



I'M NOT SURE WHY I DECIDED

Shelter in Place would equal a book called *The Story of Earth*, which I read aloud to my husband each night as his breath begins to louden, lengthen. We are learning our moon was borne of a colossal collision, aka the Big Thwack, when a planet named Theia, after the Titan goddess whose name means sight—who birthed the sun and moon and dawn—wandered into Earth's orbit. "Theia is smooshed," I hear myself saying. And then I pause.

And now it's just me and Theia, her obliteration, though listen: it's Theia, the moon, and each of us thrown 23 degrees off our axes; really, it's Theia: some of her escaped into deep space, but her iron is in our core; she's the one who gave us seasons—each ripening ear of corn, every trillium and trout lily, the dark cold days and the warmest.