

The Face of the Moon, And Another Story

by Nora Nadjarian

We sat and looked at the moon, the way its face changed, and the way it didn't. Of course, I said, it's not the moon that changes, it's us. We change by the minute, we grow older, and we see things differently. For example, I never noticed that the moon had eyelashes, not until tonight. You said you couldn't really see that, not at all. You preferred the fact that the word "lunatic" sounded like an attic on the moon, and that it must be the only empty attic in the universe.

We talked for a long time. I said "awesome" several times and pretended I was cool, and American. But of course I am not, never was, can't be, not even in my dreams. I'm no more cool and American than the moon has eyelashes. And yet, I can pretend. We can pretend to be at the edge of the world, as if we were the first people to discover America. We can pretend that maybe one day some old couple will find their old photos in an attic, and one of them will be a black and white photograph of the moon. We can enjoy all this pretense, drink red wine, get drunk on suppositions.

I must admit the moon looks very full tonight. Even you look—how can I put it—different in this light. That's the other story: that I made all this up one night while you were asleep. The window was open, your face was bathed in moonlight. I wanted so much to be a part of your dream that I almost woke you.

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