* **I’d like to ride the wind to fly home.**
* **Yet I fear the crystal and jade mansions**
* **are much too high and cold for me.**
* **People may have sorrow or joy, be near or far apart,**
* **The moon may be dim or bright, wax or wane,**
* **May we all be blessed with longevity**
* **Though far apart,**
* **we are still able to share the beauty of the moon together.**