

BETWEEN MOONS

TONI SCORSESE

I retired to my bed with thoughts of speaking solely to one person...one person whom I would not reach tonight; the one person I missed the most – my favorite. How did his day go? Did his balance falter today? Did the devil visit his soul again? In lieu of a chat, I began penning this letter to him...

...Now *Frances* watches the clock, wondering how on Earth it is almost seven a.m. She fights back a torrent of fears over losses and never-have-hads and never-will-haves. She strains to witness the narrative on this page through the sheet of water flooding her eyes. She considers the minutes just ahead of the coming dawn, the hours just after morning's sunrise, the evaporating dew as noon approaches, the heft of afternoon's returning humidity, the lowering of day giving way to the last fullness of the moon for another month.

Will it storm today? Will her tank run dry, finally? Will she be able to grab the few moments of distraction over coffee? Will she grow the balls to ask for assistance? Will the "Peeps" have the same day they did yesterday? Will they ask her for guidance again? Will they take it? Will she reach her favorite? But...

...Soon Toni will remind *Frances* that she will evanescently slumber; she will alight to the new sun as she routinely does. She will climb the slick, rickety, wooden steps of this coaster; gingerly forestalling a rogue ash from igniting the entire scaffold. She will lower the bar onto her lap to escape lobbing out of orbit. She will portion each lumbering click, tick, lurch of the impossibly timeless ascent. She will clutch each measured breath for the

infinitely, endless perch topside. She will purview the landscape below her loft and scan each direction preceding the impending drop. A sense of dread and joy will surge in her gullet as her body dives through space, splintering an epoch's meter. The plummet will survive but a chilling instant; her furtive mind will steal this moment to buttress the next rise and fall. She will marshal the cycle until it is time to step off the ride, and then...

...She will inhale precariously to calm the incessant beating of a sorrow-laden heart. Ruefully, she will welcome a cloak to shadow the day's revolutions. Before sedating the pain, she will Rush her ears to get inside his head... so they might lament the day's lone and mutual tales... so she could wish him a more peaceful day, a more restful night, a more placid memory of the past, a more sanguine image of the future, a more fulfilled life.