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The Moon

Like a new Indian bride
She is hidden behind a veil
She walks with shy steps
Against a breeze or a gale.

The lady with her eyes shut
Now sits in the ritual room
She will not show her face
Till rites be done with groom.

As the rites are done with,
She moves out for a walk
Her veil slightly turns up
As she and her fays talk.

With each passing night
The veil rises higher
Then comes a night the time
Her visage no veils requires.

With no veils on her visage
She looks down from her terrace
And beholds a fair face
Snuggled against the bosom of the sea.