

CHARLOTTE PENCE

Nightly Call to My Daughter While Travelling

Last night the full moon was like anything lost, then found: a gasp, a flash once hidden in the dark. “There’s a full moon tonight,” I tell my daughter over the phone. “Here too!” she shrieks. Oh, that shriek. How wonderful it is not to understand this world. Today, I go on hating the President and he goes on hating just about everyone. What is it James Baldwin said about hate? “I imagine one of the reasons people cling to their hates so stubbornly is because they sense, once hate is gone, they will be forced to deal with pain.” Maybe I’m not so different from my daughter. I too am surprised the same moon hangs without a thread over both our houses. A rock has never been so bright. So dense. And ready to fall.