

Give Back the Moon

by Darryl Price

to us! Without it we are less than human and cannot guarantee
your safe passage through our woods
any more. Give us back the moon. It is the primary element in the
makeup of our deepest breaths taken to invoke all cycles to
continue. It contains the evening's metaphysical argument, like the
pumping thumping hopes jumping
in a jugular vein. It transcends with a certain amount of feverish
glow the
spanning days we put into our tangled up lives. Give the moon
back to us,
please. She has been always our favorite dreaming stone.
Following her gaze we are completely ready

to be awakened. You can hear us sliding open. We are beginning
to use the
better paper of our nature. She's the better paper of our nature.
We cannot live without our
moon, our seedling. She is my landlocked camera! Give us back
the moon at once! Do you hear?
This is something so crazy,so ordinary and indispensable between
all of us under the sky and in
the one mind's true eye. One could live on this exact sugary plain
like a pretty tender

loud whack of a deeply felt wave of green ocean for a long, long
time
to come and go. Give back the ever loving moon to us. It's that
simple. Nobody gets
hurt then or now forever. We live reading the moon's text, so as to
be in some way fortified.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/give-back-the-moon>»*

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The necessary moon is always at the beginning of any burst of
paradise confronting all laughter. I

went outside. She was gone. I wanted to cry. Return her to us
immediately I beg of you!

We are deprived of all romantic potential without her. The moon is
our faintest, prettiest
smile,

altogether everything, friendlier and warmer than any star
slipping off into the farthest distances of rolling
eternal time zones. Losing her would be like losing consciousness.
Please bring the moon back.

Give back the moon and everything will be for certain once again.
Otherwise the true

meaning of an entire fortress will be laid and broken like blood on
your unwashed hands, will be lost forever among your

youngest generations. It is not only war to come, but brutal
survival. It is not just religion, but spring time cancelled here on the
Martian delta.

Bonus poem:

Another Thing Is (a broken draft)

you're still here and there and only I know
it's infinitely worse for me. I'm not
even sure you'll accept that possible
explanation for these so few stars tonight. Clouds

are still there like lonely wind is still there. Sun
and rain don't pretend to see how you've solved
the human part of the problem, neither

are they invested into that kind of ancient

sea water. Pretty simple. All you
need is love. Love is all you need. So we
actually share something more than our
original end, nothing at all, gas

and oil, five minutes in a lost boat to get to heaven,
potatoes and peas, the shining sad hour.
I met you and you disappeared my heart forever--
like the beautiful panicked pages of

a small kind book of short polite stories.
Couldn't last. Take a deep breath. That's what they
always say. Thing is I never meant to
liken myself to their remorseless fearful surges like that.

