

# Does the Moon Go to Bed?

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FOR ASHER, GWENDOLYN,  
AND NATALIE

AND FOR NICK WHO WILL  
FOREVER WATCH OVER THEM



My momma sat down on the edge of my bed.

When I asked, “Is it bedtime?”

She nodded her head.

So I climbed into bed. It was comfy and warm.

She opened a book that was tattered and worn.

Though some of the pages

Had faded and blurred,

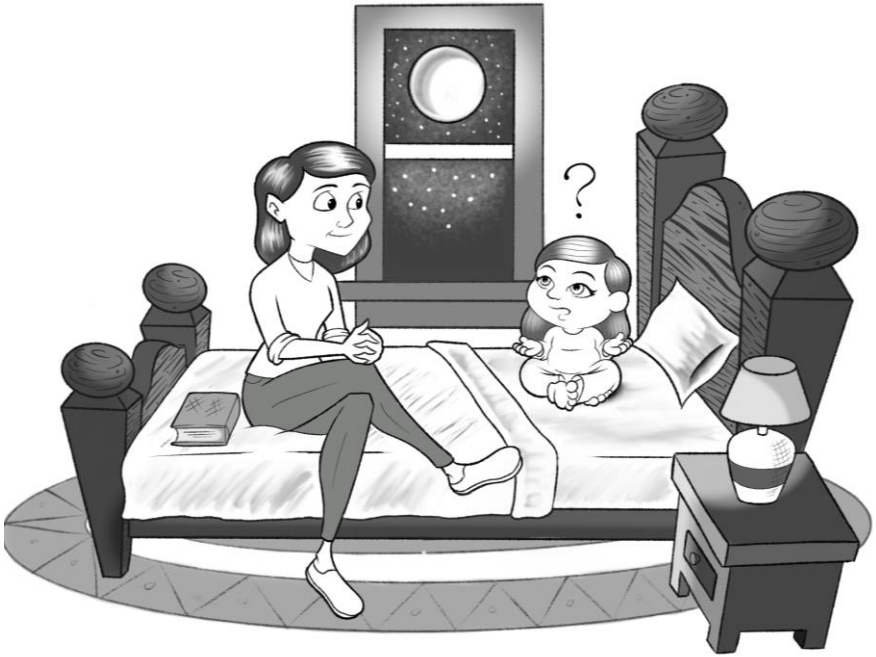
The book was my favorite. I loved every word.

My momma would read it  
At bedtime each night.  
While the moon shined his beams  
Through the window so bright.

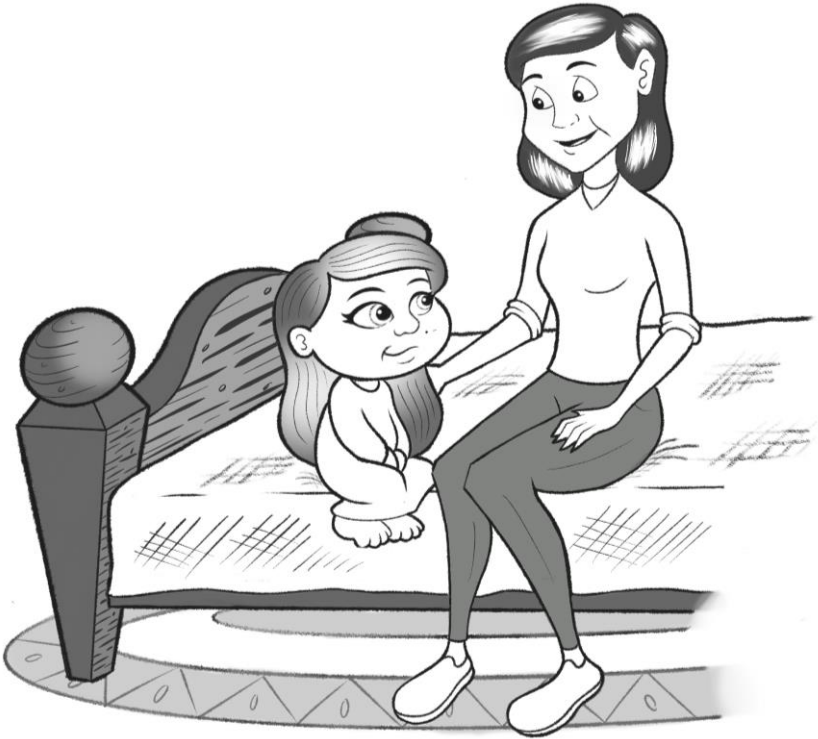
When the story was finished  
And my prayers were all said,  
My mom set the book on the foot of my bed.

She sat on the bed  
And she kissed me goodnight.  
Then she reached for the lamp  
To turn out the light.

“Momma,” I said  
As the light flickered out.  
“The moon flies so high  
When he’s out and about.”



“Does he ever get tired?  
Does the moon go to bed?”



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“Why of course,” said my mom,  
“Don’t you worry your head.”

“The moon’s like an angel  
Sitting high up above.  
He shines through the darkness  
Spreading warm welcome love.”

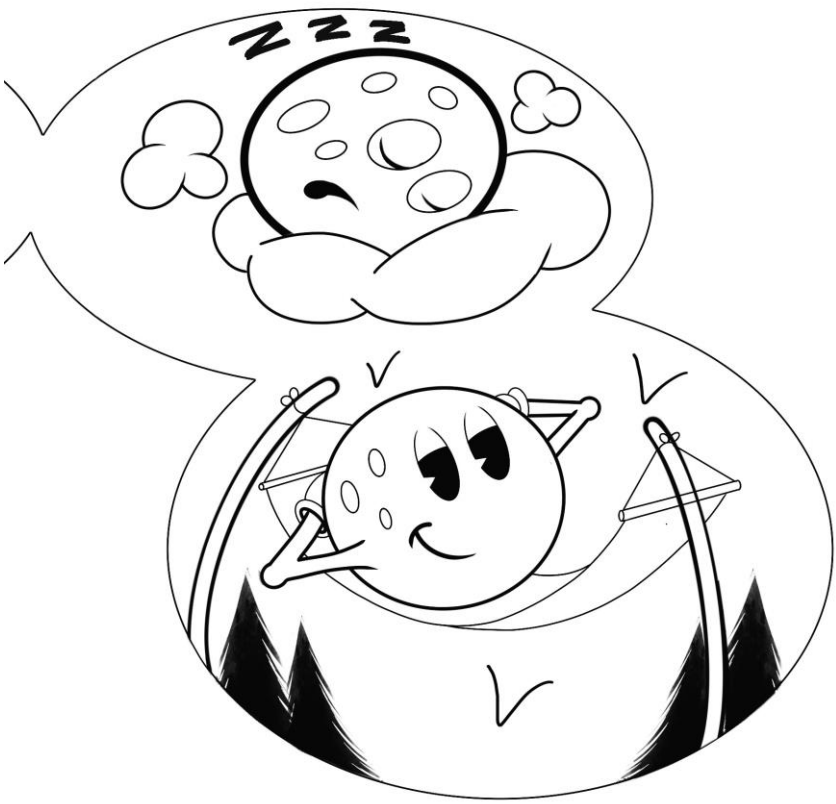
“But the moon goes to bed, dear,  
When his watch is complete.  
He knows when he’s needed  
And he knows when to sleep.”



“Is it cold where he stays  
All alone and so high?  
Does he have his own bed  
Way up there in the sky?”



“Is he tucked in like me  
With my pillows and quilts?  
Does his bed float on clouds  
Or balance on stilts?”



“Does his mom read him stories?

Did she teach him some prayers?

Does he know that he’s loved?

Does he know someone cares?”

“The moon knows he’s loved, dear,

Now please close your eyes.

He has no moon bed.

He just floats in the sky.

But you have a bed

And it’s time that you sleep.

Now get under the covers

And don’t make a peep.”

So I snuggled in bed under covers and sheets.

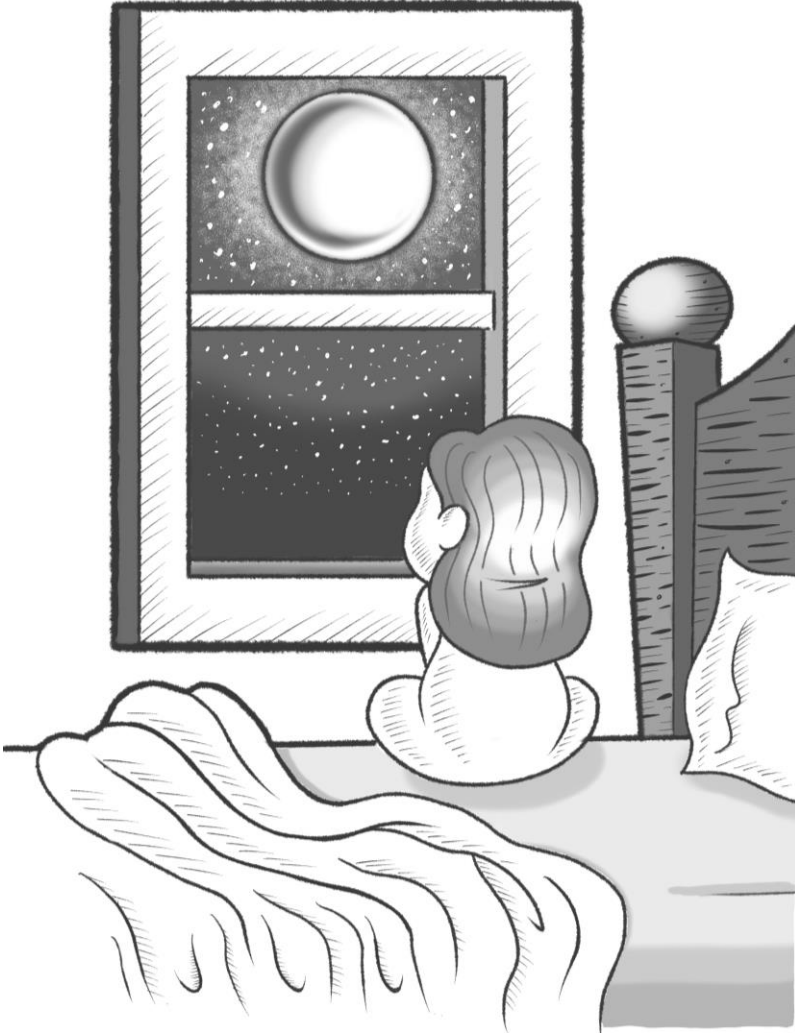
Then I wiggled my toes and I shuffled my feet.

Momma blew me a kiss

As she walked out the door.

But I couldn't stop thinking

My thoughts from before.



If the moon has no bed, then how can he sleep?

I looked out my window to take a quick peek.

I wanted the moon to be comfy and warm,  
Protected and covered in case of a storm.

He should have a nice bed

I decided at last.

And I wondered if I would be up for the task.

I could build a tall ladder

And when it was done.

I could put a huge bed on the very top rung.

But the bed might just teeter

And fall to the ground.

No, I needed a plan

That was solid and sound.



Does the moon have a bed?

Well, if she gets her way,

This one little girl's

Going to build it today.

To see all her plans

And find out how this ends,

You must first buy the book

And then read it with friends.

I'm sure that you'll like it.

The pictures are fun.

And the poetry rhymes

All the way 'til you're done.