

the girl who wanted to be friends with the moon (and the stars and the planets)

a pale baby girl
arrived into the world on a rainy tuesday afternoon
and became the unknowing hostage
of a tormented home.
she was a surprise, the unplanned third;
an accident, a soul forged from the longing pale moonlight
instead of the sunny love of glowing from her parents.
she learned to grow up lonely;
a scrappy little weed of a girl;
her friends were books, the firefly fairies in the garden
that only came out at night.
(they hid from her, but loved her so.)
she told herself stories
loved playing pretend
in her cramped little room with a sheer canopy
(pink like a tutu, one that a ballerina wears)
that she would draw around her like a cocoon
and fill her bed with books borrowed from the library
about space and rockets and solar systems.
she liked imagining a house full of jolly people
cheerful and inviting, with baking cookies and fresh flowers in vases,
while the screaming battles
raged on, just on the other side of her bedroom door.
her room was her burrow, a little hole to hide
from the tempestuous screaming storm swirling outside.
(complete with glowing stickers of stars of the ceiling)
her family was broken,
but she became whole
by watching the stars and drawing pictures of the constellations
in a torn little notebook she kept under a rock
and leaving presents for the fairies.
and, at night, she would tuck each doll into bed, giving them all equal love
(even though the blue eyed baby was her favorite)
afraid her toys would feel just as alone
as she did on the nights
sitting in her room
hiding from the formidable chilling silence that made her tummy feel like stone.
(tread carefully little one)
she took to calling on her friends
the whirlpool of stars and planets and moons
the ones she watched so fondly

to take her in their incandescent ghostly arms
and cradle her like a newly born child.
to whisper of love and hope and god and pennies
and candy and books and chalk
and christmas lights and white horses and tea
and pain and plums and polka dots
and stubbed toes and sunburns.
because what she craved with the longing
of a cooing mourning dove
on a dewy mountain morning
were stories of her own to share
and a darling companion to hear them.
(please find her soon)