

Borrow the Moon

A woman gazed up at the moon. A woman who had lost her voice,
and didn't yet realize that she was a mermaid,
that she was something unknowable.

Arms reaching upwards, fingers grasping, now bathed in light.
She reached.
She grasped, and plucked the moon from the sky.
She held the moon. Held the moon close like a child. Cradled
it under her waves, sang it her storms. And the moon sang back.

“You are more than a puddle; you are deeper than a lake;
You've been bluer than the sea, and wilder than the waters.
You are fuller than your banks, for you are meant for overflowing.
The world cannot drown you, cannot swallow your voice.
You are the ocean
and you are vast.”

Moon glow lit the water, calmed her raging heart.
She took a deep breath of water. Breathed
and didn't drown.
And as if in answer, kindled from within,
her own light uncovered, sputtered,
Flared.

And though she longed to cling
to the moon so old and full, she flung wide her arms,
arms meant to hold. And discovered
she was water, she was woman, she was light.
In her vastness she let go.