

# When Dusk Meets Dawn

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*Brittany Violet Long*

*(In Response to the Sun and the Moon speech from Taming of the Shrew, by William Shakespeare)*

THE WONDROUS MOON SHINES BRIGHT IN THE MAGNIFICENT LIGHT OF MIDNIGHT. We lay in a bath of milky shadows watching the stars twinkling in the dark sky. The steady rhythm of his heart beats beneath the flesh of his chest, resonating in my ear. The warmth of his body against mine warms my deepest inner being. Though we lay in complete serenity, my heart is heavy. I can't help but ponder the questions troubling my heart: What true love of mine would ask me to alter my perception? What betrothed spirit would forcefully take my will and make it thy own? Shall I give in to falsehood just to reconcile our differences in thought?

I think not.

Oh what stubborn man! Oh what foul pig-headed man! How dare he attempt to take away my pride? How can my husband, my lover, my life ask this of me? Though he is my husband, I feel it is not fair for him to dominate every aspect of my life. I must not willingly admit defeat but I may compromise my repulsion with an act of artificial intellectual servitude. I will pacify the man by imitating submission. In his presence I will be his, but my life shall be my own in my peaceful solitude. I will say to him this:

Just as the moon longs to linger in the presence of the sun, I long to be near you. I wish with truest sincerity that our souls may grow together as one. I once lived in a fruitful sea of shining stars, but none of those stars had compared to the incredible way you have made me glow. I forever want to feel your warm glowing rays glistening on my luminescent pale skin; to feel the dark depths of my timid soul be washed white with your blinding beam of light. Time is vicious and every moment holds within it a precious urgency. It is impossible to defy you and wrong of me to disregard your will, just as it is unnatural to hold a shooting star captive. You are my master and your words are the only truth I know. If you say the morning birds sing their song at night, then I will believe that the morning birds only sing their song during the darkness of night. Your deepest desires will be fulfilled. Your will shall be done. I lay my frail life before your regnant feet. I will always think of you when the sun sets into a peaceful slumber, for I am the moon and you are my sun. I will forever wait in burning desire and heavy anticipation for the moment when time stops and dusk meets the break of dawn. ■