





ASPIRIN-WHITE MOON

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<sup>1</sup> **Take my advice.** Tell your wife *an aspirin white moon docks in a medicine cabinet* and to *come take a look*. She won't of course. It's 5 a.m. The coffee's raw black. And you're standing there, in your bathrobe, that opens like a medicine cabinet, but what could receive your body as medicine? Is your wife still a possible receiver, or is she not? Is your language no more than the pyrotechnics or pyrolinguistics of need? She says the question is rhetorical, as she leaves for the kitchen to prepare a simple breakfast. Toast, butter, brown sugar, and a dash of cinnamon. The whole house reeks of autumn's colors, the counter is dusty with spice.



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<sup>2</sup> . The moon was only a reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror, in the bathroom. You obscured it by getting between the object and its reflection. Perhaps you wanted the moon stamped in your left shoulder, or its reflected light burning a cave through your torso—the white stone greedy for its image. The sentiment reflects how people view people, as the obstruction to their own needs. You are to be pushed over/ pushed through for the sake of another’s goals. Be porous , be meek, be Christianity. My God is tethered above me, like a red balloon knotted ‘round child’s wrist. Don’t pop, I say to myself three times, as always, one hand holding onto a pin.



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<sup>3</sup> **Thinking now of Thurber's *Many Moons*.** Of the many descriptors Princess Lenore uses for the moon, not one of them is aspirin-white, suburban-white, nor does she describe the moon as noxema white. I think she believes it to be a coin, silver currency, but the metaphor is in need of a makeover, to give it more curb appeal, to be more sellable, as they say. A house with a suburban-white moon has demographic connotations, a higher tax rate, a network. Many in the Cul de Sac are bleached to a monochromatic culture of white, like statues of antiquity. What kills me is the shape of the cul de sac—it's like a fashion catwalk on project runway—professionals from the city pounce and strut down the runway to the circular stage, then exit to wear the next big thing. Sometimes they wear a new attitude. The street also feels like a peninsula into a sea of homes. And the creatures lying deep within each part of the new sea is a new species ---depending on who, or what, is viewing them..



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<sup>4</sup> **Why the obsession with Big Love, the HBO polygamy series?** It just makes flesh what was only thought and dreamt of. One should know there are always 2 wives, or 2 husbands. It's true. And sometimes knowing you're a bigamist breaks the hearts and minds of all parties involved. There is the wife you hold, there is the wife you think. One of them told you, years ago, after a few drinks, in a small hof, in Suwon, South Korea, that metaphor is a date-rape drug in some parts of the world. When you asked *Where?* She cited a myriad of court cases where metaphors were evidence against the defendant. There was a bridge, a river, a throat, a moon: aspirin white. He used a metaphor to dope her, and when the metaphor wore off, she awoke, pregnant, in a strange place. To admit this to the other wife would cause her to be suspicious of your mental health. Who are you talking about?, she'd say. And you wouldn't have an answer. Do you remember? Once, when you placed a communion wafer on your tongue, one wife had said you placed the moon on your tongue. *Its power is dissipating through you*, she said, after squeezing her lips around a prayer..



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<sup>5</sup>**A REVIEW, AN ANNIVERSARY:** 12 years ago, my body was aspirin-white, like a moon, but it was healthy—not like make-up on a teenage goth girl. My wife once used my aspirin-white body to get rid of headaches and pain-- to forget about herself, to forget about her own body. I did the same. But now, she's built up a tolerance. My medicinal qualities have no effect. After needing more of me, I'm afraid she'll need different. What must get done?



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<sup>6</sup> One wife tells me that metaphors get old, overused. Thus, they devalue to the status of cliché. People feel like metaphors, sometimes. Metaphors for what? I'm not sure. Opportunity? Love? America? Through all this nonsense, the other wife says nothing. Is she a metaphor? Y/N



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One learns from the hilltops and rooftops, from one angle to the next. The other night, I sat on a hilltop and appreciated the moon again, in the distance, between a valley, appearing to be rolling up or down the mountainside, but stood still as if in a photo, a specimen of the old potential vs kinetic energy. I drove off, coffee in hand, this time to an urban setting; the moon rested on rooftops. Like a balloon tethered to a building, potentially lifting the residents to space or heaven. In different contexts, moon takes on new meaning and beauty. Like renewing a spouse, as a lover, a mother, a partner. Forever, amen. JR