

# 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

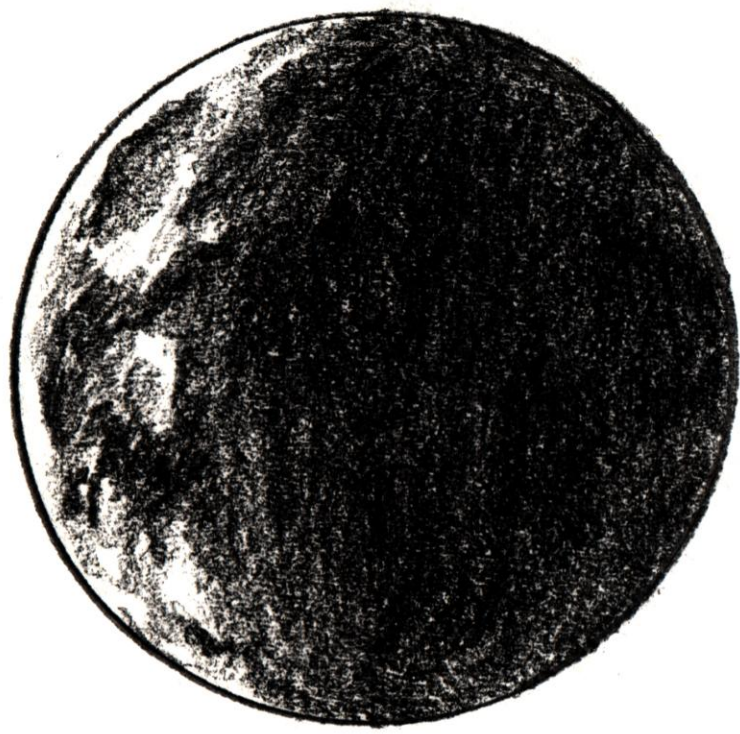
## **FACT # 074**

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

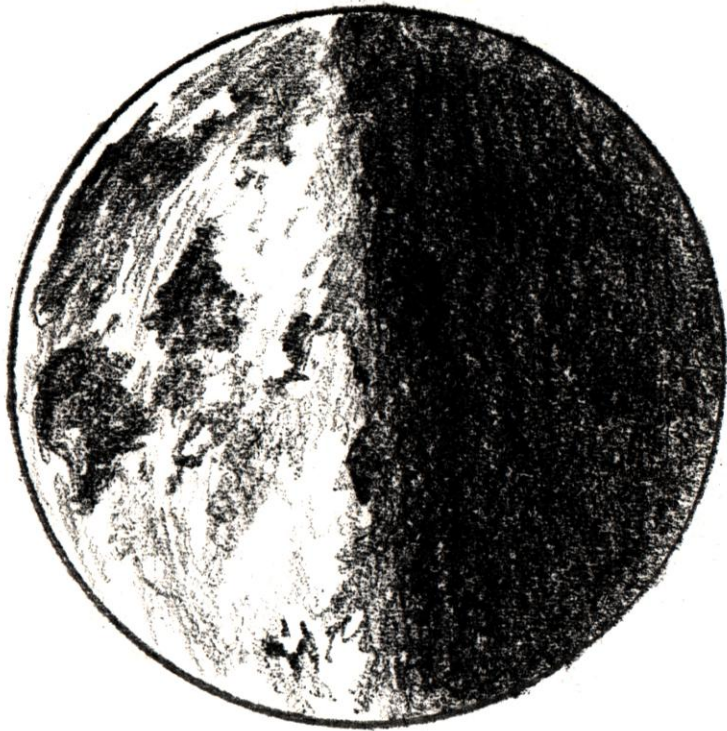
right from wrong

## FACT # 507

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

## **FACT # 651**

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.

## FACT # 654

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

## FACT # 999

THE MOON was secretly  
your naked body this whole time

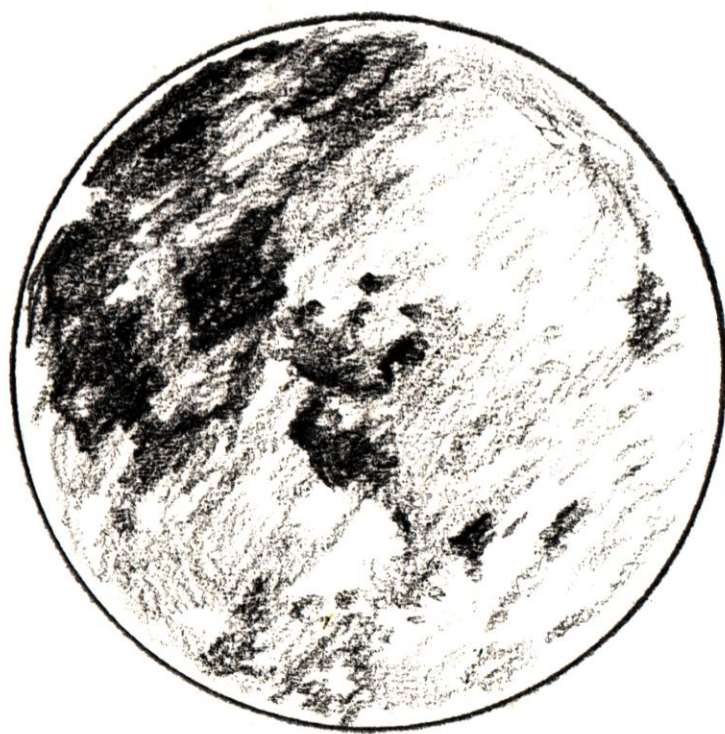
stuffed inside a larger  
more luminous body

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  
excess of pale  
and useless light



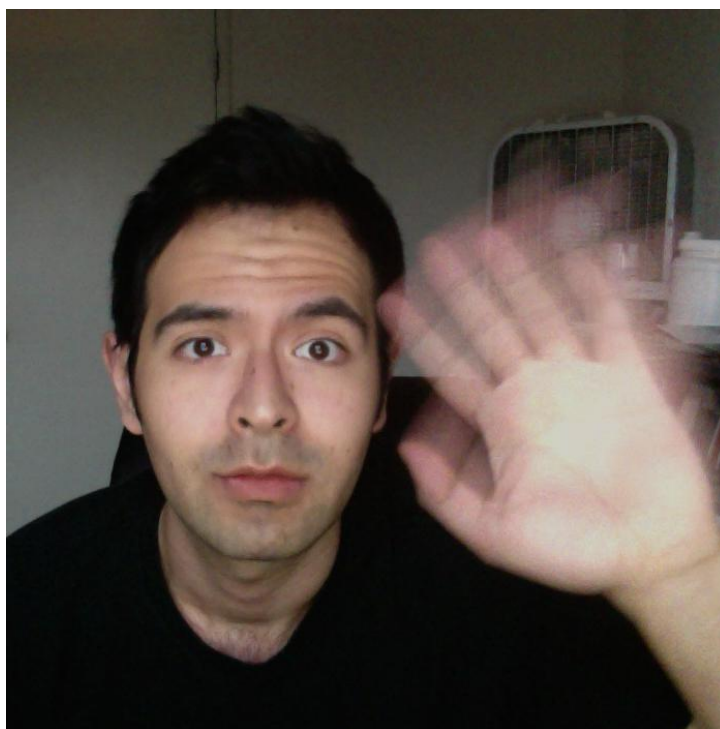


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