

# My Own Moon

If I had my own moon,  
I would need my own sky,  
all starry and twinkled,  
so bright and so high.

I would gather my friends  
and with a loud cheer,  
we would zoom, zoom, zoom  
through the atmosphere!

We'd whir past the treetops,  
and hot air balloons,  
wave goodbye to the clouds  
on our way to my moon.

No need for spacesuits,  
or helmets to wear.  
My kind of moon,  
would have plenty of air!

Moon Party dancing,  
and Moon Party glee,  
moon tunes and moon pies,  
whoo-hoo and whoopee!

Confetti and bubbles  
in moon celebration.  
My friends would all love  
their lunar vacation.

Then, with stars in our eyes  
and dust on our shoes,  
we would blast back to earth  
with all our moon news.

Read all about it!  
the papers would say.  
Fly off to the moon,  
for a moon holiday!

Or maybe ...  
I'd visit my moon all alone,  
no parties or dancing,  
no games and no phone.

All by myself,  
I would have time to think,  
curl up in a crater,  
with snacks and a drink.

I could watch the stars glitter,  
count millions or more,  
write poems in moon dust,  
be still, or explore.

I'd probably doodle,  
daydream and wonder,  
what all of my friends  
were doing down under.

Dilemma, dilemma,  
I hear myself groan.  
Friends on my moon,  
Or me there alone?

I just can't decide which  
would be the most fun,  
so for now, I will dance  
in my afternoon sun!