moon facts

Bob Schofield
FACT # 001

THE MOON is not a friend
Or your lover

We should just clear that up right now

THE MOON is simply itself

Simply a rock
massive and pale as it looks
downward

in the exact shape of your dad

Two bottomless arms
wrapped around you

whispering that it’s time
to take a crucial leap
into the cold vacuum of space

And get a goddamn job
FACT # 002

THE MOON loves you anyway
Loves you like a mother
You wake up to hear
The Ocean suddenly parting
around your bedroom
One warm
beam of milk
FACT # 011

THE MOON ties The Ocean to its throat
Jumps from chair to chair

Because this is still
the dawn of time

and the floor is lava

Now is the hour
when we rest
under a blanket of stardust

Looking up to read
an entirely unfinished sky

like the last page of a cartoon book

about a grown man
punching a bat
FACT # 074

THE MOON is a child’s terrible drawing of an egg
FACT # 180

THE MOON is a beast of many hobbies
and opinions

Just imagine some weekend skywriter
discreetly itching all that blue space
between its legs
FACT # 284

THE MOON travels exclusively by old wooden ship. Now it is nighttime in Trinidad. A one-eyed tree sits smoking a pipe. Two men pledge their love to the same parrot. The sky is overcast with scarecrows. The night is hot. And anything could happen. You hear Russia shooting another toy poodle into space.
FACT #299

THE MOON is where all the bees went to die
FACT # 326

THE MOON is riddled with holes
but there’s only one
shaped just like you

And one shaped like me

One day we’ll meet
at a giant costume contest
somewhere in the center

You’ll tell me my scarecrow outfit
keeps tickling
your upper lip

and shows off way too much thigh

Then I’ll say

Bitch, this is THE MOON
There are no fucking rules
FACT # 377

THE MOON finally called you back

unimpressed
by the size of your lighthouse
FACT # 403

THE MOON places a roll of beeswax to your lips

This is you pushing air through your first trumpet

This is the first day of lunar jazz

Suddenly you are a knife with wings buzzing your way madly into oncoming traffic
FACT # 461

THE MOON is elected chief of police

Now our town is dark
and restless
just like The Ocean

Sometimes the sky
resembles a very old lamp

We depend on it entirely
for small things
and to teach us

right from wrong
THE MOON wakes up in a bathtub full of coffee. Wakes up with a flag deep in its back. Men with fishbowl faces, whispering words of discouragement in its ear. A suit and tie falls from the sky onto its slender shoulders. THE MOON leans its head against the window. So heavy. So full. THE MOON was born with a detachable anchor in its leg. A terrible fear of the dark. Or any place without exits. THE MOON looks down at its wrist. A length of red string. Note to self: a man named Straw Boy is arriving on an airplane. Fear him. And THE MOON will do just that. Outside, the trash is piling up. But that’s to be expected. A sign hangs over the refrigerator, full of empty squares. It says this is the year of the horse. Then a smaller sign says this is the year of fire. The year of unswept chimneys. THE MOON desperately wants to love things, but just can’t. It doesn’t have the strength. If asked, it will admit that none of these are facts. They’re just memos. THE MOON sending itself small dispatches from the future. Many years ago, it raised its hand and carved a circle in the sky. Then it fell upward. Fell
right through it. Turned out there was nothing on the other side. But still, THE MOON searches. Everyday it leaves its room and sifts a mile of fine black sand. It stacks fossil upon fossil. The world is a sequence of disappearing conch shells. There is only the one sound, but it’s not The Ocean. There will come a day when THE MOON finds that special something it’s been searching for. It’s on the lookout for a tall woman in a bandit mask. Seems she’s carrying something that belongs to it. Something THE MOON holds very dear. Could be a set of spare house keys. Could be a significant portion of its heart.
FACT # 548

THE MOON decides to become a bear. And then the sun becomes a bear. One is black, and one is white. One is called MOON bear. The other, sun bear. They meet just once, in a zoo atop a floating mountain. And the rest, as you well know, is sitcom history.
FACT # 607

THE MOON is searching for you in the middle of a cornfield
It calls your name
but the sound just dies on the edge of its wings
You have to admit the reception has always been terrible here
deep in the thumping all-hours nightclub heart
of your favorite straw boy
FACT # 615

THE MOON has
this one side
that everyone talks about

but never sees

the coldest part of The Ocean
pulled over the craters
that scar its face

Someone in the sky
is singing opera
in a burning sailboat

A sound
so embarrassing it
makes the tide go out
THE MOON pushes The Ocean in tight circles. And you are aware of every secret they share. The origins of kelp. A lexicon of whale speech. The secret identity of the dying merman. In a dream someone told me that at the edge of the world there’s a great bald mountain floating above a coral reef. I don’t really know what is safe to believe in these days. Do you? If so, by all means, take me there.
THE MOON is preaching
to a tree full of foxes

It likes making the werewolves
super jealous

Now the werewolves
are shaking their paws

and three scoops
of ice cream
slip from their cones

and stain each delicate inch
of their mangled
pleated jeans
FACT # 666

THE MOON is just sort of shaking its horns at you in disappointment.
FACT # 729

THE MOON built the weather out of string

All the owls creaking in their beds

One time your father built himself a son named Straw Boy

who you never knew

All your life he’s been following you

floating inches above your head

wrapped in the glow of his burning sailboat
FACT # 829

THE MOON comments
that it has never seen
you and I in the same place
at the same time

I don’t know what your excuse is

but I’m a busy person

I have a glowing square in my palm
where I hide all my secrets
in plain sight

and literally tens of
digital strangers

who love me for being
not entirely unlike them
FACT # 855

THE MOON does card tricks
for all the werewolves and straw boys

The bears are learning to applaud
by smacking their crescent paws

by pointing with
burning fingers

Could that really
be The Ocean I spy there

in the empty space
behind your dusty ear?
FACT # 943

THE MOON is just a kind of book, asleep in your bare hands. Begging to be left alone. Begging to dream. Full of some kind words, yes, but also millions of dying bees. You should probably have put it down a long time ago.
THE MOON was secretly
your naked body this whole time

stuffed inside a larger
more luminous body

You look a little
worried in there

Slapping random buttons

Trying to figure out
the perfect method
to save yourself
before it is too late

You must quit this
eexcess of pale
and useless light
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