

# Cancel the Moon

By Diana Mekarski

Sometimes we went to bed without the shutters drawn and a kitchen light on we had intended to switch off. And it always amazed me how easily we went against the safety of our nightly routine and the way things ought to be done.

We'd usually awake late into the night, but nowhere near the morning and watch the bare trees outside or the still air lit by the snow's moonlight. I'd wake with the thought of the way it felt to be draped in your love. The way I could breathe into it and alongside it.

I'd think about the world possibly watching in through our window, but maybe not caring to watch at all. And we'd be ok then, like we were, always. We'd lay for untold minutes, and maybe hours peeking into the darkened world outside, safely warm and unclothed, and forgetting to be afraid.

And I'd try to rationalize the reality that someone could peek into our love, but couldn't. I'd continually be left thinking how safe everything felt this time. How this home in you was different and unknown, but so similar and familiar to my own. How I could find your love within mine.

And as we dozed and talked, and talked and dozed, my mind would wonder to the thought that one of us should get up and turn off the light still lit within the home before morning. But I never told you that, and we never, ever did.

And I wondered if it was because I wanted to ensure that even if the world decided to cancel the moon and we'd lose the light outside, we'd still have ours within our love, and the safety of the kitchen light in the other room.