



LUNAR ECLIPSE, JULY 5-6, 1982 ASHLEY MEMORY

35° 42' 28" N / 79° 48' 50" W

Two girls destined for a life of mystery and intrigue—known to each other by their future pen names, Miranda Frye and Violetta Curtis—unfold chairs in the lawn one hour before midnight. A honeydew moon waits for the blush of penumbra promised by Ms. Ledbetter in science class. Violetta would be fifteen in five hours, Miranda, four days—both Cancers. Would Violetta nurture? Miranda, fascinate? Bored, they muse about senior high next year. Older boys lurk, strangers with whom they might fall in love. A double-date, Violetta's father in the lead car, still ahead. A trip to France one day? *Mais oui*. Then Violetta remembers the moon. *Look!* A flash of maraschino before clouds roll over, smog, then black. *Was this it?* Disappointed, but woozy with dreams, they rake chairs over clover, tumble into bed, more mysterious than ever.

A native of Randolph County, North Carolina who recently moved back to the sticks, ASHLEY MEMORY is already anticipating the July 2020 penumbral lunar eclipse. Later this year Finishing Line Press will publish her first poetry collection, Waiting for the Wood Thrush. For more, follow her fruit-inspired blog at ashley-memory.com.



