

Moon Shine

by Rev. Thomas Hickey

Foul winds do blow in heavenly realms as well as on the earth.
One such wind awoke the moon to envy, as she saw
The blazing sun begin to light the world and warm it with his rays.

*I light the night, but leave it dark. I share my sky with stars.
But look, this sun turns darkness into light
And shares his sky with none.
See here, O sun, I must protest.
I always shine at night, while you create the day.
Can I not shine as you?*

O lovely moon, now stop such talk. It's nonsense that you speak.
For if you were to shine as I, then there would be no night.
No wonders of the darkness, revealed beneath your glow.
No awe inspired by sight of you upon the harvest sky.
No songs of love composed and sung beneath your watchful gaze.
More wonder has been sparked by you, than ever has by me.

*And what of that? What good the night?
Men stumble, grope, and fall, despite my brightest light.
Men fear the dark and pray for dawn, even while I make my rounds.
My softer rays may melt some hearts, but not all men are so.
I watch the worst of evil deeds, performed because it's dark.
My brightest beams cannot prevent what lurks within their souls.
What if we banished night and brought all deeds to light?
What if your brightest beams continue in the day,
And I then learned to shine as you to do away with night?*

It cannot be, O foolish moon, for you reflect my light.

I could learn to shine as you.

But what then of the night?

You may take the nighttime course while I become the day.

It cannot be. The task's too hard. The price we'd pay too dear.

*Too dear you say? What's this but privilege and pride?
You do not want to share your day.
You want to keep me trapped in regions of the night.*

No so, fair moon, my dearest friend. I fear you've lost good sense.

I cannot do what you do well.
'Tis not my nature to illumine night while leaving it still dark.
Nor is it yours to set yourself on fire.

*'Tis true I shine yet leave night dark, but all because of you.
In your brightness, I have never needed my own light.
You have not shared your secret—how you burn without consuming.
If you can do it, why not I? And why not take my place?
Turn your blazing fires off and catch my new-found rays.
Place yourself among the stars and see your glory
Dim to but a glow.*

O moon, you know not what you say.

*Ah, pride I see has captured you, for you refuse me honor.
My dignity too much for daytime dwellers to accept
On equal footing as your light.
All is happy, so you think, if moon but keeps her place.
"The lesser light, that's what she is. A very good one, too."
Can you not see now how all such words infuriate my soul?*

You do not understand, O moon, most lovely of all lights.
Your brilliance is your subtlety, a quality I lack.
You'll set the world aback.

*No, indeed, I'll move it forward, out of shadows.
I'll set ablaze the night and call it day.
It's only fair that we should share the glory of the light.*

But dearest moon, already we do share the glory—
You the night and I the day.
Is that not equal halves?

*If they are equal, you take night.
I will have the day.*

I cannot do it. I'm not equipped.
I must shine as day.

And I as well. We'll leave the night behind.

Do you not understand?
You are solid; I am molten.
I cannot serve to mirror as you can.

Yes, quite right. You may not reflect as I,

But I, you see, may blaze as you.

But you will consume yourself within a month,
And then where will we be?

*You lie, my Sun! You only wish to keep me in the night
With fears and fables I see clearly are not so.
I will be consumed, you say, while you may burn forever.
I will not last a month, you say,
While you have burned for centuries without number.*

O gentle moon, please hear me now—I truly mean no harm.

*O gentle moon! O lovely moon! Address me no more such.
I demand respect and wish only to be not deprived
Of privileges reserved for suns alone.
See here! My anger flames at words designed to keep me in my place.
Already I begin to burn! The fire is lit; I blaze as you.
Will you now deny my place?*

No, my queen. 'Tis you deny yourself.