

**AT THE BACK OF THE
MOON: OR,
OBSERVATIONS
OF LUNAR PHASES**

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At the Back of the Moon: Or, Observations of Lunar Phases by A. Lunar Wray

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BY

A. LUNAR WRAY.

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All whom it may concern.

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Phase the First.

THE MOONSHINE JOURNEY.

A visit to Dreamland one summer night.
I sat on the beach when the moon was bright,
While the waves came in with their rhythmic beat,
And lay down the ocean's spoils at my feet;—
A dead crab, some sea-weed, a bit of spar,
A wreck's sad message, that came from far.
As if none e'er died, the waves shouted in glee,
And their white edges gleamed phosphorently.
The roar of the town was far away,
And had died to a thought on that happy day.

The turmoil of life — the back-ground of rest
Gave the present escape but an added zest.
With a crescent curve of miles and miles
The beach swept round ; and the wooded isles
Lay off in the shadow ; and left and right
The bay's far points each held aloft its light.

So I sat on the rude bench by the shore,
Not thinking, but musing ; while roar on roar
The big waves tumbled and sobbed and moaned,
As if they for sea-widowed lives atoned.
Bridging the whitecaps, o'er the shimmering bay,
The rising moonbeams stretched a sloping way ;
A brave, wide road of yellow light, that led
Where only fancy's airy feet could tread.

And now a wonder happens. On the sand
A boat-keel grates, and some strange people land ;

Human they look, yet have a foreign air ;
Strange are their faces, strange the clothes they
wear.

A moment they consult together ; then
Addresses me the leader of the men.

" Sir, ye are earth-born. We are lunar folk ;
A month has passed since we our farewell spoke
To our moon-people, and for earth afar
Slid down yon moon-path like a falling star.
We came, moon envoys, to observe and tell
How things on earth are done, or ill or well.
We've looked and studied ; none have seen us pass ;
We travel when the dew is on the grass.
Night is our day ; we go from town to town
Sight-seeing only when the sun is down.
But now our task is over ; and to-night
Again we sail up yonder stream of light

Back to our country. To confirm our tale
That we to earth and back did truly sail
We'd have you join us; you our ways can learn,
And teach our lore to earth when you return.
Be not afraid: when next the moon is round,
Again your feet shall stand upon the ground."

Men say there's strange power in the lunar
beam —

Perhaps it touched my brain. As in a dream
Things that impossible and wild appear
When one awakes, yet in the dream are clear,
So was it now. I was awake I knew,
Yet all was natural and all was true;
A lunar voyage no stranger seemed to me
Than a vacation trip to Italy.
I thought it over, — I'd a month to spend, —
Then to the moon-man said, "I'll go, my friend."