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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

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

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

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

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

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.