

ABELARDO GARCIA

SOPHOMORE - 3rd Place

Alumni Poetry Contest - 2017

The Sun And The Moon

50-12

The day I met her, she was the sun, and I was the moon.

When she said hello, I couldn't say goodbye.

She was lively, and cool. I was lazy, and dull.

When it was spring we were face to face, I get cold feet and start to sweat.

I never saw a thing like her; she was a sight to see. (5)

When she opened her mouth, I began to shout, but she still smiled at me.

She was hot and I was cold. Somehow she made me warm.

When we first held hands in the night, I started to blush.

I ran and ran, but the sun is still in my head. What does this mean?

When it was summer, we began to kiss, and grew closer. (10)

She was the sun. I was the moon, but she showed me the light.

When it was time to leave, you may see me in your dreams.

Are we together as an eclipse, or are we distant as the planets?

When it was fall she started to cry, and I didn't leave her side.

She remains as the sun, and I remain as the moon. (15)

When winter came it was time to go, and I still couldn't say goodbye.

She said, "Promise me to never forget the four seasons we spent together."

When she said that, I responded with "I will for the rest of my life."