

## **It Took Courage**

Mackenzie Fowler

I didn't land on the  
dark side of the moon  
but I wish  
I did.  
Had I not been able to  
gaze upon  
the sorry state that was Henry,  
my husband,  
bones dipped in thin layers of  
lavender flesh,  
would my decision have been any different?  
The memory of *his* arrival  
is hurled into my brain  
the way I was hurled into that  
space craft,  
my eyes shut tighter  
than the  
rocket's door.  
He was a gift from my son,  
Courage;  
Henry and I had not been  
forgotten.  
A step out of the rocket was  
attempted  
but the others and I  
mauled him.  
I picked a piece of  
veterinarian  
out from my teeth

and threw him onto the moon's surface.

Henry and the others jumped for the  
oddment

and fought until a single paw  
held what it thought was the  
tiny morsel  
of the man.

It was then I realized the true toll  
going years without  
food  
took on everyone.

In that moment I thought of myself.

I had always been  
unremarkable.

No one had ever known  
my name  
and after the  
sacrifice

I chose to make,  
no one ever would.

As long as Henry could go on  
I'd be perfectly content.

The things you do for love.