

Time
Rock 'n' Roll Moon

THE Southern Ocean beckoned
To take a fleeting cruise,
But none of us had reckoned
On disconcerting news.

*For as we rose and rolled and dipped
Unseemly on the swell,
All sense of status quo soon slipped:
The moon joined in as well!*

The power of mighty ocean
Had reached, surprising soon,
Beyond man's wildest notion
And made a moving moon.

*Cavorting in a pallid sky,
Our moon lost all control.
The laws of Cosmos wondered why
It fell to rock 'n' roll.*

This swinging, circling crescent,
Bewitched by Table Bay,
Quite clearly found it pleasant
To startle dying day.

*Then nightfall came in wondrous hues,
The ocean blazed quite soon,
And pink-fringed sky framed lurching views
Of still-cavorting moon.*

While Table Mountain's lighting
Made cobwebs of its face,
And Cape Town shone inviting,
The moon performed in space.

Time

*When came the time to step ashore,
The most unlikely thrill
Was when we eyed the sky once more:
The moon was standing still.*
