
June 2014

Price Drop Zone

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Recommended Citation

Soliday, Andrew (2014) "Price Drop Zone," *The Laureate*: Vol. 6 , Article 3.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol6/iss1/3>

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PRICE DROP ZONE

ANDREW SOLIDAY

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.

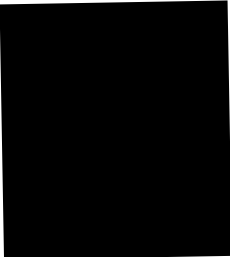
Her mother approaches
with an empty cart.
I look at her wearing a yellow bell
shaped dress and black
sharpened heels.

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.

