

Thursday, 6 November 2025

Hello Terese - from big brother Pat in New Zealand. We had a full moon recently. It made me recall the time when our family travelled on a ship from England to Hong Kong. I was fifteen years old and you were ten. We spent so many hours together crossing the Indian Ocean watching flying fish skim across the glistening sea.

Then the sun would sink. Evening and night were almost instantaneous. We sat there night after night watching the moon rise and soar upwards from the horizon and the shining sea towards a dark blue sky.

You asked questions about the moon, how it got there, did anyone live there and why did it keep changing shape each night... getting bigger and then smaller. You believed what I told you. I pointed upwards and whispered to you that the moon stole pieces from the sun each day and how some pieces floated away from the moon to become the stars. That was why the moon got smaller. You saw a reflection of the moon in sea. I told you the moon was fishing to get food for her children. One night a full moon rose across the ocean horizon. You asked where it had been. I had been reading Greek myths, so I said Greece. I knew the Greek name for the moon was Selene. You said it was a beautiful name. We repeated the name. Selene, Selene. Selene.

In the many times I came back to England to see you and our brother, David, you often said to me, "Pat, I still think of that journey, Selene the moon and the stories you told."

Terese, my beloved little sister, this is the last time I will talk with you. This poem about Selene, the moon. Take it on your long journey to eternity.

Pronounce Selene (See-lee-nee)

For my little sister, Terese, from big brother Pat...

... Black, black the moon. A sacred night.

I watched the moon above the sea

It in turn was watching me.

I watched Selene, a yellow sphere

She glowed and spoke. I did not hear.

I looked. A gold, a golden glow.

I know Selene holds thoughts, holds fears

holds damaged loves,

holds the wretched face in tears.

Her journeys far shred me bare

I have shivered, shook and shaken

Awake with fear.

But then the moon is born anew.

Selene knows the sounds of drums.

Selene's heart has singing birds.

She whispers songs with flowers blue.

Her crescent bow, is now the boat.

Her golden dress shimmers bright.

A darkness blue, a darkness black.

Bright Selene holds your hand

pointing to unknown land.