Moo at the Moon

We lift our eyes from grazing. We people should not be in the alfalfa, which might bloat and kill us. We people have four stomachs—one to fill with fodder, one that turns, one wherein our bravery reposes, one to hold our souls. We people bawl for others to join us. We believe in our right to follow, even though we are eating alfalfa, tasty but dangerous, in this field on a high plateau above a killing drop. We have herded ourselves, stumbled up the path. We didn’t need to climb, but no one turned off in a different direction. Up here we can moo at the moon, we can jump and kick, we can set our sights on the great leap over. There is no freedom like ours. Freedom for so many, more and more ascending. Now we rail about crowding, blame the weak for being underfoot, whimper that we are not getting enough practice. The moon is a high target. We have become a mass, a mess, packed tighter and tighter, pushing ourselves toward the edge, where at last we will again be one and one and one, individuals all along, a thin wisp of cirrus between each self and its purposes.

—Susan Elizabeth Howe