

~ For the love of the moon ~

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They say that one night the moon fell in love with the Sorrow. It was at the dawn of time, when not even the stars were shining yet.

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She was wandering in the sky when something caught her attention. In the middle of the meadow stood a humble little castle of polished marble. The windows had no glass and the wind whistled in and out. The moon peeked out of every hole, trying to find out what that place was. The rooms were dusty, the furniture covered with sheets and the echo of loneliness beat in almost every corner but one. When the moon looked out the last window, she fell in love.

The sorrow turned on the bed when she noticed that she was being watched. She shone with her own light, but it hurt to look at her. Her eyes reflected everything that was without words. She was lying down, her blond hair spilled between the sheets. She was small and stylish like a dew fairy, so creamy and delicate that she seemed to melt into the place. When she noticed that the sorrow was looking at her, the moon shone even more brightly, candid and excited. However, she did not notice it. She averted her eyes and curled up in the middle of the bed again. She turned her back and the moon felt herself die. She left there without even looking back.

However, she could not forget her and returned the next night. And to the other. And she didn't stop going. Some nights, the Sorrow stared at her and the Moon trembled in the sky. Absolutely terrified, but dazzled by the young woman. She in turn was not able to leave the room. She was suffering from her own nature, cloistered in herself. How long had she been there? Without anyone finding her, without distinguishing the seasons. No one knows. Sometimes Melancholy would come out of nowhere and hug her from behind trying to soothe her. It didn't help, but when she was there, the Sorrow became a little sweeter and more acidic at the same time. She would manage to cry a little and hug his sister in silence. By the time she left her alone again, the atmosphere still took a while before going back to being dense and painful like before.

The Moon saw all this and sighed. She also wanted to get closer. She wanted to curl up in the arms of the Sorrow, but her body was so big that she couldn't hug it. She wanted to run her hands through her hair and comfort her, but she didn't have the means to do so. And she suffered, because the Sorrow hardly looked at her. Yet the Moon would stare at the little girl every night, noticing her heart beating over and over again and feeling ashamed of the intensity of what she was feeling. But the Sorrow's gaze was always equally remorseful and lonely. Like a lost doll asking for help to come home. And unable to guide her, every night the moon sighed. And each time it sighed it grew smaller and smaller.

Days and weeks passed. The months and seasons that the Sorrow was unable to distinguish. The Moon continued to sigh in love, in pain, broken. Incessantly, its size was diminishing. Now she could barely stand in front of the palace for a few hours, as she continued to have to walk across the sky and it was getting longer and longer. The place, which before shone with its light and with its love, was in the half-light. Every corner was burdened with the knowledge that the feeling was not reciprocated. The corners were darker and more hilly, the wind had died down and the wooden furniture had become sour and sullen under the sheets. Not even Melancholy dared to come. In spite of everything, the Sorrow remained oblivious to what was happening around her. Her eyes were fixed on the past and the future, but they could not stop at the present. Not even tears could be shed, as tired and desolate as she was.

And the day came when the Moon was so small that did not give light; for an instant, Sorrow became Confusion. She looked at the present for once and missed the white light that made her palace shine. Confused, she looked everywhere, slowly moving her little head, until she found the Moon high in the sky. She was lying on a cloud, with her eyes closed. Resting.

As if waking up from a dream, the Sorrow moved. The rumor of the sheets sliding against her surprised her and, almost with fear, she advanced her foot to the ground. Her lips formed a little "oh" as she felt the cold against her skin. She swallowed and carefully finished getting up. She took several deep breaths, took a couple of cautious steps. She still didn't understand what was happening, but something hurt. She looked out the window once more and a lonely tear rolled down her cheek. Sighing, she rose into the air as naturally as if she had done so every day of her life. She climbed higher and higher until she came face to face with the Moon. She opened her eyes and smiled like the first time. That night, Sorrow saw her in all her splendor. She noticed the color on her face and the passion and tenderness that ran from her hand beneath its surface. She noticed the glow in her eyes and the love in her whole being. And Sorrow closed her eyes, mortally wounded because the Moon was languishing. She had given so much of herself each night that all that remained of her was little more than the love she had for her. It was too late.

She took her in her arms, fearful of being too rough. She looked at her; she flickered with pure sadness, diminished by love. Regretful, she made up her mind. Gently, she blew on her face while closing her eyes. And she did it again. Again and again. Only when the sun began to rise on the horizon did she reluctantly let go of the moon and return to her palace. But night after night, she repeated the strange and silent ritual to warm her up. To keep her from burning out, she fed her with what she had longed for. Herself. Every time she blew on her, thousands of shards of the sorrow that made her who she was surrounded her. The Moon treasured as many as she could, smiling with her last strength. However, many shards escaped. They flew away and invaded everything in their path. They were so small that they went unnoticed, but were constant. They huddled inside everything they touched, making them feel listless and listless. They brought with them the desire to cry and summoned Melancholy.

Little by little, the Sorrow was diminishing as well. In the end, the Moon was so small and dim that she had not even memory. But she continued to suffer, because in spite of everything, she had no love within her. It would never return to her. So with her last strength, the Sorrow kissed her, giving herself to her and taking away her remaining love.

The moon fainted and when she woke up there was nothing left to afflict her. There was no trace of Sorrow, but neither did she remember her. Scared of being so small, she hid among the clouds to recover her energy. Little by little she grew again, recovering. She felt different, but she could not explain why. Who saw her and who sees her. Before so happy and now so calm. Sometimes she cried without knowing why, saying that it relaxed her. Other times she smiled sadly, contemplating the world beneath her. But if you had asked her, she would have said that she had always been like that.

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The little ones huddled on the rocks; it took them a few seconds to understand that She was not going to talk anymore. But when they did, they immediately became impatient.

- Mother, what happened with the Sorrow?

She smiled and, while untangling her hair with her fingers, finished telling the story.

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Sorrow no longer existed. When she gave herself up, all that remained was the love that the Moon felt for her. A first-time love, pure as no other. Thanks to this she was able to survive, but she was not able to return for the Moon. Instead, she began to wander the world she could not walk through before. Her eyes were covered with curiosity and hope. She walked for days and days, until she found a shard of her grief. She bent down in front of it, while holding it in her hand. It was like a tiny snowflake. Sighing, she held it in her hair. She saw the havoc it had wreaked on the world and those who inhabited it, and knew she could not allow it.

Since then she no longer wanders aimlessly. She visits all those who have grief rooted within them, rips it out of them and fills the hole with some of the moon's love. She cures the wounds left by her shards and in return she places them in her hair, so as not to forget them. Her long hair continues to grow on her back, shining from them. She has lost her name, because none of them fit her. She is not the love she gives away, nor the sorrow she carries. But she doesn't care. Homework helps her forget.

Sometimes, in her travels, she meets people who have died for love. Bleeding with disappointment, giving in to madness for hope, leaving everything for an illusion. When this happens, she covers them with the splinters in her hair, to mark them. They are special to her.

It didn't end there. Time passed and in the end the memories overcame her. She went back to the moon, eager to see again the love with which she had looked at it the first and last time. She chased her for nights without being seen, nervous and scared. At the end, she took her hand to her chest and carefully pulled out a little piece of her Love. She filled it with a shard, sighing at the sight of the cold. She lifted the Love in her hand and lovingly blew it to the moon. She never saw who had given her that gift, but she felt it inside her.

From that moment on, every time the Moon falls in love she follows her, eager to see the face she makes when looking at the object of her desire. She smiles and sighs to herself, not caring who sees her but hiding from the moon's light. She knows that part of the love she feels is in her and that makes her happy.

Meanwhile, she is still out there, wandering. Collecting, one by one, the little pieces of her sorrow. Giving away, one by one, the little pieces of the love that one day rescued her, because she knows that it is the best medicine.

