

Dreams and Moons and Trailer Parks

by

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Every night she waits for them. Shivering dark apartment complex casts shadows over her frame, but she waits. The earth grows darker and temperatures drop, but she waits. Her mother calls her in from the back room, but she ignores the voices and stares eagerly over the hilltop, pining for a particular glimpse of...

She sees them. The trees. They emerge slowly from behind shaded grasses and the trailers that populate the raw, sloping earth, glinting tin in moonlight. They creak, and shifting limbs and rustling branches are suddenly all the noise that's in her head as she forgets her reality and strains to, for just one night, be taken along into this mystical world that can't possibly exist in the daylight.