

MOON GHAZALS

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“Moon Ghazal # 2” originally appeared in *The Ghazal Page*.

#1

Silent compactors move stuttering jaws to reduce concrete and brickwork to rubble on the moon quickly and without noise. Back then, bricks were around 90 dollars each. Now on the moon, medieval brickwork and future-sounding synth-pop light up the white concrete paths. And on the moon, lawns of brickwork make a sort of silent backdrop. Your brickwork façade's a real eyesore on the moon, as it's a bit too busy. I prefer not to have one, since bricklayers keep quiet about their wages on the moon. Still, the dull and fading brickwork, the empty flowerbeds, the graffiti and flaking paint on shop walls, wake up on the moon to lights of dazzling proportions. Five minutes of walking, and we spot more brickwork on the moon, and before long, a pipe leads us to a small chamber where bricks encircle silent, green oases on the moon.

#2

A host of crooning sugar figurines are pressed to sing
pictorial valentines in catacombs above the moon
where sugar bakers are busy packing the catacombs'
latest operations. This tomb in orbit round the moon
looks like the Roman catacombs, apart from the Mexican
bakery shelves stacked with sugary skulls. Above the moon
it's the Day of the Dead, and a stairway takes you where
the Valentine Church commemorates its orbits round the moon
with wine, liquid yeast, cranberry extract and sugar.
You really need to freeze time above the moon
down to a non-existent instant, to take in all
the catalogued death in orbit round the moon
that's packed into these catacombs. Human bones
spinning along the narrow walls above the moon
give living witness to chocolate truffles, custom-made
(for the fair-trade chocolatiers in orbit round the moon)
by the spiritual father of the catacombs. My blood
sugar's been stable these past 2 weeks above the moon
so its 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 2/3 cup granulated sugar...
Why not a teaspoon more, while I'm in orbit round the moon,
for coffee at the Church of Saint Valentine, or at
the Sugar Shack Caribbean Café above the moon.

#3

It's hard to fathom the editor's hubris. Here's someone who knows how the readership feels towards the moon, but decides to devote the whole front page to the moon's pinstriped civilian leaders and ignores: the blunders of the uniformed top brass, the failed performance of the Major Domo of the moon who conducts without the aid of a score, and the fall of Earth's prime ministers. Brass nymphs frolicking about the moon are splayed atop balustrades in the financial section where blunders are blamed on: our hubris towards the moon's occulting markets, sloppy analysis, and the poor. Perhaps someday, someone will hold a candle up to that old engraving of the moon and discover a cleaner method for burning zinc and copper. That will promote the moon's vision of going green. In the tech industry, energy efficiency is the crux of the matter as we go about the moon decrying the hubris of green marketing. So how's it that when our top business leaders look towards the moon they envision a gas-lit gilded world of 19th century pomp and polished brass, where the moon's imperial hubris never went out of style, and glasses of wine taste like old times. It's funny how the navy brass, our captains of the moon, become "insubordinate" and "filled with hubris" if ever they dare give voice to our true thoughts about the moon.

#4

The yolk is usually a bit off-centre and it rides high in the egg, due to the gravity of the moon making it difficult to balance. But the chef's an artist possessing an angel's patience for the moon's gravity and that show is your best source for gossip, traffic and weather, not to mention jobs. In the gravity of the moon, a full day's shopping and entertainment is an exercise in patience. Well, mine didn't last long in the moon's gravity, but I still got a nice lesson to take home: you should slit boiled eggs in half vertically in the gravity of the moon.

Three years ago, the egg drop drama officially began. That's when we had our first visit in the moon's gravity with our reproductive endocrinologist. And the rest is history. Now we look for hidden Easter eggs in the gravity of the moon. It takes software, music, books, art — every excuse available — to teach a child patience and persistence in the moon's gravity.

#5

Our neighbours still oppose our plans to entertain local members of the moon's planning community.

It would've been such a chance to meet with our local students enrolled in the moon's school council

this year. How are we going to meet after work tomorrow, when you have to pick up the kids for the moon's tri-regional

baseball finals? *The protest rally was supposed to draw thousands of locals, but only dozens of the moon's concerned citizens showed up.*

The boycott was going to paralyse the school, so promises were made by the moon's parents' board to extend the break. *Shows you the philosophy of most of our modern-day politici — to have our monthly moon's fiscal report feature articles written by teens.*

Supporters say that the plan will encourage local business. *The moon's housing council approved the rezoning of every*

125th Street, but only after loud protests. I rarely use the phone for the moon's surface-to-surface calls, so the end of the month

account will have lots of leftover minutes. *They'll determine your place in the moon's lifelong wealth plan*

and match you to the next-level. Yes, but the social and cultural considerations are local, not the moon's.

#6

To coincide with the 3rd Ecclesiastic Convention
on Limbo, a new seminar series from the moon
features contemporary illuminations where
ghostly and prophetic scripts cover the moon
in a criss-crossing of dreams and the history of
our lunar explorers. It's possible from the moon
to recharge our outboard motors, but we know only
faith can leads us on as we float out over the moon
through limbo, through tables filled with pearls, wine jugs,
horseshoe crabs, glow-sticks, and other products of the moon.
Some are far off, visible only as a dim glow
floating in, like a sea that covers the moon
in glitter, while others are like the bright, too-close sun.
All heaven now basks in a red glow from the moon,
and despite the rosy glow of this convention's success, our
excitement's kindled by what now emerges over the moon:
a satellite in limbo — the very spacecraft which
gave scientists our first glimpse from the moon
of an image revealing Earth's aurora,
its violet glow baptizing the moon.

#7

Deeper insights can still be gained by
paying visits to those areas of the moon
where space is mostly empty. Population density is of
such an average quality, that if your box on the moon
is big enough, you'll surely find someone inside it. It's
like those reports from the surface-stations on the moon
which are no denser than empty film canisters, but
nonetheless broadcast daily statistics to the moon
associated with our collective excitations. We've got a good
perspective, from our universal vantage point on the moon,
that we're empty inside. Somehow I doubt I'll ever
feel fulfilled by giving more of myself to the moon,
by clinging less to light, sky, and emptiness. Yes, I
am strongly perturbed by conditions on the moon.
We live in these crowded places. Other areas are like
rainforests. They are the empty corners of the moon.

#8

The brochures display recipes for Grandma's cheese biscuits along with reviews, ratings, a map, and pictures of the Moon's oldest wine estates. Two errant guests decided to dissent, trashing the lawn with a barrelful of lunar gravel. And that's why guests should get estate addresses and tasting advice from the Moon's husky-voiced, smooth-tongued noirs who know how to harmonize sour notes with sweet music. The open house reception's killed, but since our Lunar Harvest Festival Prize for "debutant of the year" is still on, we'll spend ages on the lawn picking out grit. So if sour Americans are hungry for change on the Moon, they should be fed sweet pasties, not come here to try and squeeze out a utopia from their grim street narratives of lives in lunar slums. Didn't you see the press-releases steeped in their red wine? The nose doesn't quite reach the threshold of our fruit from the Moon.

#9

So that was our last ecstatic dance, our final
libation to the luminescent blue. The lunar dance
had always been catchy, loaded as it was with exciting
twists and turns. We were wings for a feathered moon,
winging powers beyond our control, and though
we always ensured the lunar public a free supply
of photos and videos, tagged with feathers, we were
unable to escape the reality of those lunar times.

Dance provided us a space, an ecstatic space, where
it was pretty easy for people to envision moon birds
soaring. We had glued feathers to our masks — assemblages
of leaves, flower petals, lunar quartz, moss, and burnt wood.

But in the Heart Opening Fire Ceremony,
our Earth fell — stillborn, like the moon.

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