

Crescent

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A sliver of moon shines in my palm
I place it among the twinkling stars
Where have the missing fragments gone?
I search about, both near and far
As bit by bit, the pale moon grows
With each new piece, the more it glows
Until at last, the moon takes shape
But like the past, it starts to wane
Its surface cracks like glassy snow
Crumbling down to its crescent bones
And once again, the galaxy's rearranged
After all, it's my job to keep all things in place