

# The Light and the Likes of the Moon

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The moon was out. A bouncing ball but suspended.

I shall never have a baby, she said. I am not prepared to go through that pain. Also, I for sure would not raise them up if I had them with religion, which is just so much superstition. I'll be a fellow this time around.

You'll be a fellow?

I didnt say that. I said 'I'll be fallow this time around.'

You said, 'Ill be a fellow...'

Dont tell me what I said. I know what I said and I know what I say. Besides, dont you know what 'fallow' means?

I am aware of what it means.

Good.

Sometimes the moon streaked across her hands as she moved them just a bit. Just a bit though, because she was not an animated talker per se. Its light was there but it was the hands that seemed frightened of its power or influence. This was impossible, but this seemed to be the dance the moonlight and the hands exchanged.

My father left anyhow, she said. Well, it was an agreement between my mother and father as they had other things to do in life.

Her eyes were closed.

You are hypnotized, I said, and it seems like you dont know that you are hypnotized. I have never done this before, and I thought that the subject, which is you, would know that they are hypnotized.

I am not hypnotized, she countered. That is dumb. A dumb ass thing to say.

Its true. You are hypnotized. You agreed to being hypnotized. Dont you remember?

Its not true. Anyhow, the main thing to remember is that I aint having a baby.

Then the moon withdrew the little light that it had offered. The crowds of people gathered outside of the window waiting for cabs in order that they should go to the innards of cities where they would experience splashes of electric light and strange music and one another. Surely, I thought, they had no need for the light of or the likes of the moon.

