



*My day starts ridiculously early, so I go to bed at an equally ridiculous hour. One night our friends, the Coggeshalls, called and said, "We know it's too late, but you really should come and see our moonflowers." Sometimes you just have to break the rules, so we went and visited, and I was glad we did!*

*I came home and thought, "What the heck! I've already broken curfew," so I stayed up and wrote this poem!*

*-----Eddie D. Wilcoxen*

### **Moonflowers**

Soft and creamy white,  
the flowers are enveloped  
by the velvet darkness of the night.

And as the rising moon  
spills golden light across the lawn,  
the moonflowers awaken,  
full and fairy fresh,  
to enchant the hours until the dawn.

When the sun begins  
it's fiery climb into the sky,  
these shy and subtle creatures of the night,  
curl up quietly to wait, as the day flies by.

And then a new awakening.  
They hear the song of dusk,  
and once more their gentle beauty  
shines unveiled to share with us!