

tonight i drove up the ridge  
under auspices of the moon

it was all i could do to contain myself  
i was high and happy and dedicated to you

the problem with a known world  
is known-ness  
the lack of excitement  
the disappearance of mystery  
the absence of god  
without which  
we lack the power  
to move where we would go

but aah — this moonlight enchants me  
the night is silver and i am gold