

How Capitalism Destroyed the Moon

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Art by: xxx

*"What is it you want, Mary? What do
you want? You want the moon?
Just say the word and I'll throw a lasso
around it and pull it down"*

Pull it down to the ground
Where it can be processed
And made into cheese
So it can be packaged
And shipped across the country
So astronauts don't have to fly
Up, up, and away
To get moon cheese
For hungry people

The howls of werewolves
Have been silenced
And the seas stay calm
The moon has no control over them
The moon now exists in factories
Running along production lines
Wrapped in thin plastic
And labels with blue crescents

The boy with his fishing hook
And the cow with her spots
Are both homeless now
Slowly freezing in space
Because their home is now cold
Sitting on shelves in grocery stores
Sold for \$4.99 per pound

Neil Armstrong is forgotten
His big step for mankind
Is nothing more but a stumble
Not even mentioned in textbooks
That no one ever reads
And America's flag flies in space
Cold and torn
Because her home is gone
Sitting in the refrigerators
Of average Americans

The stars miss their friend
And the sun misses her partner
They cry and they weep
And grow cold from grief
Because the moon is now shattered
Cold, small, and wrapped in plastic
Thrown in school lunchboxes
Or rotting in the back of the fridge
Growing fuzzy green mold

And whenever she is opened up
By those hungry people
Who want her cold, soft, cheese
The moon cries out
"Don't you remember me?"
"Don't you remember my glow?"

And the only response
Is an open mouth
And grinding teeth