Alice, the Moon, and Men

Editha Ann Wilberton*
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She lives in a mobile home, slightly away from town, in between two places. She turns her bed every night just a fraction of movement to keep her toes with the moon. Powdered moonlight, like fingertips, strokes the curved impenetrable parking space laid between big toe and calloused ball. She wonders about the empty space beside her in the bed. She dreams about large, barrel-chested men, that smell of pine tree bark, or axle grease. She reads the paper every day. Sometimes she scans the personals, but always there are way too many men—divorced white Jewish guys looking for a good time, never men smelling of tree bark or axle grease, looking for a woman who powders her toes with the moon.

-Editha Ann Wilberton