

HIRAETH.

Sweet strung notes echo the city streets like a coin tossed down an empty well. The sound waves, invisible to the naked eye but not the human heart, dance with the cool breeze. They waltz and they swing elegantly to the salutations the sun fiddles on its grand instrument, promising to return brighter and stronger at sunrise evidently healed. The waves celebrate the sunset in harmony with strokes of golden yellow, rosey pink, a citrus orange, and a deep violet. All in hopes of illustrating a picture of hospitality to the moon.

The airbrushed clouds come together and form a group hug around the sun and lay it to its slumber the way a mother rests her infant's head to bed. As the clouds and sun say their final goodbyes the stars and moon enter the stage above my head. The music gets louder and louder as the moon, guided by the stars, gets closer and closer, so the waves dance faster and faster in the sky.

This festival of what I can *only* describe as love sends its own waves throughout my body. Where it first started as a thudding sensation in my chest, it pumped a foreign feeling to my every limb and joint.

I begin to speed down the concrete pavement, the soles of my bare feet burning from friction, my lungs burning more desperately pleading for oxygen, but the sun is burning no more. The sky is nothing but a swirl of grape wine and tar with sparkles and a gleaming full red moon.

A blood moon.

I have a sudden irresistible urge to chase after it. I hastened to sprint up the long streetway on the hill, the chills of the moon and the scorching stars feel closer on my skin every

step forward. A piano, a violin, and what I assume to be a flute rattle my bones, my eardrums, the icy gust of wind blowing against me, my mind fixating on one thing: get to the moon.

The shadows of the little stone shops up the sidewalk send chills down my neck to my spine. The clothing store filled with all the fabrics sexualized on my body, that made me look like I was “selling something,” and the oversized ones that made me “look like a boy.”

Adrenaline rushes through my veins as sweat trickles down my neck from the side of my head. The music being the only sound louder than my heartbeat.

The bakery overstocked with meals I never ate in my growing fear I will be “fat” in my own eyes.

The bookstore that documents every time I bit my tongue, in a novel. Every time I blinked back my tears to society’s selfish morals.

The air is cold and stings with the little bit that seeps into my lungs.

The Art Museum that frames every friend I have lost to my fear of vulnerability, affection, and communication. Probably deep rooted in a form of trauma.

My calves burn more than my desire to reach the top of the hill and touch the moon with even just my fingertips.

Just feet away from reaching my one and only yearning, the piano keys crashing louder than my own thoughts, the sound waves spinning vicariously in circles with the breeze around my spinning head.

It feels as though the shops behind me are speaking to me in aggressive whispers and demands. Their words tug my muscles back from the illuminating rose orb in the sky, reminding me of all the reasons to stay put.

I can physically feel each knife plunge into my back with every bitter truth. I clasp my hands on my chest in agony when the voices tell me the moon will laugh at my face at the sight of the healed over scars on my wrists. I feel my organs falter in the pit of my stomach when they insist the moon would never see past the complexion of my skin and reject me. The aching and throbbing headache flashed through me when they fumed the moon would see me decorated in these clothes and paint me as a common whore and spit in my face. My lungs quiver for air as I drop down on my knees adjacent to the glowing bloody moon.

My hand raises up and I can feel the power, the beauty, the fresh gust from the orb with my fingers just a centimeter away-

But I stop.

Everything stops. The music, the crickets, the sound waves in their waltzes. I stop and stumble back a few looking over my shoulder down the hill. Down at the little pond and bench far from all the little shops, far from the moon. I never heard voices there, I never felt pain, I never wanted to leave. But how can anyone blame me? For wanting to dance with the blood moon.

This moon has only ever brought me a pain and suffering every night I run up to touch it, but it always rejected me. Left me at the pits of the hill by the little pond of water. The pond being my healer, my salvation.

Cause my place of peace is not to me found up celebrating and spinning with sound
waves by the ethereal moon but watching and finding peace in their beauty while the water heals
and stitches my wounds with gold.

For, my place of peace is to heal.