if being caught and held in dear embrace by the sun's rays,
And the hurling out again across the sky,
As it finds its way
From full moon through darkness to full moon again.

And you followed that course of the moon,
In love, I suspect, with its light, life and beauty,
Followed that love,
To your love's door, the birch tree and the rings,
Through the door of Newman College Chapel to love forever,
And into her sweet embrace.

And then followed that path also
To the great greenness of the Enga highlands,
To a love for life, for people, for music, us kids, our lives,
For the path of that one golden, gleaming, tumbling, living ball.

But I would have told you different –
That the moon could not be so simple and so strange,
That logic would decree otherwise.
So that love turned its back and walked a different path
To the one you knew to be true.

And so your following of a falling, leaping, joy-filled moon,
Led you away from me for a while,
Your light occluded by my anger,
And you trod down the path through death's door,
To a place where those who love the moon's strange dance
Are reborn, to live forever.

And I first raged against your apparent but courageous obstinacy,
Then wept for my wild refusal to fully love you,
And then, against myself,
Found that you were right all along,
With a surety that needed no explanation,
That the moon follows a perfect, simple, glorious dance,
One in which the difficulty is not in the mathematical calculations of her
orbit,
But in the sheer complexity of a life,
Following her call, dancing with her, refusing to deny her love.

And so I now know, know too late for your breath's inhalation and
exhalation,
That I too am called,
As you were and all who would be good people are,
To a life of following her sweet light,
That is a life of blazing love,
That follows her through darkness, through days,
Through ignorance and hard heartedness such as you found in me.

So now for me, through all the nights and days,
She will I trust, lead me on.
And I will be called, as you were,
To drink the cup of her sadness, her joy,
To give witness to her sweet love,
To lift others to her light as you did me,
To follow, as faithfully as I may,
On her sacred path.
And follow until you and I meet again,
And both can celebrate the joy,
Of trusting in the life of following our hearts, the moon, life's song.

For following her,
We truly walk the pilgrim's path,
And give ourselves to the notion that love is the only thing that counts,
Love of the one who ignites our heart's embers,
That the moon's path is our way,
To life, to joy, to a path through sadness to hope,
And so we walk the path, the sacred path
That alone can take us, in a spell of love,
Through the door of death,
To the forever, never-ending joy,
Where the heart alone lives on,
And those who have kept this truth,
Shine like stars that will never go out.

So those who follow the moon through the night sky,
May be thought crazy,
By those given to lesser things that pile, fill and distract the mind,
But in fact,
Those pilgrims, we pilgrims – you, I and any others who see this truth,
Know that the only one who is in fact crazy,
Is the one who does not bend to her light,
And follow that moon's sacred path,
To love, to Enga's all encompassing greenness or whatever dream they
conceive to follow,
To a life where love is treasured forever,
None go hungry,
All live in peace,
And the voices of angels,
Can be heard forever singing.