

The "Just Do It" Moon

by Phoebe Wilcox

The calls come in a few times a week. When the unknown someone calls Safety Now, Radon Testing and Elimination Headquarters, Mrs. R. wonders who it is that just sits silently on the other end of the line. She wants to say, "Look, if you're a bill collector, I hate that you're calling me at work, but since you have, why don't you just ask me for the money? Ask me for the money, or you're probably going to lose *your* job." Or maybe, "Look, if you're a pervert, just start breathing heavy, then maybe I'll be offended enough to at least star-69 you." Or maybe, "It's almost the full moon. The full moon in Aries, the "just do it" moon. Do you want to go out for a bite to eat?"

And then the person on the other end of that quiet quiet line would say, "Sure, I'd love to do just that." Mrs. R imagines herself living happily ever after with the freak on the other end of the quiet quiet line. She imagines foot massages and bubble baths. She shoves real life off to the side and pays it very little heed. Oh yes, real life was dethroned a long time ago. Real life is Radon and sitting at a desk all day. Real life is driving to and from work while listening to angst-filled music sung by spoiled millionaires. Real life is for things that begin with "R". How many words begin with "R"? Rage. Ribcage. Rupture. Relative. Relation. Rose. Rape. Ripple. Redress. Recidivist. Rotary. Rink. Run. Run, Mrs. R, run. She thinks that after awhile she will learn an entire alphabet of quiet, a language of silence. It's a slow day at Safety Now. She sits and circles words in her word-find book. Ripple. Ravishing. Reenactment. She lays her pencil down and picks up the phone and listens. There is no reason to dial.

