

The Moonshine Princess

Once upon a time there lived a Moonshine Princess. She had forgotten who she was, that she came from the stars, and why she had ended up here on earth.

The Moonshine Princess sold cosmetics in the largest and most luxurious department store in the city. She was young and beautiful, her skin shimmered, her cheeks glowed, her long hair shone. The noble, well-heeled ladies came from all over the city to buy fragrant creams, cooling lotions and exclusive oils, always hoping that something from the large and expensive range would help them achieve a similar look. They turned up their operated noses, wrinkled their plucked brows and demanded red lipsticks that did not run into the fine lines around their thin lips.

The Moonshine Princess served, smiled, nodded. But she had a secret longing. She didn't know exactly what for. But she longed very much and enjoyed listening to punk music in her free time, as loudly as possible.

But surely that couldn't be everything?

Whenever there was a full moon, she drove out of the city, out into the countryside. There was a place in the middle of the forest, a clearing, a small lake.

Here she could finally strip off her artificial cover. Her daytime cover, her necessary cover. She is different at night, in the moonlight.

During the day, bright, shrill voices everywhere, angular houses, acute-angled thinking.

At night the night flowers are scented, everything is soft, everything flows. Black, white, moonlit colours. Contours blur, the world is another. A night world in which people whisper and murmur, in which night birds sing and the wind rustles through the leaves like a lover through love letters.

She dives into the warm, dark night as if into a summer lake. With a soft, happy sound of well-being, she strips off the day, an annoying skin that constricts her, forces her into shape. At night, all is possible. The moon enchants her naked skin, her moonlight skin, and she dances, just for him, in the meadow, in the clearing in the forest. Only here, only now, is she almost herself. Almost.

Until, one night, a sleepless poet spots her. He sees the Moonshine Princess dancing and he falls for her instantly. He wants to build her a castle in the moon. But above all he wants to have her and keep her. He has never seen anything so beautiful and perfect. She is so free, so self-forgetful, so precious. He wants her all for himself. The poet decides to put a ring on her finger. One that holds her down, that binds her to him. A ring made of a golden sunbeam as a sign that she belongs to him from now on.

Indebting himself up to his ears, he buys the ring from the most prestigious jeweller in town. But it takes several full moons before he finally dares. Full moon nights in which he secretly watches her dance and in which his desire for her grows as far as the moon and back again.

And then he can't think of anything better than hiding her clothes. Isn't that how they caught the selkies, the daughters of the sea far up north, who stripped off their seal skins to wallow on the beach? The poet's mother had read him many fairy tales when he was a child. But he hadn't really listened.

Dressed in moonlight, she stands before him.

"Bella Luna," whispers the poet.

"Hey, I'm cold. Where are my clothes?"

The poet kneels down. So much beauty. It is simply overwhelming. He offers her the ring. The gold shimmers pale in the moonlight.

"What am I supposed to do with it?"

She wraps her pale arms around herself, a drop of water trembles on her delicate nose.

"Be mine, Bella Luna, as I have been yours for a long time. I will build you a castle in the moon. I will make you immortal with my verses."

"Are you a musician, do you write songs?"

She thinks of punk. About just shouting out loud how dissatisfied you are and that the establishment is a load of shit and the whole of life a trap. Her eyes glow.

"I am a poet."

The glow in her eyes fades.

"Oh, I see. Wait a minute. Didn't you just say you've been mine for a long time?"

He nods eagerly.

"How long? Have you been secretly watching me here?"

"I... uh..."

"Wow, how disgusting. You are just a stalker!"

A delicate white foot rises. The Moonshine Princess kicks the poet vigorously in the chest, and he falls on his side in surprise. The ring rolls into the grass. The Moonshine Princess stomps past him and begins to rummage through the bushes.

"But, Bella Luna..."

The poet gets up and looks for his ring. The Moonshine Princess finds her leather jacket. A little further back, jeans and a T-shirt are hanging in a tree. She gets dressed. The poet sees a small sunbeam glowing in the grass. He bends down and picks up his ring. When he stands up again, the moonlight princess is standing before him.

"Do you think you are the solution to all problems?"

She points an accusing finger at him.

"Uh...excuse me?"

"Do you think the meaning of my life is a wedding, a marriage?"

The little white finger pokes his chest, a little less violently than before. This time he doesn't fall over.

"No, of course not." But, he thinks, maybe a little bit. And this also applies to him. "We are not lone wolves. We are herd animals. People need other people around them, beside them. And maybe that one special person."

"Bah," says the Moonshine Princess.

They both look at the dull, shimmering gold ring on his palm.

"I'm sorry about the stalking. I just didn't dare to talk to you. I wanted to be able to show you something, something beautiful to impress you." Say it, thinks the poet. Say it out loud. "Yes, I wanted to have you." He feels his cheeks heating up. Can she see in the moonlight that he's blushing? Embarrassed, he lowers his head.

"Bah," says the Moonshine Princess again.

This half-baked guy with the skinny hips, he wants her, even though she doesn't even have herself yet. The moon is staring down from the sky. He's already waning. What's the point of all this longing if he's up there and she's down here? Where to go, where is this life going? You can't just be dancing in the moonlight all the time. It was a long day, a long night and the morning is nigh.

"Bella Luna..."

"My name is Paula. You can put the ring away, I don't want it."

He does it hastily.

"And you?" she wants to know.

"I?"

"What's your name?"

"Oh,

I'm Felix."

"Listen, Felix, you need to cross the "wanting" thing off your list now. And the stalking too."

He nods.

"But you can make yourself useful. How about breakfast? I know a nice little café over there."

He hadn't dared to hope for that any more.

"Yes gladly."

They went for a coffee.

And if they are not dead...