

Corona Moon

Growing up in the 80's with mom, I was the second child. The last embryo in a string of miscarriages. Nothing seemed right, dad had a mistress, he was always gone. Out of these chaotic circumstances, I came to be.

My brother was five years older than me but somehow required more attention. He possessed the shock of white hair, the flush of Americano skin. He was never still, could hardly sleep and he was always into something. First

it was the cookie jar. Then at ten he swam beyond the waves of the Atlantic beach by where we lived in Camp Lejune. He came home with his pockets stuffed with shark's teeth that had washed ashore. Our parent's split

and we went west to Kansas City. That was that. Mom went mad but she had her men, digressed back to youth. My barbaric brother was left to mind me. We egged the neighbors' houses, swung at mail boxes with baseball bats. We climbed out the attic

window and sat on the roof to see the lights of Grandview glow (what a joke), to hear the Saturday night clatter of the skating ring. One night around supertime, we scrapped over a bag of Ramen Noodles. He told me there was fire

inside and only certain people could eat them without getting burned. That summer, an eclipse shadowed the afternoon, the corona moon peeled people out of their homes and onto the street, the mothers with their aprons on,

faces flush from domestic dues. The atmosphere bloomed with the scent of shampoo, Tide and barbeque. Even the bars were vacant of certain parents who came out to witness this celestial stare. After immeasurable moments passed in perfect symmetry, everything went back to normal, piece by piece...

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Originally published in I70 Review Magazine