

MOON SONG

THEY sat outside our dorm singing the Moon Song. It was his favorite. Even she knew it. He sang, “Yadda yadda goo goo.” She responded, “Doodoo doodoo wah wah.” This would go on and on.

I imagined them singing the Moon Song for decades even after a long day of fighting and making up. When they grew old I imagined them singing it to each other in their hearts.

Indeed I hope so.

But we didn't have air conditioning. My window was open. This was exam week. And that's my lame excuse for shouting, “Shut up!”



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