

THE/ARC

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The window, a hole I fall in  
supposing how far until the lawn

swallows me like a limit  
landed on its answer. I could solve it.

Throwing back the shutters,  
noon gusts in. I shudder to wonder

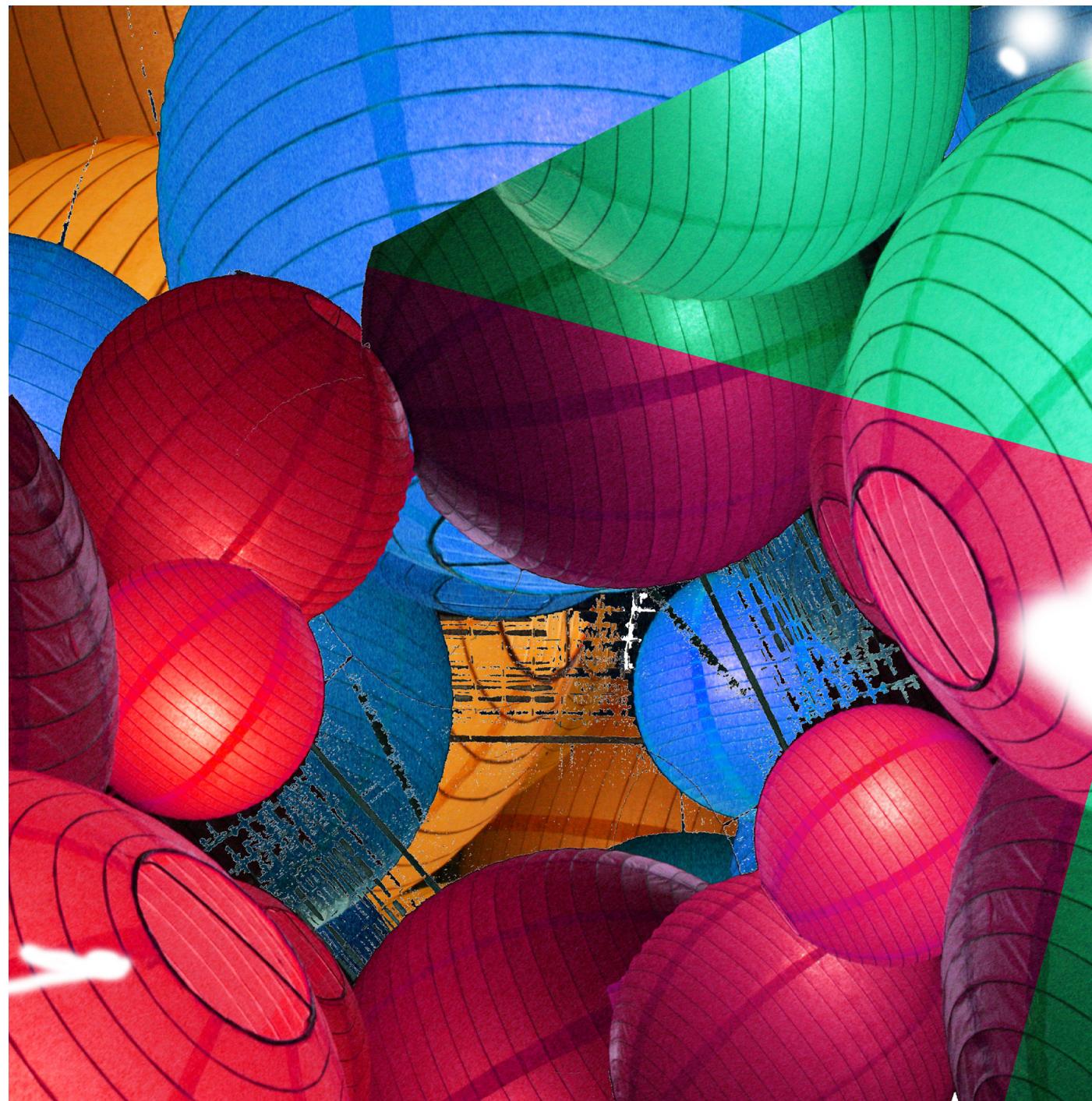
how my dad lost his grip  
ass-first from two stories up,

how, in a scrap, my uncle shoved him  
where there should have been a screen,

how the arms unfurled like wings  
of a swan, stroking the air for nothing.

The old man in the flat below must  
have seen the boy, and thought him lost

in the space between two stories.  
Was it gravity, or reaching for more?

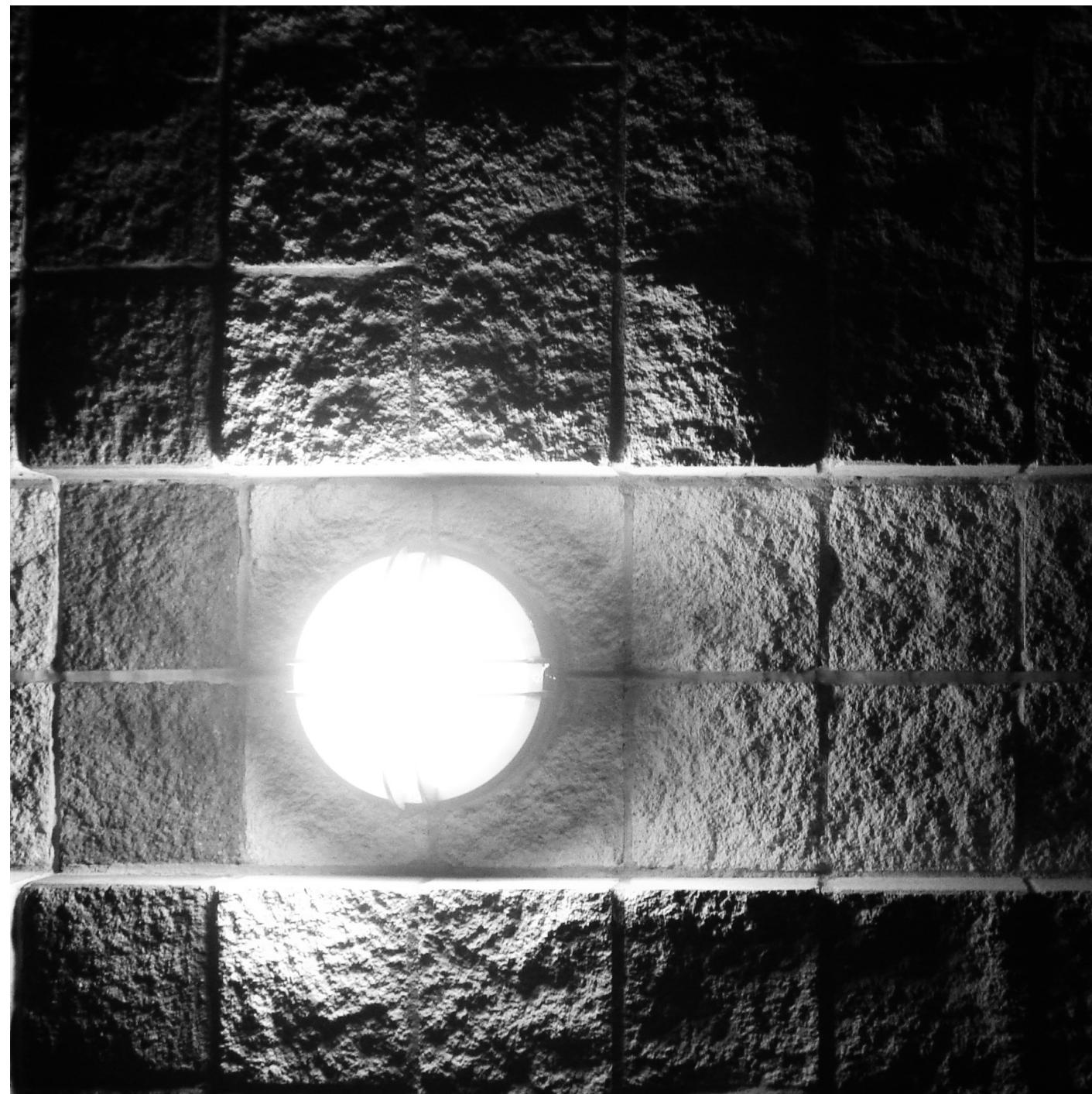


# THE/SPACE/BETWEEN

ELIZABETH BEAM

The moon is made of silica, alumina, lime, iron oxide, and glitter. I know because I put glitter on the moon in art class in the second grade. The moon is more than a colossal rock in the sky. The moon is a bar of soap. The moon is an empty tub. After a long day, I crawl inside of the moon and it warms me up from the inside out. When I want a square of Godiva chocolate from the checkout counter at the supermarket, the moon is a quarter. The moon listens when the only other person to talk to is my mom, who is the person I want to complain about. The moon is a touch lamp. When you rub the moon for wishes, it lights up. Of course, the moon is battery-operated. If the moon had to be plugged in, the cord would run for 406,700 kilometers, and it would strangle the Earth every day. The moon has many faces, but it only shows us one. When you are lonely, there is a man on the moon. When you are angry, the moon is a woman. There are no aliens on the moon. There are no Russian spies conducting surveillance from the moon. There is no one on the moon at the moment, but there was on July 21, 1969 at 2:56 UTC. If you are interested in the moon, you should know that the human body is made up mostly of

water. The moon exerts a pulling force on water, such as the tide and the neurotransmitters in your brain. On the night of the full moon, there are more murders. There are more admissions to the Emergency Room. If you are a lycanthrope, you will transform into a wolf on the full moon. The moon is an enormous pill. It is possible that the moon is a placebo, but we will not know for sure until after the clinical trials are over. Sometimes I forget that the moon is real. But that is not all that the moon is. The moon is a bowl of milk. The moon is a white balloon. During the day, the moon spills and pops. When I think about the moon, I think of the time when I thought I would die because I was lost from my Girl Scout troop when we went overnight camping at the Metro Park, and I could not see the moon. The trees sometimes get in the way of the moon. The clouds, too, can get in the way of the moon. If you want to get closer to the moon, you can pay \$10,000,000 for a ride in a spaceship, complete with a tour of the moon. I would rather taste the moon. To taste it, you simply stand outside at night in winter and shut your eyes and close your mouth. When you are standing there like that—come to think of it, it might help if you do your hair up and wear a nice dress—the moon will tiptoe down from the sky and kiss you. When you look away from the moon, do not forget that. The moon is watching. The moon is always out there, even if you can't see it. Out of all the facts I know about the moon, that is the one I know for sure.



# FACTS/ABOUT/THE MOON ELIZABETH BEAM

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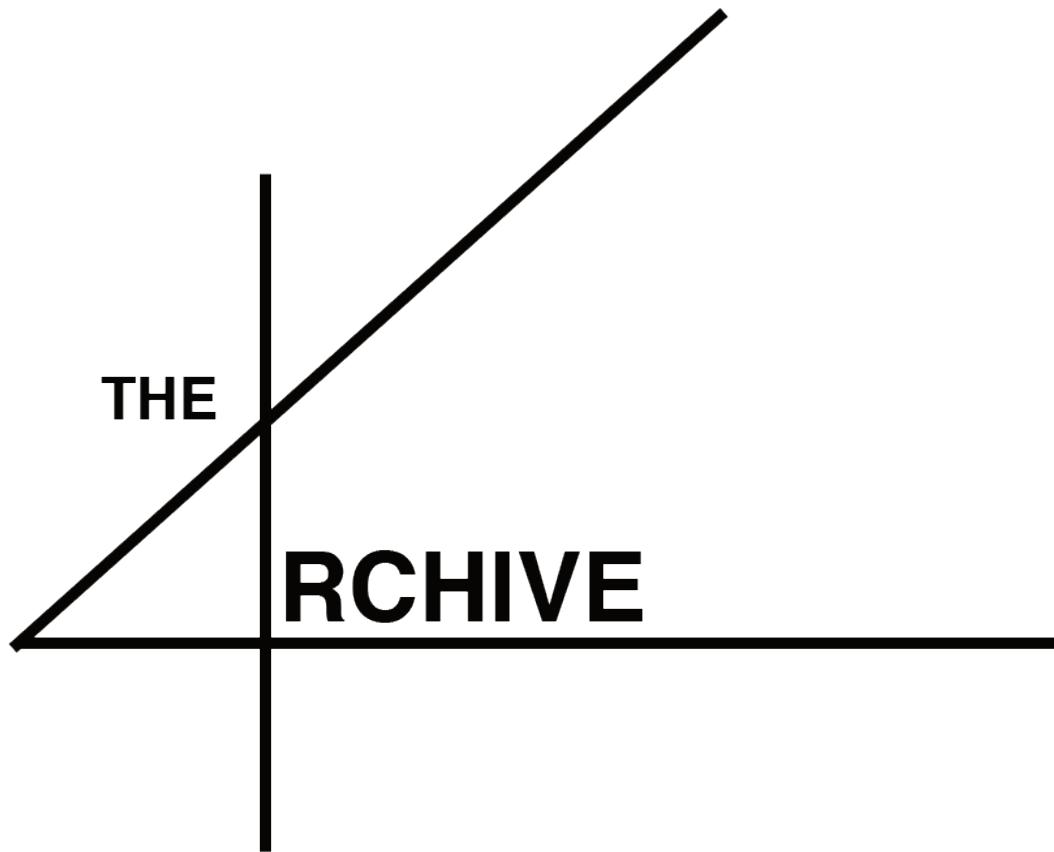
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