

## All Is Well

Written by Dave Cartwright

Wednesday, 13 February 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Wednesday, 20 February 2008 16:14

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*Returning from a late night gig to the high garden at Craigside*

What peace there is beneath the moon.

They would only point and laugh

to see me bathing in the light

that fills the garden, gilds the night.

Loud they live yet sound they sleep,

and miss the kiss of leaves that heap

in gold to clothe the grass.

Silence, frozen in shades of evergreen.

The pin-head stars move slowly through

another quarter-seasoned arc

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to write brief journeys in the dark.

There is such stillness in these skies.

I can but pray for compromise,

as planet-dreamers do.

Please, for a while—

no more footsteps on the moon.