

Bright Moon Rising
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A bright moon rising...skipping from siros cloud to cloud like a rock skipping pond water. Its moolight pale and luminescent, bathed the night in subdued silver, framed mountains and coattail-hills softly in glowing-silhouette.

Standing quietly in the night a sentry easily read his c-rations' labels, hoping for a favorite pound cake everyone else seemed to hate. He never considered that he, like the mountains, was aglow in haloed-silhouette and anyone so inclined could have blown him away with a lead-yawn.

Quiet.

The sentry's thoughts had replayed his prom night, and home. His eyes were drawn toward the heavens in wonder, and for some reason he thought about the fact a hundred years ago we had fought our own civil war. He puzzled again about why exactly we were in Nam...and no one had explained what was so important about Vietnam.

He squatted and broke off a stale piece of crumbly cake and wished he had a coffee to dunk it in. The smell of churned earth hung heavily; courtesy of the runway construction crew squids...at least he was fairly sure they were Navy.

He glimpsed his Seiko watch, only minutes had passed since the last check, and watched an F-4 Phantom afterburning nearly straight up, as if targeting the bright moon rising ever higher and almost within reach, until it merged with the stars.