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## C'hildren of the Moon

(The Moths)

By A. LESLIE

Flitter, flutter, through the dark! Like an ever-glowing spark: On my wings the moonlight rides, Ghostly starlight bands my sides. Flitter, flutter, through the flame; Flutter—'twas a sorry game!

Singed and crumpled now I lie, And you think to watch me die! I have left you as I gaze; Ghostly wings your lips just graze. Flitter, flutter, through the dark! Careful, I will leave my mark In your heart and on your soul (I am kin to elf and troll); You will see strange shapes flit by, Ghastly riders of the sky; You will wander 'neath the moon. Harkening to a soundless croon.

Mock me not as here I lie (While you are you and I am I); For, lean close, I'll whisper true, I was once a man, like you!