



To the Moon and Back

by Kelly Esparza

I hold my heart in my hands as I watch the moon sing melodiously and the stars dance passionately. “Please be gentle with my heart tonight,” I whisper as I lift my heart up like a peace offering.

I share with you my nightmares and my fears. How sometimes I’m afraid to let love in, for love can suddenly end in heartbreak. How other times I feel so small in a world that seems so big. How sometimes my mind dwells on the past and how sometimes I worry about my unplanned future.

I tell you of my wishes and my biggest dreams. How I’ll keep doing what I’m passionate about. How I’ll always try my best and never give up. How I’ll always be there for the ones I cherish.

I gaze up at the sky, spilling the confessions and the secrets I’ve been keeping inside my heart these past few months. And it is now that I only think of you. I may be speaking to the moon and the stars, but really, I’m only conversing with you. You see, it is only you that I can share my universe, just like you can only show me yours. I can see your smile in the constellations and your reassurance in the moon.

“We’ll be far away, I know, but this won’t change anything. I mean, we’re looking at the same moon, aren’t we?” I remember you said before you left. Whenever the moon visits me these days, I think of you. And it is then that my heart aches and longs for you when you aren’t here, standing next to me, hugging me to your chest, planting a kiss on my forehead.

Now, I know this distance between us won’t last forever, and soon I’ll be in your arms once more. And I know that soon the memory of you won’t seem like a dream, something that feels so real, only to become an illusion that my mind craves. Tonight, as I sit and look outside my window,



I decide to pull magic down from the stars and wish on a shooting star that gallops across the
midnight sky like a stallion. The moon is our compass, and I know we'll find our way back to each
other.