

Text found on the moon
By Angela Lopez

Its been a long trip. Slow. Quiet. Alone, but not lonely. Ive been wanting silence and solitude. I found a way to travel without anyone knowing. Everything here is grey, pink and black. Space is deep, gooey and long. I can't quiet touch it. Ive settled on the moon. Its cold. My arms are longer now.

Its taking it's time. Slowly, my blood is seeping through my skin and my bones are peeling. Less gravity, my body is becoming a part of the atmosphere. Some parts are growing solid, crystalizing, while others become small droplets of atmosphere.

I planned this death. It started with loss. It started a long time ago.

When I was young I went barefoot everywhere I could. I watched scabs heal and hoped for a scar. I thought a life well lived should be evident in the body. I wanted scars, grey hair and wrinkles before I was 13. I was a tumbling gymnast. It shaped my body, twisted ankles, knees, hips and back

These are the parts of my body that failed me first. My knees, my back, my feet. My feet from running barefoot. My bunions loosened and separated. My misshapen hipbones began pinching the surrounding muscles of the socket, breaking the muscle apart, preparing it for complete separation. The tendons in my knee loosen like rubber bands.

This process is a separating, a loosening, a letting go. The body in space doesn't heal. When the body is in space, muscles atrophy, cartilage is lost, everything expands, breaks off, and becomes part of the atmosphere.

I never wanted to feel loss. It doesn't show up on the body. The loss of one friend after another after a family member after another doesn't leave a scar. It takes. A scar is the evidence of healing. The only evidence of loss is an absence. Pieces taken away. In space you can see the pieces float away.