

The moon seems to be calling me; guiding my every movement down the stairs too the open deck. To be free to be able to float through the sky like the moon. Never having to stand still, always moving somewhere new, never having too be boxed in. From the deck you can see the ocean and the beauty of the moons reflection, as it bounces of the water perfectly. It seems as if two worlds are trying to reach out to each other. Some times I close my eyes and dream of a life worth living where none of these disappointments come one after another finally able to shed this town and my parents and fly free.

The moon baths me with its light makes me feel like nothing matters. Funny that standing in the moon light I feel warm then ever would in the sun. Moving through the backyard the smell of the ocean fills my lungs with a sense of life. I live in a cage; might as well call it a zoo.

Never able to leave always practicing I just want to play for me. How can you live up to their dreams? The sound of the waves crashing is the only things I want right now. Every sound alive from the distant thruway, seagulls on the water to the midnight breeze playing my eardrums all musical notes that I wish to play, but am unable too. The only bits of freedom that I have must be at the expense of sleep and behind my parents back. Night is the only thing

that covers my escape from a place I wish not be, but must return before the sun rises. No better than a vampire. I wish I could just tell them that I don't want to play the saxophone anymore like this. The conversation runs through my head over and over and it always ends the same way with a simultaneous "NO!" from my parents. They live vicariously through me.

The sand feels good between my toes. The water is runs into my feet as if telling me to move away from the water onto dry sand. I sit on the beach as I watch the tide come in. The moon sits to the back of me watching me like my parents. The breeze picks up and starts to tickle each one of my finger tips. I can hear each note in my mind as I finger the correct positions. Playing the blues and making pain sound so good as the sympathies of all the sounds collide around me. The moon the conductor and me the willing instrument to make symphonies out of light; Freeing my mind, so I can dance with the stars.

Slowly I move up the beach feeling as if my feet weren't even touching the ground until the shadow of the pier eclipses me; I've moved some distance since I left the house. Time is running short and the moon looks like it wants to sleep. No longer has the reflection of the moon off the ocean seemed perfect. The moons one enemy is taking

it over, dawn. I have only a few minutes to get back. Before my parents awake and ask where have I been? Part of me wishes just to stay out and not care.

Going back through the open balcony door then closing it quietly. I take one last look at the ocean as I exhale and I can see what is left from the night before being replaced with the stagnate air of the cage of my life. I quickly and smoothly climb the stairs to my room. I pass my parents room where they dream of the life they should of had. I enter my room and look around see if I can get a glimpse of the magic the moon had last night, but none is left. The sun as rid the room of any mystery. I walk towards my bed glance over at the saxophone lying on the chair. Finally, some rest I lay my head down to sleep and dream of the life worth living of the night before.