

THE LONGING

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A pale moonbeam,
straying in through my window,
muted the hum of darkness
and landed on my slumbering eyelids.

Lured by its silver light,
I followed it outside,
to the far side of my garden,
to a mount by a large pond.

Half the sky was aglow,
reflected in a pine forest on the slope
of a near mountain,
scintillating in the lunar light.

I gazed at the full moon
and sank to my knees,
jolted by its two dark eyes
and a black line beneath.

“My God, is that you, Mother?”
Trembling, I lowered my head
and cried out, “I roam the earth,
Searching for you.”

A cloud darkened the moon,
An owl hooted in the distance.
I rose to my feet and shook my fists
at heaven, yelling my heart out.

“Why? Why were you taken
before I got to know your face?
How am I to know who I am, Mama?”
But the moon was still dark.

The hum of darkness returned to my room
when I slid into my bed. I shut my eyes
to muffle my voice of yearning.
A soft, caressing whisper sounded in my ear.

“Wake up, old man, wake up.
Or your nightmare will kill you.”