

HIGH TIDE, LOW TIDE

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The two loneliest beings in the world once loved each other.

One was too little. They say her pure, white shell had everyone fooled. The darkness that festered within her became one with the darkness of the world. Her beauty was a fraud, and her darkness was cowardice, unseen and hidden away. But how she longed to bear her own light and shine on her own. At the very least, she had a name—humans call her the Moon.

One was too much. She flooded the earth with her love, but only her shallowness could be explored. Her soul was a chasm of despair and hope. She was just as capable of creating life as she was destroying it. Her existence was terrifying, they screamed, but humans could not help but exploit the sorrowful Sea—because she offered herself to them.

It was on earth's first night that they met.

The Moon adored the Sea's capacity for life. How beautiful creatures blossomed from the depths of her darkness, the same kind that she resented of herself. She watched her from afar, shining her light down on the Sea's vast expanse.

She never knew how, that night, the Sea marveled at her beauty. There was no doubt that she was afraid of the dark, even though she had never quite experienced a lightless day. The Sea found solace in the white, humble light of the Moon.

In silent admiration, the Moon and the Sea shared prolonged nights spent yearning for the other to utter the first word. They longed to hear the other's voice, whether it was high or low, smooth or rough, gentle or crooked. It did not matter what they heard; they only sought the comfort of any sound that was not their own.

Because... the Moon heard nothing, while the Sea could hear everything from every end of the world.

Learning from the first squawking birds, the first crying infants and the first speaking creatures, the Sea sang her first song for the Moon. For her, the Sea described all of the beautiful things that she could see, because she knew the Moon was too far away to see them.

Her song told of the mountains, how they became thinner as they rose higher, and how the creatures were beginning to climb them



like trees; it told of waterfalls that cascaded like the tears of a child, how it flowed like liquid silver underneath the overbearing Sun; it told of happiness and laughter, the most wonderful things that the first creatures of the earth have ever made. The Sea told the Moon that they were the blossoms of a flower called Love.

Once the song ended, the Sea said,
“When we finally get to touch, I promise to give you all of the Love I have.”

But the Moon, who was chained to the black sky of the universe, knew she would never get to touch the Sea. Should she reveal the fragility of the darkness he held within herself, she feared that the little light she had for herself would be taken from her, and she would cease to exist.

For this, she felt guilty.

The Sea only other proof of life that the Moon could ever see. Before she met her, before she heard her voice, before she knew that there was another entity aside from her in this bleak universe... the Moon once thought that she would be alone for eternity.

The Sea would be first and only one that adored her darkness as she did her light. Once she learned of the Moon's dark side, she no longer feared the dark—so long as she knew the Moon would always be there, whether she shone brightly or did not shine at all, the Sea would treasure her presence.

Yet, when the Moon finally shared her first and final words with the Sea, she said,

“I cannot ever give you Love.”

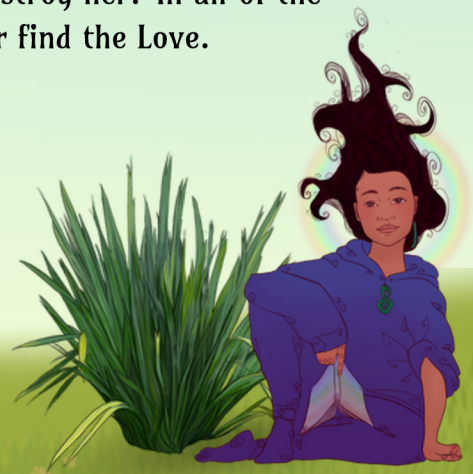
No flowers bloomed in her lonely stretch of space, so she could not possibly give the Sea the kind of Love she so wanted. Still, this could not discourage the wild Sea. In the chasm of her heart, she created as much life as she could, in the hopes that her creations would one day bring her lover close to her. If she could only provide the world with the life it wanted, perhaps it would one day return the favour, and let her spend her desire on herself.

How was she to know that they would exploit her, poison her, destroy her? In all of the Hatred that sprouted from her own creations, she could no longer find the Love.

Before she lost her voice, the Sea cried to the Moon,

“My dear, if you treasure me too, come embrace me.”

The Moon wailed. Unlike the Sea, the Moon was incapable of breathing life into the world. Unlike the Sea, who touched every



corner of the earth with her sweet waves, the Moon could not touch anything. She was confined to her orbit, cursed to circle the earth and watch as her lover grew cold weeping for her. The Moon resented her darkness even more—how it made her weak, how it forced her to live so selfishly.

The two loneliest beings of the world once loved each other, because both were condemned to never keep the love they had.

They say the Sea's tears turned her waters salty, and she could never speak to the Moon again.

They say the Moon continued to shine for the Sea's sake, and spends the rest of her days trying to embrace her.

Every day, the Moon tries to embrace the weeping Sea. But never are they able to share in each other's coldness, more so even touch. She pulls and pulls, so desperately that the force outpowers the Sun.

She says to herself,

“Could it be, that I'm not desperate enough to have Love?”

And the world, the world goes on.

