**The Moonchild**

Out of all the things she could be fascinated with, the tiny vulnerable heart throbbing inside her body always synchronized with the enchanting rhythm of the moon.

Looking towards the sky she contemplated passionately.

A part of her soul always embraced the persona of the moon.

Maybe she saw the crest of the moon filled with potion of love and affection towards the people beneath itself.

Maybe she saw the empathy of the moon towards the surge of the sea pulling it higher and higher towards the sky.

Maybe she saw the pain inside itself which craves to someday have a light of its own igniting all the prevailing insecurities and uncertainty.

Maybe she saw the tireless strive of the moon to bloom even when the dusky clouds overpowered its aura.

Maybe she saw the boldness of the stellar body to triumph over the infinite pool of sky and radiate its brightness selflessly while dealing with its own imperfections.

Maybe she saw the peace which it tries to maintain while secretively tarnishing all the lethal demons of ambiguity.

This telepathic relationship between the girl and the nature could not be described through the language of the mankind as it needed the eyes of the heart to look through.