

# A WALK ON THE MOONLIGHT

Bridget Peterson

Mr. Costello

Creative Writing 3A

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## The Extraordinary Magenta

(Elegy)

A bud, blossoming into a shade of happiness

Giving more than she receives

The wilting flower, her petals cast into

A whistling breeze, dispersing along earth's carpet

The extraordinary magenta

Suppresses into a memory

Never to be forgotten

Alluring,

Captivating,

Enticing,

And then it is gone.

## **Anxiety**

(Tanka)

An overwhelming

Cloud engulfs my clarity

What was, what will be?

Come together in a storm

Destined for devastation.

## **The Eternal Grain**

(Picture and Poetry)

An eternal grain-

Of happiness swept into

Waves of dreamy blue

## **The Swamp**

(Picture and Picture and Poetry)

Amidst a moist haze-

A squirrel peaks through his eyeglass

To a swamp of green

## **Stillness**

(Narrative)

Four large pockets of light pierce my eyes; a pain I'm not ready to endure. I think I'm hauling the pottery barn quilt over my eyes, however my half-asleep body debilitates me. I nestle my face into the futon.

Hours later, the pockets of light aren't so daunting. Past the frosted windows, snow has engulfed boulders of gray. Dense sparkling flakes make themselves at home on the abounding evergreens. Stillness; a word I'm not familiar with. The trailer dips down on a hill, reconnecting with life at a lonely street. Immediately the ground ascends into mountains, one peak higher than the other.

The clanking of a plate draws me from my gaze. I follow an aroma of espresso and brown sugar into the kitchen where Aunt Nora fiddles with a fork at the breakfast nook, her gray hair resting on her shoulders. Atop the oven lay freshly made blueberry muffins.

Nora drags out a chair for me and her invitation sends a shriek across the tiled floor. Shriek. Pain. I can't help but connect the two. My tongue is caught off guard by a scorching sensation. I draw the blue-glazed mug away from my lips. "Today is entirely your day, Key"

Nora reassures. My burnt lips curl at her hospitality. I'm glad. I'm glad she doesn't mention the accident, I'm glad she understands.

There's some kind of beautiful in Aunt Nora. Perhaps it's the way she dots her i's, or perhaps it's something more. Like the sun, Nora lives miles and miles away, yet she still finds a way to brighten the world. Through eyes of pale green, she seeks the heart in everyone. In a wicked witch, she would see an enchantress. She disrupts my admiration, "What do you say we go snowshoeing? Uncle Lars sent a few pairs over from Colorado." I smile in agreement.

Outside, sparkles cloak the terrain. I breathe in earth's purity and press my snowshoe into a pillow of flakes. A lone chirp dances through the air as a gust of wind reddens my nose. Moving closer to the wood, my mind fixates on an evergreen. Knots fill my body. There's a patch of blood; staining the bark and painting the white snow. A man lies cold, his skis abandoning him down the slope. I call out "HELP! Someone help!" but no one answers.

A voice draws me back to reality, "Kierra!" I turn to meet a look of utter worry. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah." I lie, my lips still shaking. I eagerly change the subject, "Can we have lunch?" "Of course... It's too cold for snowshoeing anyway." Nora says, her forehead still wrinkling.

Photos flood the table as we nibble at our garden salads. "I bet you don't remember this one." Nora holds up a picture of me throwing toilet paper all around a hotel room, looking guilty as ever. I imagine the photographer looking down at five tiny fingers gripping an empty roll before meeting my innocent face. A smile uplifts my face and my fingers continue to stroll along the photos, halting at a picture of a man holding a baby girl. "He used to carry you like that all

the time.” Nora reminisces. Before me lies a photograph of my father, however all I see is an unconscious man lying helpless in the snow.

“We were really close weren’t we?” I whisper.

Nora nods.

“What happened?” My vision blurs into the evergreens again, sending a tremble through my stomach. Eyes watering, “I got so caught up in other things... I thought he would always be there...”

“Are you ready to talk about it?” Nora preludes.

My eyes delve into the garden salad below, hoping to find a way out through the raspberry vinaigrette dressing. “Kierra, when I was your age...” Here it goes; the lecture I have been dreading. “I was a rebel,” Nora divulges. Shock lifts my face. “I had problems with my parents, my brothers and sisters. You see everyone had a career, a set path. Everyone but me, and I never heard the end of it.” Nora’s eyes come to a squint. Her subtly shaking hands compliment her voice, “One day I just took off without notice, which really broke my loving mother’s heart. I had developed so much hate for my family for shoving their success in my face and for trying to plan out my own life.” My fingers grope my cheekbones as my left palm curves along my chin. I know where she is going with this. “It wasn’t until after my mother died of cancer that I realized their true motives.” I can hear the pain in her voice, “I will never forgive myself for being so blind.”

“I never knew...” I begin.

“What’s important is I lost my chance, you didn’t.” Nora wipes her tears. “The Doctor says it’s likely your father can wake from the coma.”

My eyes turn to the window. There is something about her home, something about the mountains. Her kitchen window shelters the ultimate view. I could stand there for hours, allowing my hardships to bury themselves between the crevices of each mountain, just as the sun does each night.

"I know how it feels, Key-to be a teenager. It happens to the best of us. You don't want to associate yourself with your parents..."

"I didn't even take the time to get to know my own father..." I crack. "I got so enveloped in the idea I had to be so independent of them. I think I know what I have to do."

I wake to darkness, however I can finally see the light. I hurriedly gather my things and pack them into the Chevy. Aunt Nora brings me into her embrace and sends me on my way. My chest rises at the sound of the engine starting. With the photo of my father pressed into my palm and against the steering wheel, I look into the rearview mirror to see the sun rising between the mountains. Here I come.

### **The Saxophone**

(Music and Poetry)

Dimmed and soothing

Black drapes circle the bar

A seductive tune sways out of a golden miracle

Dancing its way into the night

## **Contagious**

(Music and Poetry)

A contagious beat consumes my mind

Notes of the rainbow flash in my eyes

The music wraps around my finger

Swirls around my wrist

And winds its way into the soul

## **Cell Phones**

(One Scene Play with Monologue)

Les: Unbelievable

(Dad peaks up from behind his newspaper)

Dad: What?

Les: Marylou. I just can't stand her sometimes, ya know?

Dad: Bad day at school, eh?

Les: Not even, it's just Marylou. She is one of those people that have no manners. Ya know, today she was talking over Mr. Edwards, interrupting the whole class.

Dad: well yes, that can be irritating...

(Dad swings his right foot over his knee and smacks his hand down on his afternoon read)

Les: I'll tell you one thing. I will never be like that. I'm as distant from Marylou as the earth is from Saturn.

(Les glides his hand along the globe on his father's desk)

(Dad takes a deep breath)

Dad: you still want that phone? The Verizon store is still open.

Les: yeah toss me the keys will ya?

(Dad hands les the keys)

Les: thanks pap, you're the man.

(Les drives to the Verizon store and picks up his new iPhone 5)

Narrator: the buckle snaps into place as les spares no time to get comfortable in the front seat.

His hands glide along his shiny new phone as his other hand turns the key to start the engine. He quickly locates Cindy's contact which is already personalized to "girlfriend" phone to ear; he shifts into reverse and lightly meets his right foot to the accelerator.

Les: hi Cindy

Cindy: hey what's up?

Le s: not much just hanging out, you know, how 'bout you?

(A honk hovers over Cindy's response as les nearly backs into a red convertible. Les shrugs it off"

Les: hey what you up to

Cindy: about to shower my hair is feeling real greasy. Hey are you driving?

Les: what is it with the hair anyway, you wash it every hour?

(Les ignores Cindy's question as he turns left on the green light)

Les: hey guess what?

Cindy: you flunk English?!

“Les: no! I got me a cell phone. The old man finally broke down. I told him it was way dangerous riding around without a phone these days.

Cindy: oh sweet! You paying for it?

Les: he's covering the monthly thing and I gotta pick up for the calls.

Cindy: how does it feel to finally be team iPhone? You're officially mainstream.

Les: it's really cool being digital.

Cindy: have you called everyone on it?

Les: naw I'm not making a bunch of stupid calls. No way. This phone is for emergencies only man. Besides I'm not about to be turning into a cellphone junkie like most people. Most people with cell phones suck you know.

Cindy: Oh I know. I hate it when people are glued to their phone. It's like show some respect to the outside world.

(Refer to one scene play)

## Eyes

(Italian Sonnet)

She focuses in on the crystal vein

Curving up and down like a double-u

Only disrupted by reflections hue

A shade so lifting it shimmers like rain.

The fierce intensity of a black hole

Drawing you in with a magnetic pull.

Circle so empty yet ever so full

Digging even deeper in the soul.

Why is it that your gaze is caught by mine?

The phenomenon races through my mind

Perhaps in your eyes my heart you will find.

Forever captured: this moment in time

You speak through the mouth, yet sound through the eyes

A captivating challenge in disguise.

## **He**

(Shakespearean Sonnet)

Mysterious and indescribable

Are you the sun's many glistening rays?

Your liveliness is undeniable

Your contagious smile sent to any gaze

Are you the moon's reflection on the sea?

A romantic glow in your eyes of green

A calming taste of dark serenity

Most enchanting shade of gold ever seen

Are you the universe deep and unknown?

Infinite treasures to be unveiled

An adventurous mind yet to be shown

Craving to know what is behind your shield

Here lies a gaze for you blissful spirit

Words of love if you're willing to hear it.

## **Delicacy**

(Cinquain)

Beneath

Silver jewels

Delicacy stretches

And fades into the gallery

Disguised.

## **A Running Stillness**

(Carpe Diem)

A steady beat, a native bass of two feet

pounding against the tar.

A sweet serenade sails afar, to his sweeping

mistress.

An effulgent smile keeping

the greens green and the yellows yellow

The brush of waves on the sand so mellow

an echo of serenity

washes over me.

## **An Ode to the Bright Side**

(Ode)

That conclusive droplet dissipates

Into the last page of a novel

Revealing a bittersweet fate.

Away goes the rainfall on cobble

Sprouting into sweet flowers of May.

A rainbow of colors, the scent of

Bliss appeasing the suns golden ray.

The cloudy sky has faded above

Unreeling a genuine smile.

Though the happiness is not stable

I know it will bloom for a while.

In this inevitable fable

One is sure to learn that cloudy skies

Will form again, and droplets will fall.

Not every day will we hear the cries,

For the rapturous dahlia's call

Will serenade the mind once again.

## A Walk on the Moonlight

(Ode)

There is no one else in the world

It's just you and the moon on this

Lovely morning. Candle lit kiss

Gliding along the waves, unfurled.

The peak of darkness, yet the mold

Of sunrise. Your feet pat to a

Rhythm, only dawn birds can sway.

A picturesque gift to unfold.

The world is asleep yet more

Than ever before, it is awake

Almost more than you could ask for,

A blank canvas for you to take.

Unreachable yet at your very

Fingertips, the ocean spreads wide

For you it smiles so merry

Happiness averse to divide.

### **The Key**

(21 Line Narrative)

A large wall barricades my inner thoughts. A storm has arisen. Pounds on the door send vibrations through my mind. I lay a trembling hand on the spotless door handle. “It’s never too late” Nora answers. A vertical cone of yellow peaks through the door. “When’s the next flight?” My eyes travel to the tiled floor eventually meeting the door knob. I press my rough tongue against the roof of my mouth. You hold the key Kierra. I think back to the crucible, Elizabeth's inability to express feelings. That can't be me. The chair shifts behind me as I transition my weight onto my feet. “How do I do it?” Nora's fingers dance along the table. The picture-of course. I lift the photos into my palm as if I have just found buried treasure. I am Elizabeth, finally realizing her mistakes. “Family is what truly matters” I whisper to myself.

### **Summer**

(Haiku)

Rustling of leaves

Charming song of a robin

The sound of summer

## **The Pathway**

(Haiku)

Framed by trees of green

Never coming to an end

The pathway stretches

## **Periwinkle**

(Haiku)

The periwinkle

Sleeps amidst a band alike

Beaded together

## **Radioactive**

(Picture and Play)

(Shrieks span the alleyway in Bagdad, Iraq as civilians gather scarves to cover their mouths.

Beth screams and the shock leave her body. Silent Beth has emerged. Before the gasping civilians lies a pool of steaming radioactive substance.)

**Silent Beth:** Ahhhh... (voice fades off. A look of terror forever upon her face, she is a statue)

**Gabriel:** I'm sure its harmless (he chugs a soda bottle filled with the radioactive substance)

Whoa (his features begin to mutate slightly)

**Ublac:** Gaaaabbbrriieelllll (Ublac pushes and shoves through the stunned crowd of civilians.)

Did it work? Ohhhh mmyyyy goooodd!

**Gabriel:** Ublac, it's your turn, you have been waiting for this moment, to step up and be a hero!

(Ublac kneels down examining the shimmering mysterious substance. He dips his finger in  
watches his finger transform into a scaled claw.)

**Reinald:** Here dude take my purple swimming goggles

**Jerry:** You'll need my gas mask too! (Ublac places gas mask overhead.)

**Ublac:** (Bouncing back and forth he repeats) I'm ready, lets go its time. (In that moment Ublac  
dives in belly first into the radioactive substance.)

## TinyLiving

(Three scene, one act play)

### I

Setting: The moonlight shines through Marguerite's only window and onto her closed eyelids.

The first night of TinyLiving is a success, or so she dreams. The cracking of a tree branch  
disturbs the silence of the night.

Marguerite: whoa! (She quickly wakes and jumps up, curling herself against the headboard of  
the bed. She proceeds to wrap a blanket around herself and crawls toward the door with a  
dimmed candle in hand)

Narrator: Something shuffles outside.

## II

Marguerite: (She shakingly opens the door to the darkness) Who goes there?

Narrator: Her door opens wide to a lake and darkened trees framing the moon. The trees rustle to her left.

Marguerite: I'm not afraid of you! (She creeps closer to the source of the noise with her shoulders strolled back)

Marguerite: (Peaks into the wood, searching for the source of the noise)

Narrator: Just then, a firm grasp wraps itself around Marguerite's ankle accompanied by a light tug.

Daniel: A-HAA!

Marguerite: WHAT THE F-! (She drops the blanket and sprints to her tiny home with the candle. She slams the door and picks up the sharpest knife she can get her hands on)

Daniel: Marguerite! It's just me! Daniel. I'm here with Gale. Sorry we couldn't resist on your first night. (Laughs) You're NUTS for living alone.

Marguerite: (Sighs with relief yet the adrenaline streams through her veins) You assholes! I was about to stab your eyes out. (She opens the door for her friends as they laugh it off)

Gale: You should've seen your face!

## III

Narrator: Another rustle comes from the bushes to the right.

Marguerite: Very funny guys. Jokes over come out!

Daniel: Looks like some animals came to join the party.

Marguerite: You mean you and gale didn't bring anyone else?

Narrator: A tall dark figure arises from the bushes. A rifle in hand. A shot is fired.

Gale: (Bullet to the temple, she falls to the ground in a pool of blood)

Daniel: Gale! (Starts crying and heaving)

Marguerite: Danielle run! (Drops the candle creating a massive fire)

Narrator: Marguerite and Danielle frantically run into the woods to the left, away from the dark figure.

~Stay tuned~

### **Spider Web**

(So Much Depends Upon)

So much depends upon

the spider web

caught between

the blueberry

branches.

### **The Haze**

(Imagist)

The whistling man

Sways his feet

Through the mist

On a dreary sidewalk.

The haze drifts

Up to a crescent glow

And mingles with city lights.