

Mercedes Lawry. *The Same Moon*. Volume 1, Number 2 (Fall 2011)

This online journal is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License

HTTP://PDRJOURNAL.ORG

MERCEDES LAWRY

The Same Moon

A cracked sun hovers over ruin. The lovers skitter like insects doused with a dubious rain. There is an absence to contend with and now, a shapelessness. Both the small and the larger.

Seeds are dispersing. The mother and father are too afraid to open their hands. Clever as the boy is, he cannot save them.

Hello? Hello? You can hear the whispers day and night. Whether it's the same moon in every case is up for debate. What are the thoughts of those seeking cover? Loud noises shake the shelves. Some of the bones will be broken and the lovers will be left fitting the pieces together with no clear direction or use for prayer.