

Moon Sightings

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It gets dark early now. I drive down our street, grab the mail, make the turn, hear the gravel crunch on the driveway, see through the trees a musty pale orange glow. The moon, huge in all its splendor, hanging low, harvest-like, set in an aureola of light mist, climbing orangey-gold and imperceptibly in the eastern sky.



First thought, “Baby, the moon. Come see the moon.” This, for all the years of moon-sightings he’s called *me* to observe. He’s rolling the garbage down of an evening, comes in breathless, “Babe, you gotta see the moon!” He’s calling from suburbs and cities and cell phones over all the years I have known him. “Babe, it’s unbelievable! If you’re home go outside.”

They talk about the “waves of grief” that come unannounced. They talk about how one staggers a bit, feels the sand beneath one’s feet give way. They talk about sorrow and how that wave leaves streams of tears on cheeks on sweaters on shoe tops.

On an ordinary evening on what has been a good day, I see the moon in all its glory. I see a Harvest Moon. And all I want to do is share it with the one who delighted to share that glory with me. And the wave hits ... 🍃