

Glad the Moon Worked the Night Shift

by David James

When we were seventeen, after her dad, the preacher, finished his Sunday night church services that required our mandatory attendance, we'd walk to my car in the pasture-turned parking lot holding hands and stop at the passenger-side car door to kiss deeply, get in and then slowly drive away, knowing that shortly on the blanket in my trunk was our church where under that moon we would, "Praise Jesus", save ourselves.

