

Letter to Cecy, Regarding Our Trip to the Moon

Penny Lane

We stood on the mound behind your tin-can house, overlooking the Catholic cemetery. Surrounded by the native flora of our planet, sagebrush and crumpled beer cans, tumbleweeds and a rusty box spring, cigarette butts we wished on for wildfire to burn our city down. You promised that someday we would find a way out of here.

So, we built a cardboard Rocketship, painted *S.S. Power Puff* on its side and tucked your Bear-dog beside us in his special sidecar. We sang *MmmBop* on our way to the moon. Your Golden Valley trailer park looked like clay miniatures in a diorama, as we rose over the high desert. We flew through cotton ball clouds and dodged Canadian geese before we pierced the exosphere, like your Grammy's quilting needle crafting a Jacob's ladder, to cover the holes in your living room sofa. I swore that if I squinted hard enough I could see the green glow of a downtown casino, but you can't see Nevada from space. The Reno arch is not a world wonder. Our little city is not big enough to mark on a road map of the Milky Way, let alone hold the weight of all our dreams.

When we arrived, the people on the moon were expecting us. They greeted us with metallic kazoos and heaps of birthday cake ice cream. They cheered as we leapt from our shuttle onto their Velveeta satellite. They hugged us like long lost aunts, pinched our cheeks, told us how much we've grown. The moon-people held us tight in their cold shimmering arms and welcomed us. Home.

Penny Lane