

MoonBeams

The Original Fuzzy Logic

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By Lin Stone

For the first time in 27 years I saw the real moon tonight. The missing sin was mine, not the moon's. I'm willing to bet good money the moon has not missed a major tide-twitching event in the past six thousand years.

Once upon a time I had known it clearly;

Moonlight is the original form of fuzzy logic:

Sunlight shows us things as they really are; Moonlight reveals things as they might become, or – more likely – used to be. A tree trunk becomes a gnome, a solemn stare becomes a twinkling eye. A rose bush becomes a castle for fairies and a stretch of scrawny grass becomes a wrinkling sea.

As I stood there this evening the moonbeams poured out around me like virgin cream. The stones and the trees glowed in a different way than I'd ever seen them before. {Why, our home is a thousand times prettier by night.} We spend thousands of dollars on landscapes to beautify our yards in the scorching daylight, but we hide our eyes from the beauty which bathes our homes at night for free.

I remembered again; Too much reality is never good for us, being like a life deprived of sleep. Sweet moons were made for dreaming while we're wide awake, a time when our thoughts can walk on wings.

I'm re-convinced we need those floating hours when time is sidereal and our thoughts ethereal.

Inside our walls no shadow falls and those dreams locked within our hearts cannot fight their way free. Beneath the moon my walls were a pulsing glow and every leaf surged with memories that had stirred my thoughts of long ago.

You can't capture that effect with a rake or a hoe in the sunlight. You can't pause the clock and make your dreams more beautiful in the noonday sun. As I stood there tonight, listening to the moonbeams tremble through my trees, I remembered how my dreams once mounted those cloudy moonbeams like ladders reaching to a portal beyond the sky.

The magic of believing life could be different was a magnet, drawing me out onto the pearled grass to dance with silver feet splashing to unheard melodies with angels I'd never meet.

It was a magical time beneath a full moon that tide of my first kiss. I was in love with Sylvia though at that age I knew not how to let her know. A dozen of us came out skipping in the moonbeams that lapped along the currents in the grass. We danced, light as angels on swooping wings. I was so light I almost floated as I whirled round and round with my eyes closed. Somehow I crashed into Sylvia; my front teeth slammed into her forehead and jolted my feeble brain.

Both of us toppled to the earth; she sprawled one way, and I the other. The whole band of kids gathered quickly around us. "What happened?" they cried. "He kissed me," Sylvia declared in awed splendor from the grass. "He Kissed Me!"

Think how powerful my kiss must have been! I knew in an instant, she had longed for a real kiss to happen even more than had I; {She LOVES me!} I thought as I glowed with wonder. Then that magical moment dissolved and I the one that made the bubble burst!. As I gazed up at my young peers and heard their mocking chuckles purr I denied the charge with every ounce of my eternal being.

"Huh uh!"

The shame of it lingers even now; they believed me without a murmur. Little did they know how the raging fires of regret already choked my tiny bosom as I gazed at Sylvia's grief-stricken face in the richness of that moonlit night. The memory has been Gone with almost a thousand moons, GONE, but not ever forgot.

Beneath the moon again that memory lived with a tender loved intensity, fresh, sweet, and richly wonderful.

Moonlit nights were made for sneaky games too.

The twins and I would walk to town then dart from shadow to shadow as we "robbed from the rich to give to the poor", though I can't exactly remember any of the loot ever leaving our hands after we got it there.

However, one hot summer night they did ride two bikes eighteen miles over rough reservation roads to leave the better one behind with me, then "Biggie" rode back home on the handlebars, with "Little" the first one to pump. Eighteen miles? The thought staggers the imagination today, but in that by and by era I thought nothing of setting out on a walk of 40 – 50 miles with no food to eat or a drop to drink. Battle-hardened Apache once could cover 100 – 120 miles over rugged terrain in a single day.

My first brush with death came beneath a smiling moon, sparkling clear. Norberto pulled a knife and swore he would scar my handsome face if I didn't leave Agosha alone. But the moon was my friend -- and brightly made the scene unreal. The cutting edge of his blade blurred in the shadows. I could see the gleam, but my eyes could not feel the steel. Light as a cloud on the evening breeze, my feet shuffled up dust and shadow. My fingers nibbled at his jaw -- his chest I teased. Ah yes, my fingers tapped coup on his upper right arm each time he struck. Let him recoil in confusion; I would tickle him some more. His blade slashed and his lunges grew frantic until everyone there began laughing at him too.

His lips cursed his tears even as he hurled the knife at my head. Once more I tickled him under the chin. He turned, he fled, he bawled in shame. His dust swirled through the silver moon beams and Norberto's shadow never came out to play with us again.

The moon was big and chunky round the night I met my first of 4 mountain lion experiences too. He had killed a few cows and scared the night workers out of their wits. Why should we care for that? How conveniently we forgot the lion! Amderos and I had built a tree house 30 feet high in the tamaracks that day.

When the moon rose at day's end we made bold plans to spend the whole night there. We had no candles so Mama (unbeknownst to her) gave me almost a whole can of lard. We set it afire, then leaned back to bask in the warmth as we munched on melting cookies. (It was strange, she didn't remember donating the cookies for our use either.)

The moon sailed above us in long, singing arcs as the huge tree limbs swayed in the sighing winds of the night. The stars had turned lonely and cold and our eyelids had drooped. Then we heard the scratches on the rugged bark, and we heard hot breath hissing. My blood ran cold when I recalled the lion aloose. My heart knotted shut with fear. Amderos alone crept to the doorway and peered down. His brown face blanched white at what he saw. "Nuaai!" he screamed. With no thought for the heat, my hero saved my life.

He grabbed that blazing can of lard with his bare hands and hurled it down at the lion. There was a terrible squall which shook the very floor we kneeled upon. Then like a mighty Hercules, Amderos heaved the tin roof off of our tree house -- and he leaped out headfirst over the side before it clattered back on top of me. Branches could not hold him, they cracked in brittle efforts to slow him down, but Amderos still beat that lion to the ground. As I peered out over our crumpled walls Amderos was already half way home, sprinting past my hogan in a dead heat.

In the bright moonlight I saw the little puffs of smoke smoldering vividly at his heels as his bare toes dug in for more traction. Too scared to follow him, I trembled at every sound until the rising sun brought my courage flooding back with reality.

I look back upon my early life and see a magical time that like the moon, was often full. Then the Williams family bought a television and my friends disappeared to watch Boston Blackie flicker on a silvery screen. I was left like a lone man grazing on uncooked grubs in the Garden of Eden.

By the year I cowboied one whole summer at the Grand Canyon, living beneath a pinon tree in a tent, the moon was my only friend. I read to him from Clifford D. Simak's great novel City, and decanted my emotional first brush with Homer and I read the pre-Tarzan writings of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

The woman I married, first was seen walking in the flowing light of a creamy moon. The shadows were soft, the beams were kind; I must have looked good to her. She put down her hoe and bade me sit on the darkened porch to watch the dual wonders of moonlight and fireflies. Water pumped from the ground in the moonlight was thick and sweet.

Even though later years threw shadows more harsh in the glaring sun, there were also times when the moon came up that we would stand there watching as if it really were a roaring fire. The sands of time would bathe our hearts clean in bubbling light and our shadows go splashing free. If it was a good time we would walk across the fields of powdered dust until we found a hollow in the hills far from the eyes of man.

Yea, God gave us the sun and the moon and the stars for signs and for seasons in our skies. I was baptized beneath a full moon. The first time I went to the temple, the moon was full. The second time it again billowed full bright against the floating clouds. I found my love for Marleen was deeper than the lake we rowed out to the middle and rested on the night of a full moon.

These signs from the moon made all these events far more special to me. Yet for all of this, since coming to live here in the city, I have forgot, first to look, and then to care.

What matters it if the moon doth ebb and flow? If we see it not, we have lost the glow of tidal knowledge. Unknownst to us, it rises, it sets; and the magic never wanes though modern man watches television and ignores it always now unless he lives near a beach and notices the tide on an accident.

But now I remember, unable to forget again, my home is far more beautiful when it's bathed in the pale moonlight. The logic is a little fuzzy, but it feels just right, just beneath my skin where the old tidal prickling of moonbeams are sinking in.

I have toted out a comfortable chair and I have sat beneath the old, forgotten moon. I have rushed forth again to sift my dust in the shadows and spin the old memories in my head like silver dollars dancing on the counter top at Gallup. There my shadow shall dance with Sylvia lingering in my arms and kiss her lightly again in the tender beams of soothing moonlight once more.

I believe too much reality is never good for us, being like a life without an ounce of sleep. Sweet moons were made for dreaming while we're yet wide awake, a time when our thoughts can walk across the shadows on the wings of time.

Yes, I am re-convicted that we need these floating hours, when time slips and slops from side to side inside the rings of time, awaft in the hand of God. Those times spent beneath the moon is a whimsical time when time is apt to forget if it is time sidereal or thoughts ethereal. Old jokes are tasted again for the first time, a time when time turns to chuckle down in crudely chiseled seconds and slips the years apart in those kindly knuckled grooves – and

slops the centuries from side, to side before our startled eyes.
What was comes back startling clear, what shall be shimmers real
just inches beyond reach of hungry fingertips, What might have
been lifts memries like a cloud and might have beens surge in
smidgins of twinkle winks that leap away in sloppy links that click
left or right a thousand miles wide.

The logic is still a little fuzzy, but it feels just right in the
moonlight. As ever just beneath my skin where the moonbeams
are lapping into life's sweet blood in harmony with the rising tide
of platelets thickening on the tide, my strength returns, my hopes
revive and those lightly tossed dreams tickle me awake to glimpse
old friends and, new foes? Ah, I see. By the fuzzy light of the
moon, I see.

The future I see, in glimpses pure and sweet, and sparkling clear.
All it takes is a little dreaming under the moon while I'm awake.

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Is Bright!

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