

See You on the Moon

Tracy Woods

"Mommy", the little girl whispered, "can I tell you a secret?"

"Certainly", said the mother in equally hushed tones, "what is it you want to tell me?"

"I remember." She replied triumphantly.

"What do you remember?" Asked her mother.

"I remember you and me, when I was big and you were little and we ran on a moon playing in the glow of far away stars. Do you remember?"

"I don't think I remember that. What else do you remember?" asked the mother as she reached down to rinse the shampoo from her soft curls.

"I remember how we could jump so much higher, and I was light like a feather. Don't you remember that?" Her soft little voice was slightly muffled as she cupped her tiny hands over her face to keep the water from running into her eyes.

"The moon we look at each night before you go to sleep?" asked her mother.

"No", sighed the little girl, "the big red moon that shines on the planet where we lived before we came here to be together."

"I don't remember" said her mother smiling at her daughter, "but if you tell me the story maybe I will remember it one day too."

"We can go there together again when you want to." Said the little girl as her mother swept her from the tub in big towel and held her close.

"How will we get there and when would *you* like to go?" asked her mother

"In our dreams at night, silly", said the little girl in a giggling voice, "like we always do. "

"Does my body get smaller while yours gets bigger, like Alice in Wonderland?" The mother was curious to hear the story as she guided tiny feet into marshmallow soft pajamas.

"We don't look the same there, because we have different bodies and I don't wear pajamas and you don't give me baths. We just laugh and play and only feel happy things." The little girl responded almost wistfully.

“That would be very nice”, said the mother smiling down upon the darling face with deep green eyes rimmed in blue and lightly freckled cheeks, trying to imagine her daughter looking differently than she does at that moment.

“Don’t worry” said the little girl, “Soon you will remember too.”

“How do you know that it is not a dream,” asked her mother, “that only you can remember? And I have a different dream where we live here and you are fast asleep in bed down the hall from my room?”

“Because, this is a dream too, that we are having now,” said the little girl as she raised her arms up to be carried to her room. “Everything is a dream, did you forget that part?”

“I guess I did forget.” said the mother while gently lifting her up and shifting her to her hip as she carried her to her bedroom.

“Don’t worry, because very soon you will remember everything like I do.” The little girl’s voice had softened and her eyes were growing heavy. A yawn escaped as she laid her head on her mother’s shoulder and wrapped her arms around her neck.

“How do you know I will remember?” She asked as she laid her daughter into a bed draped in delicate pink sheets and her head came to rest on a pillow dotted with images of fairies and unicorns.

“Because, very soon everyone will remember, that’s why.” And before she could explain any more, the little girl had drifted into sleep.

As the mother kissed her young daughter’s head and switched off the light she softly whispered, “See you on the moon.”