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Moment in Midnight

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Cover Page Footnote

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PETER MOTT

THE WEIGHT OF MEMORY (LINE TAKEN FROM LI YOUNG LEE)

The weight of memory
It burdens us all
Some so painful, will never forget
Some so vague, we cannot recall

What did you have for lunch today?
How was your afternoon?
When are you leaving?
Do butterflies come from a cocoon?

So many questions
To which I have so many answers
And doing it so gracefully
I feel like ballet dancers

Keeping a checklist
At the top of my head
Worrying about things
Lying awake in bed

All of the madness
Seems to catch up
And my full steam train
Comes to a stop, very abrupt

Stop asking your questions
I can't take anymore
As I die of exhaustion
My face hits the floor.

JODI ROWLAND

MOMENT IN MIDNIGHT

It's not the future or the present. It's not time or motion. It's the simplicity of jet-black asphalt radiating heat against two young bodies. It is in the warmth of the midnight-blue sky and in the soothing fresh air. It is outside this world. It is a romance in late summer with a friend. Freshly cut grass touching our noses and bright silver stars floating in our eyes fulfills the emptiness, the quiet inside. It is a reality of no other kind, no city street noise, and no people around. It is crickets chirping and cars faintly driving by in the distance. It is laughter found in our hearts and it is self-assurance found in the peace of two souls. Everything alive becomes wrapped up in time itself. The breath escaping our lungs forms misty, white air, and people inside are asleep everywhere. It is a childhood held in one single moment. Love is the moment in midnight.