

The Wind and The Moon

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!

You stare
In the air

As if crying *Beware*,
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed: she was there again!

On high
In the sky
With her one ghost-eye
The Moon shone white and alive and plain:
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.

"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
I will blow," said the moon, right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim!"

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air
Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone:
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down,
And in town,
A merry–mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar –
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage – he danced and blew;

But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew – till she filled the night,

And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!

With my breath,
In good faith!
I blew her to death! –
First blew her away right out of the sky –
Then blew her in: what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nought of the silly affair;

For high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

~ George MacDonald ~