



The Coffee Table

Spring 2009

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Gorilla with Crystal Ball

by Willem

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by Susan Lien Whigham

aka libertygrl

Luna Lonely Lass

by Willem

Can't you see me
I'm up here
I don't need you
please come near

Don't I look pretty
Don't I look nice
In my shiny outfit
My rock-colour dress

I admit I'm far
It might be hard
Yet you must try
To climb this high

Oxygen really
Isn't my thing
But I have minerals
Plenty to dig in

Could you not love
My subsurface heart
Of rock, ice, iron
And a very nice quartz

All I am is yours
Comets out of brass
If you just come to me,
Luna Lonely Lass

Up Here

by Susan Lien Whigham
aka libertygrl



Distant Moonrock

by Susan Lien Whigham, aka libertygrl

Ah, you kids. Don't know how good ya got it.

Back in my day, they didn't have no cell phones, no microwave ovens. No video games, no "world wide web". Didn't have no space rafts.

I remember one time we took a trip out to a distant moonrock on one of them space rafts. Nowadays people just call them "rafts" and it's just *assumed* you're talkin' about a space raft. But I remember back when rafts only moved on water, betcha never been on one of those.

What's that? Speak up, child, can't hear very well anymore. That's what happens when you get old, you'll see.

Oh, what was it like on a water raft? Well, it's been a real long time since I been on a water raft, I gotta tell ya. It was real bumpy, ya know, on account of the waves.

What's that? What waves? Oh, the ocean. The ocean waves. You could get seasick real easy after a few hours, especially sittin' there in the sun all day. And back then, we didn't use sunblock, either.

Say, your mama ever let you on space raft? Nah, I didn't think so. Probably too young for that yet. Well, I only ever been on one once, it was that time we took a trip out to the moonrock, me and Mabel. Mabel had this door down in her basement that led out into space, and you had to be real careful when you opened it, so as not to fall right out into space and never come back.

Well, Miss Mabel had one of them space rafts, a real nice one, and we set it down right there in the doorway one Sunday afternoon and pushed off into space.

Space is a real funny thing, because it's blacker than black but not like the color of somethin'. Just empty. Nothin' but empty. And after we pushed off, I could see the door to Mabel's basement gettin' smaller and

smaller in the distance, and I wondered if we was gonna be able to find it again. We were movin' real slow, though, and Mabel wasn't afraid, so I wasn't gonna be afraid either.

Well, just when Mabel's basement door was gettin' real small behind us, about to disappear, that's when I spotted the moonrock. It was down below, a little to our left. I pointed it out to Mabel, and she navigated the raft in that direction, real quiet like. And when we got closer, we saw there was a woman sittin' on it.

Eh? Who was she? Well, I'm sure I don't know who she was. Her face looked a lot like my mama, only she had curly hair, and make-up on, and she looked a bit like a painted doll, except that she was alive. She sat completely still and she had this blank stare, starin' off into nowhere.

I tried to talk to her but she just sat there, and didn't say nothin'. I turned back and said to Mabel that this woman doesn't know that she's here. So finally, we just left her there, and headed back to Mabel's basement door.

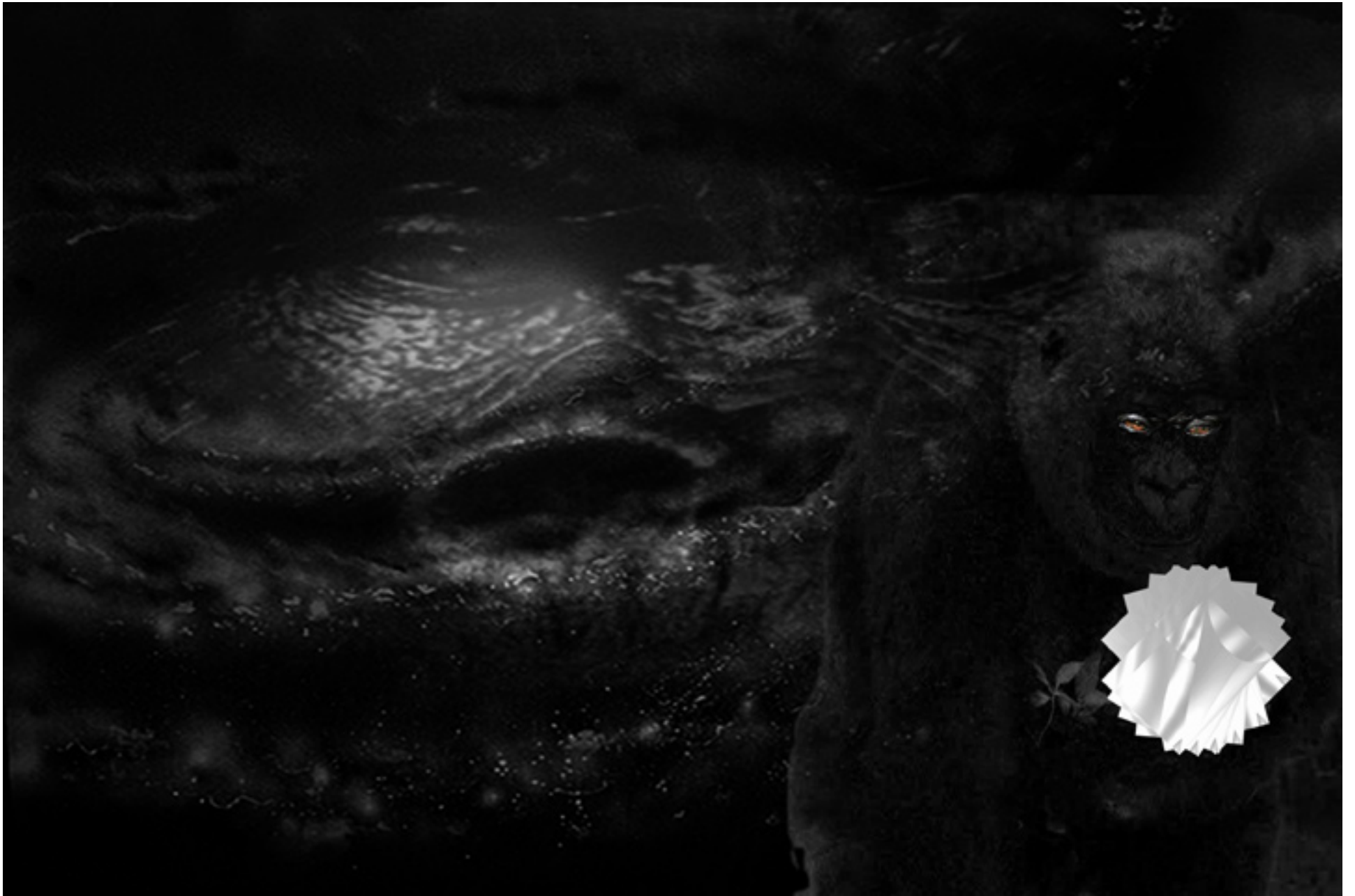
Now, I told your mama about all this, years later though, and you know what she said? She said that she thought this moonrock was some kind of representation of *my* mama's consciousness within me, or else *I* was a representation of a *thought* in my mama's consciousness. Don't ask me what any of that means. It was the strangest thing.

Not the sorta thing you coulda done back in my day. •

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