

## Ode to the Mento Moon

Abby Petersen

It was almost time.

The sun was setting on the small cotton fields with its big lemon drop body nestling down into the horizon.

The tiny wire goats began their prancing out into the field toward the sweet gumdrop tones of the liquorish flute held by none other than the almond bark man.

He stood tall on acorn hooves and clutched the instrument in chipping hands.

It had been years since his cracked lips parted. Years since the lemon drop sun had dripped below the horizon, allowing the creatures of the night to prance amongst the cotton fields.

He blew practiced breath into the intertwining laces that seemed to carry it down the lost shadows and valleys to the ears of those in hiding.

What did the lonely do when the watcher left?

What could they see when the wool was taken from their eyes?

A sweet dance began amongst the goats which transferred to the almond bark man.

His hooves began to stomp into the chocolate ground below them creating craters for small sprinkle ants to fall into.

His fingers danced along the flute as he turned and swung, his body sweet grass in the breeze.

His song luring out the creatures from hiding.

One by one they emerged into mento moonlight.

One by one their bodies joined the swish and sway of the melody.

Their dancing limbs stirred up the ground until cocoa powder coated the air.

The chocolate mist mingled with sweet tooth and velvet tongues until the creatures were drunk on the taste.

Arms raised, they yelled out to the mento moon, the almond bark man their direct line to God.

As the sweetness of the powder began to dissipate and the lemon drop sun began to climb its way back to the surface, the creatures began to sob saltwater tears.

Their wails lifted through the night on wafer wings.

The Normals may mistake the sound for that of coyotes or an infestation in the walls but the mento moon always recognized her children's voices.

Always knew who called to her in the night.

As she began to lose her hold on the surface, rain pelted the ground around the creatures. Big sour tears for her children.

The almond bark man played his farewell song as they retreated back to hiding.

On the last note, he closed his mouth.

Until next time.

**Abby Petersen** is a second year law student. She enjoys costuming and creative writing in her spare time as well as reading fiction.