

# Blood Moon

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I confess. I did not make it out to see the blood moon but I hear it was a once in a lifetime kind of beautiful. The kind of beauty that birthed the first prayer. The kind of beauty you want to stare at for as long as you can though it doesn't much change

except maybe if an airplane flies across it, which is beautiful too and also a metaphor for childlike wonder or the allure of a colonized sky. And what could be more beautiful than an endless sky all our own? But maybe I don't care about beauty. Maybe I just want to tattoo

records to my hard drive and think about ugly things: Vikings or suburban sprawl or that bursting capillary in my left eye in the 2nd grade when I stood up to a bully for the first time, how a red hue crept across my cornea and for a whole month

every moon was tinted plasma. Maybe I'd rather just lie here until I'm done dreaming of nothing and morning rustles my hair and tells me to know this day fearlessly despite the inevitability of everyone talking

about the blood moon. How the light reached through the sky like a prophecy and made everything beautiful: the sunsets rising from smokestacks, the ocean-blue eyes of billboards. How its blood red hue lent a glint of lavender to the star-draped casket

of a fallen man pronounced hero. How the tombstones were transformed to ruby. How the mourners found God in its glow. How the autumn grass surrounding the grave was just the right amount of dead.

