Up to the Moon and Past the Stars

Matt Court
College of DuPage

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Up to the Moon and Past the Stars

by Matt Court

I walk into the room
she doesn't know who I am
can't remember who I am
I'm just the strapping young boy
that visited her yesterday
maybe it was the day before
maybe it was the week before
maybe it was
1941 when she met my grandfather
which is the part I'll be playing today
she'd be 17
he'd be 18
conveniently how old I am now

the man I really am
no longer exists to her
because to her
"Matt" is still a four year old boy
who comes to the farm when he's sick
and his mom has to work,
the little boy who she makes
fried egg sandwiches for
and teaches how to play Yahtzee
the one who
always looked up to his grandpa "George
come sit beside me."
the words hung in the air
like the angels over her bed
"Grandma, it's me Matt
your grandson."
but judging by the puzzled look
and her longing eyes
I knew I couldn't get out of this

I make the 63 year leap
over to my dying grandmother
"George, they say
I'm going to die next month."
I want to evaporate

I can't deal with this
I can't be my grandfather for her
but I know
from the quiet sobs
and the fear running down her face
that she needs me to be
"It'll all be fine Bev,
I'm here now."

I can taste the hope that fills the room
but also the sad truth that fills her eyes
I lean down and
I hug my grandmother
"I wanted you here for this George."
my eyes burnt with tears
"I wanted to tell you
how much the time we had
meant to me"
I knew

"up to the moon and past the stars"
were my grandmother's last words
that's how much they said
they loved one another,
up to the moon and past the stars
I know these words were her last
because those were the ones
she whispered into my ear
so loud that my grandpa
who had been dead for six years
could hear them
and for that moment
I was no longer eighteen
or worried about school
or fed up with my parents
because I was too busy
being an 81 year old man
named George