

## **shoot the Moon**

We tried hard to invent it,  
to build it on Earth and send it into orbit  
on a powerful rocket, made  
sure it rotated according to plan  
and did what it  
was told.

This was the official version that  
everyone  
believes.  
It is in history books, in science  
books, even in  
the Constitution.

We made it possible  
for someone  
to own it, and so there were  
shares of  
the Moon, a lunar stock market,  
stores selling anything

to do with it  
and people buying  
whatever was on offer.  
In all, merchandising  
bits of rock and rocks in bits  
has been profitable.  
We established a capital  
city, a province,  
a region, a country; we offered

tours of craters and seas;  
we founded  
the newspaper, Moon Times.

We even invented a  
language with  
half of the letters  
visible and  
the other half  
hidden.

A new form of Art inspired by  
moonbeams suddenly  
appeared  
out of nowhere,  
without a single precursor in the field,  
possibly  
without a serious future.

But Art sold  
in its thousands, just like  
the thousands of  
bits of rock sold  
in airports  
and supermarkets.

We confronted the problem of  
cold nights and  
lack of atmosphere  
by transforming  
the Moon  
with glass chambers where  
we could breathe and  
move,

its surface  
no longer what it used to be,  
but now one long, unreceptive  
shopping mall.

We swore at it, took it for  
granted, denied its  
antiquity and its origins,  
the truth, in one word,  
for we had always thought it was a human  
invention, like  
everything else we had been taught.

We created  
enemies  
out of those simply gazing  
at the Moon, since  
there was  
now a charge.

Others desired it at a more substantial level  
and fought bloodily  
for it; wars broke  
out, for the Moon was strategically  
important  
and materially viable.

And one day, to put an end to the conflict  
to end all conflicts, our  
Council decided that  
we would switch it off: "Switch off the  
Moon!"  
There was a vote; we all  
had a ballot paper; it was after all a

democracy.  
Like the Moon, supposedly created on Earth,  
we  
did what we were told.  
And it all happened as planned.  
They called it a lunar eclipse,  
except that it would  
last forever.

There was no Moon any longer,  
and no more moonlight at night, no  
more celestial companion. And  
all those involved in the various  
lunar affairs  
took their business

elsewhere, for there is  
always a credible way to tell a story,  
always a price  
to sell what nobody may  
readily want.

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