Price Drop Zone

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Moons were on sale
at the grocery store.

Full moons
twenty five percent off,
half moons fifty.
Waning and waxing varieties
buy one get one.

I stood there
curiously deciding
which variety I wanted.

How many moons
do I need
to hold me over?
How many moons
do I need to forget?
How many moons
do I need to fill my cup?

A child
to my left approaches
and looks upon the deals.
Her eyes glimmer
as she sees
the waxing crescent
in front of her mouth,
a smile like a Cheshire cat.
“I will never fade,” she explains.
“Time is dead, time is dead.”
She spins and dances around the aisle still holding the crescent to her lips.

Her mother approaches with an empty cart. I look at her wearing a yellow bell shaped dress and black sharpened heels.

The woman orders her daughter to put the crescent down.

The child is saddened when the crescent is removed from her lips.

I think of the way that I have perceived the moon as a child.

The moon looking sideways at me, telling me riddles through my bedroom window.
The moon levitating high above the clock tower.
The moon disappearing into the black slip of space that I envied as a child.
The slip that separates us all from what is seen and what is not seen. The slip I was in, the slip we all have been in.

As I put two full moons into my cart, I look out the windows of the store and notice the mother and daughter walking out.

The two are heading towards the sun rising in the east. The mother and daughter are both black silhouettes as the smile of the Cheshire cat fades overhead.