

“Whys”

by

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You watch the moon slide up, up higher than the trees, solemn and reverent, casting out your whys. I cast mine out, too, into the sky and let them mingle with yours. Our whys are so different, I can never tell you how. You'd look at me with those sad, watery eyes and you'd understand, of course you'd understand. But you wouldn't, not really. We are ruled by different emotions, different entities in life. You depend on your moon, your lovely, fickle moon. You dance and sing and cry for it, why, why will you not come to me, you howl. And I depend on you. I would dance and sing and cry for you, shouting why, why will you not come to me. If you asked, I would. I would. But you never ask. I cast out my whys into the brisk night sky, watch them glide into the air, snag on stars and be burned away unanswered as the sun rises over the trees instead. Then I wait and I watch as you come back to me, shake your head and gaze at me with those sad, watery eyes that never change no matter what. Always, always, you turn back, look up at the moon one last time. And I wish I didn't understand that, but of course I understand. But I don't, not really. No matter the distance, there will always be the moon between, looming and incandescent. And though it's not the same, always, always, when you turn away and head into the house to await nightfall, I cast my whys out again and let them wrap around the sun.