

The Moon Is Girl's Heart

We see Girl. We see Girl standing knee deep in the river washing her rivery girl hair in the river's muddy water. Girl, we holler up. Hey Girl, we say, and we run ourselves up to get us brothers a closer look. Girl turns back around towards teh sound of our boy voices, but she does not stop her washing. Rivers river down from Girl's rivery hair, rivering down the rivery banks of her rivery girl body. Boys, she says to us brothers, and she drops down on her knees. Come close. Listen, Girl says, to this. When Girl tells us brothers to come close, come listen, us brothers, we always listen. Hear it, Girl says again, and she lifts us brothers up, and holds us brothers against her heart. We listen, and listen some more, but there is no sound, there is no beating, for us brothers to hear. So we lean our ears abck away from that soundless place on Girl's body where Girl's heartbeat is supposed to be. It used to be there—that beating sound—beating beneath that place on Girl's body where there is a freckle there shaped like a star. Dig here is what our ears used to always hear the heartbeat of Girl whispering. But now, we don't say any thing to Girl about the quiet we now hear. What do is we do this: we reach inside with our dirty boy hands, into Girl's mad eout of mud body, and we take hold of Girl's heart. Girl's heart, we know this, because we made it, it is made of mud. But the mud, we see now, has turned to dirt. Girl's heart, it so hard, it is hard for us brothers to touch. But still, us brothers, we touch it. We touch it and then we do more than touch it. We take it, Girl's heart, into our dirty boy hands. And what do then is we pull, and we pull. We give Girl's heart our best boy tug. Yes, Girl's heart, when we tug it like this, it pops loose like a tooth with no roots. Girl doesn't wince, or flinch with her girl body, or make with her mouth the sound of a girl crying out. Good Girl, we tell Girl. What we do then is take Girl's heart and lower it down into the river. We hold it down under until the dirt of it turns back to mud. When Girl's heart is back to being mud, we take it, Girl's heart, and we shape it, with our hands, so that it is shaped into the shape of a

heart. But no, that's not right, Brother points this out. Girl's heart was never shaped the shape of a heart. Brother is right. Good, Brother, I say. And so we make it right. We take our boy hands, we take Girl's heart into our hands, and we make it into the moon. The moon, it is a Girl's heart, I say. Then Girl tells us brothers take a look inside. We do. We look inside. Inside of Girl's moon heart, inside her mud heart, there are two sisters. One for each of us brothers. Us brothers, we look and look and then we dive inside. When do this, this moon, it shatters into a million pieces. Each broken piece becomes a star.