

TELL ME, TELL ME WHY I AM COUNTING THE **MONTHS**

BY PENG-EAN KHOO August 8, 2020

A GIFT FOR ALL a Ponder with PEK publication

The moon and the stars

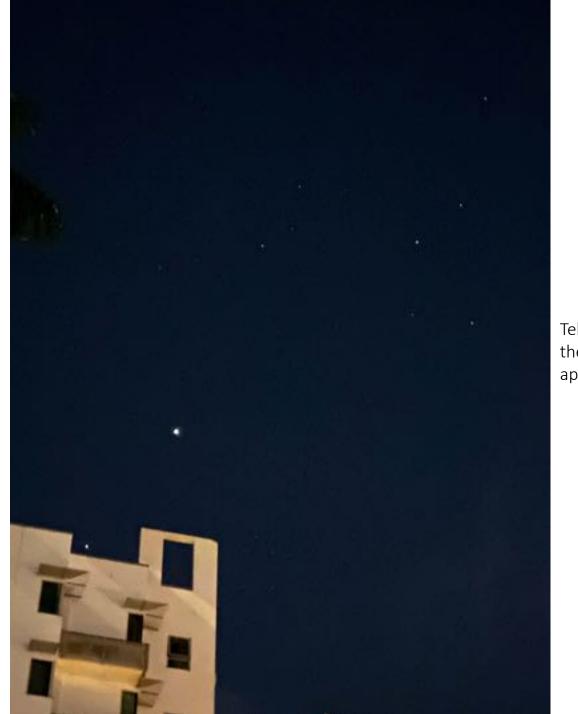
They comfort you; they bring you solace But they cannot light up a whole day

They cannot reflect the source of light The sun of you and the sun of me How can we have the dawn break when all we get is a glimmer of light of the dark night

Tell me, tell me again What is the the tale of August moons

about again?





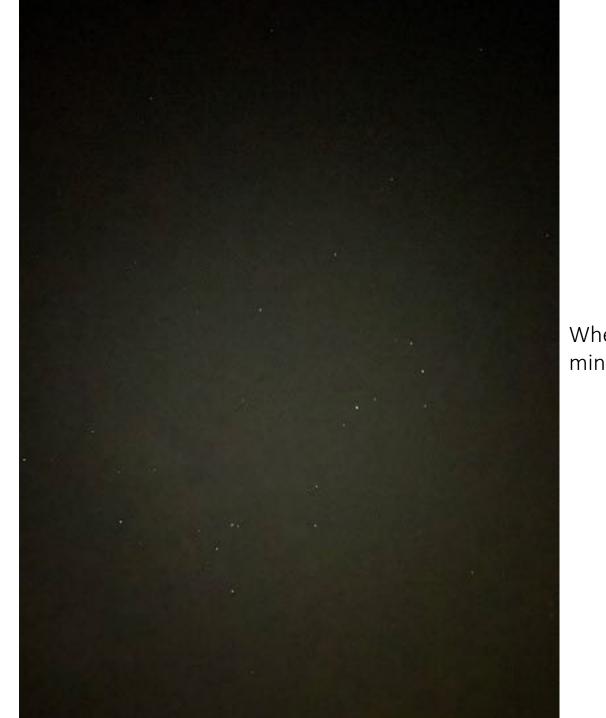
Tell me, tell me why I am counting the months, the moons, the stars, the nights when all is apparent



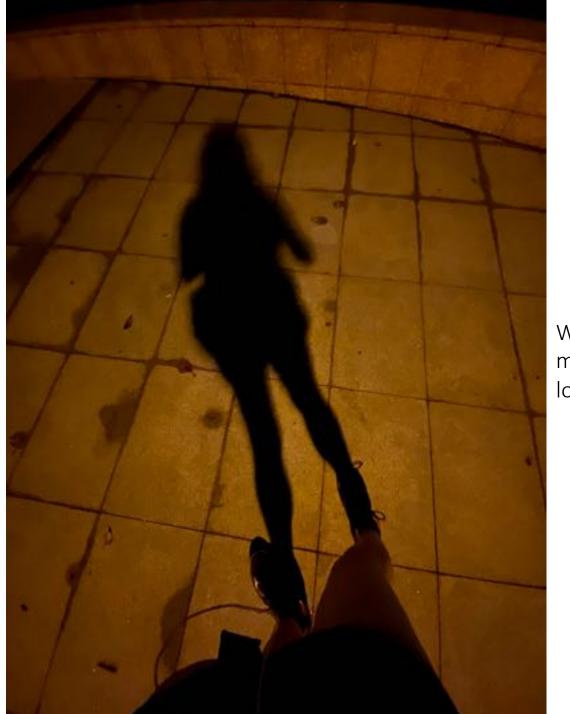
We are all waiting for dawn.



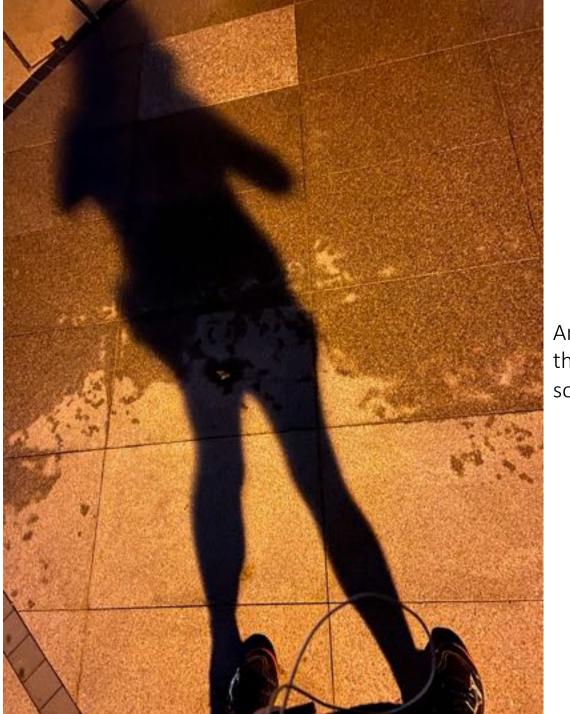
Does it break when I finally truly see you shining, when it is my shine that lights up your face?



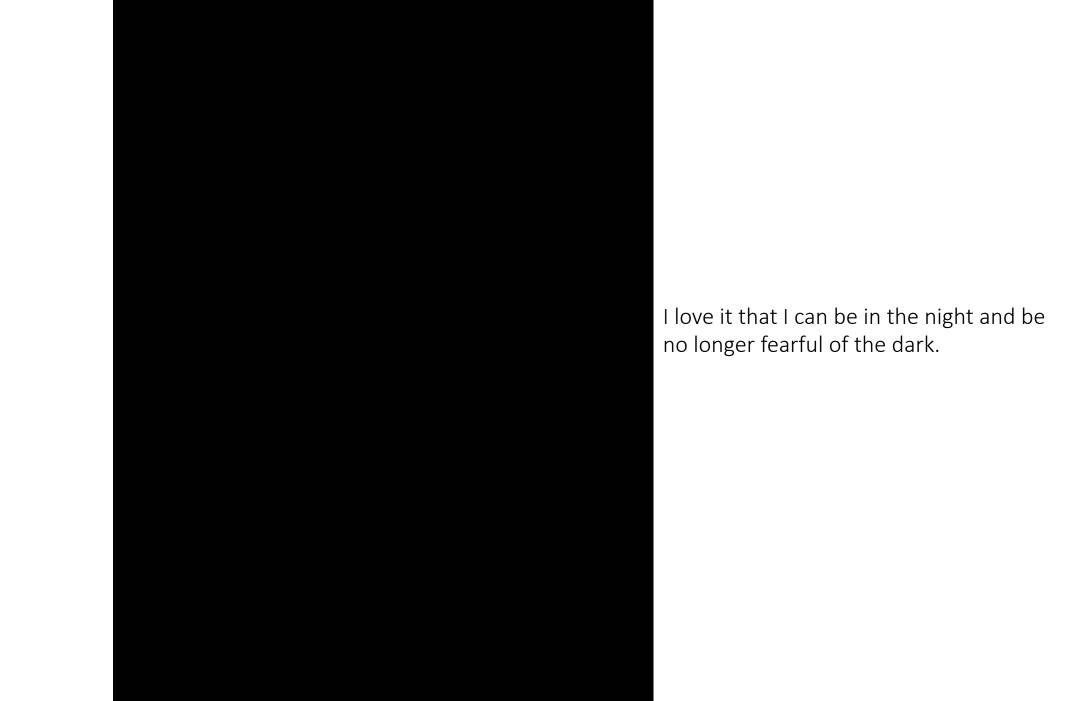
When it is your love that lights up mine?



Why do August tales become about the moon, and stars and the impossibly long dark nights?

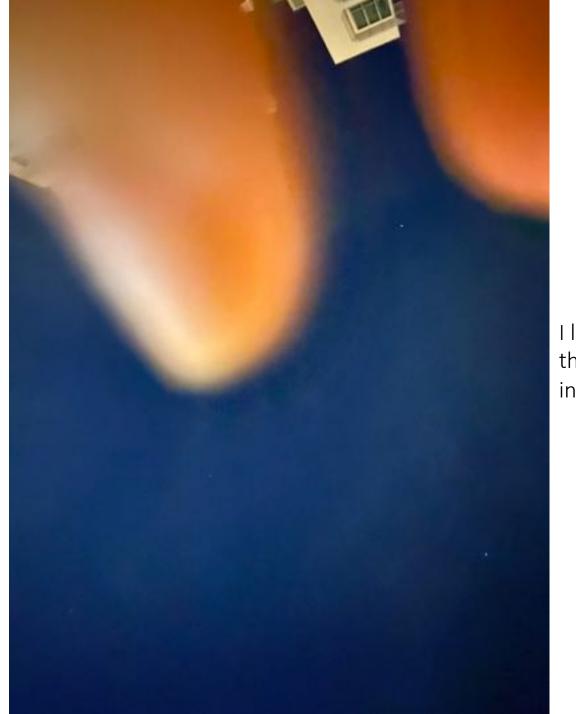


And after a while, I have come to like the dark. Love the silence. I love the solitude most of all.

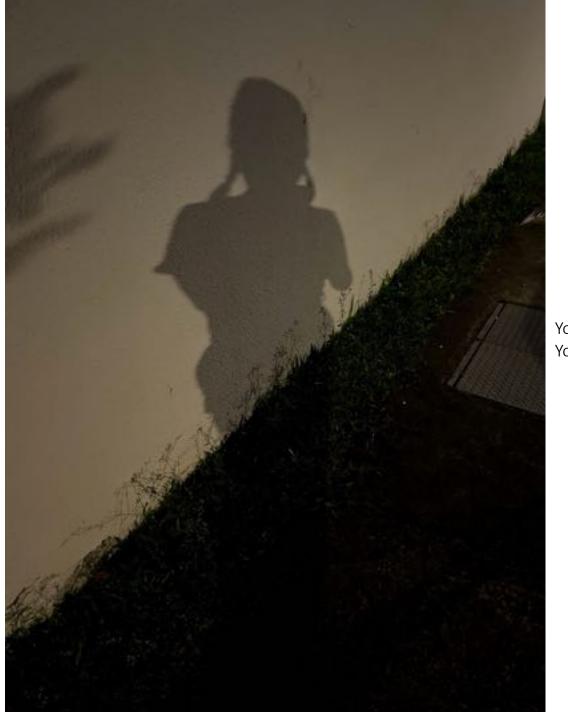




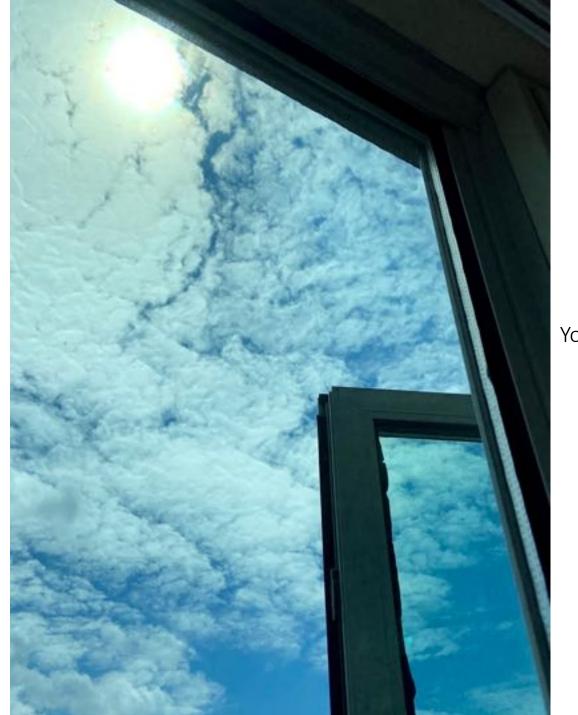
I love it that I can be in the nights and I can think of you.



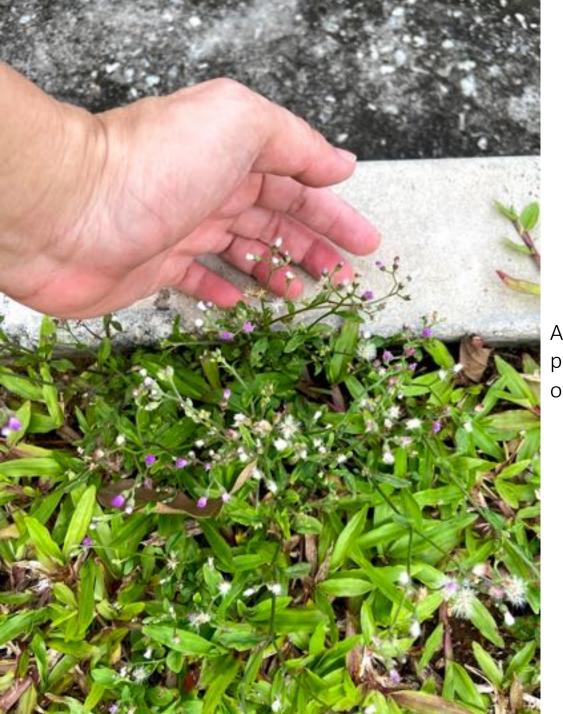
I love it that no matter where I am in the night, you are there. You are there in my sky.



You are there shining your light upon my face. You are there sending me a twinkle.



You are there winking with your stars.



And sometimes when I am unsure in my path, you are there sending me spools of coloured threads that you tell me:

Spin it, baby. Yarn it. Darn it to be the rainbow circles of the darkest night of longing for the sun of me. That is you.







