In the Heart of the Moon

Kristina Kroger
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Kroger, Kristina (2011) "In the Heart of the Moon," The Prairie Light Review: Vol. 33: No. 1, Article 23.
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol33/iss1/23

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.
In the Heart of the Moon

I'm a coyote in a skirt, a crow wearing thieved jewelry. I'm a wandering laugh salesman. When you walk Chicago streets at night with me you realize you have to look down to see the way light glints off broken glass, because you can't see the stars here. Yes, my thirty-six second lover, I move much too fast, and despite the fact we walk together I always dissolve into pawprints and feathers and we both, inevitably, end up walking alone.

Do you wonder what it is like, being the heart of the moon? Or do you just fancy I'm a story you told yourself, a legend that slips in and out of reality, a stoic laughing myth that does not feel, only tricks and teaches? I do not want to rattle your beautiful illusions of me, but I am not only a coyote in a skirt who dances crazy akimbo to singing frogs. I am not only a crow who stole the crowned jewels--and, scepter clutched-in-claw, laughs at a Palace Guard who cannot reach me.

I cannot live on magic alone. My interdimensional gypsy wagon has a flat tire, and I'm far too young and far to tired to try for trysts that walk with me through broken-glass stars for thirty-six seconds before I dissolve before everything dissolves back into their component parts of coyote pawprints and crow feathers and loneliness.