

# Blue Moon

Jeff Alessandrelli

Dear Adam,

We're old! I hate it. Or I hate it just enough to ignore it, at least for now. When we were at UNR together didn't the world seem like a slightly worked over place that nevertheless contained little gristlings of shine and spark everywhere? I hesitate to say that we found so many of them at the bottom of bottles and in the backs of bars, but—when you're young, you're young. And cliché doesn't become cliché until you've lived long enough to recognize it. I stayed young for too long, sure, but, like you, eventually grew out of it the hard way, the necessary way. Satellite. Silver Peak. Blue Moon. Shooters. Shenanigans. Now all our old haunts sound like a mis-syllable'd haiku to me, or an overwrought tone poem. We were brothers back then, which sounds silly, as neither of us actually have brothers and we both hated fraternities and the pseudo-fraternal. But we were very close and deemed ourselves the brothers Wynott, mostly because your last name sounded more euphonious than Alessandrelli. No sleep, an abundance of irresponsibility, a profound inability to communicate one's true feelings and thoughts—I miss being too dumb to know better. I was an asshole some of the time. A lot of the time. You were more sensible and even-measured, although the Wal-Mart shoplifting escapade was, in hindsight, probably a mistake. (Who would have guessed that a minimum wage Wal-Mart employee cared enough about the store's consumerist sanctity to tackle a lowly, wine-drunk, weekday afternoon shoplifter? Also—I'm sorry I introduced you to shoplifting.) Still, those were the days, as they say. So we scratch ourselves out of one itch right into the next and now all of the things that I never thought I'd care about—love, decency, virtue—matter more to me than anything else. You're a lawyer, I'm a professor. We work, pay bills, watch too much tv. Our backs hurt. We're old! And it's hard to believe that who we were is still right there in the mirror in front of us and also irrecoverably gone, never to appear again. Or at least not as the selves we once knew intimately way back then. Recently I've been wrestling with philosophy again, same as I tried to do at UNR, and I found this fundament from Slavoj Žižek: "People quite often do not know what they want, or do not want what they know, or simply want the wrong thing." Did we know what we wanted back then? It doesn't matter I don't think. Our mistakes were our youth and our youth was the world entire. We would never be old. We will never be old. That will never change. Adam, I hope your dog is barking fervently and ignorantly right now, howling at every possible possibility. I hope she has nary a thought about the future in her head. Give her a pat for me. I'll see you both soon enough.

Your pal,  
Jeff A.



Photograph by: Jeff Alessandrelli