

THERE IS + A + MOON

Somebody is going to come along and tell you you have to Question Everything because what you perceive and what I perceive are two different, potentially completely unrelated things. Because *your* headache might not be *my* headache and all attempts at empathy are delusion and there are no shared public objects, only consciousnesses bumping into each other talking nonsense about things that we can't possibly understand or even agree on. They will make you question the existence of the moon.

+++ FUCK THAT GUY +++

There is A MOON. There is not a moon for each and every one of us, JUST. ONE. MOON. It hasn't been here forever and it won't last forever either, but here and now, as you and I are breathing THERE IS A MOON. It is not painted on the background. It is not an allegory. It hasn't been replaced with an identical duplicate while you weren't looking, and they didn't swap it out for a different model in the international release. THERE IS A MOON.

It EXISTS, and existing is a thing that objects are capable of because THE MOON IS THERE. It has properties we can measure and when you measure them or I measure them or Xinglbratt from the Marcabian Empire measures them those properties are CONSTANT because THE MOON IS A THING THAT EXISTS. It has pock marks from old collisions where it EXISTED SO HARD SOMETHING ELSE STOPPED. It's covered in dust that will give you MOTHERFUCKING MOON CANCER which is a THING that is REAL and can KILL YOU FUCKING DEAD.

There is A MOON and it is made of REAL THINGS and you can point a laser at it in just the right spot or send a piece of REALLY REAL EQUIPMENT into MOTHERFUCKING SPACE to take pictures of it and send them back, and as long as you know how to send things into space you and everyone else who looks will see the same pictures of the same places because THE MOON IS A THING THAT EXISTS.

SONGS are SUNG about it, TIDES HAPPEN because of it, BUZZ ALDRIN put his GODDAMNED FEET ON IT.

There is A MOON because the stories we tell about our own memories of that particular piece of rock may vary but they do not affect the THING THAT EXISTS and doesn't give a shit what you say about it. There is A MOON because there was a moon for every single person of every single tribe before we got together and shared a name for it because it's A BIG GODDAMN ROCK IN THE SKY and you can't exactly miss it. Nobody infected us with the moon. It EXISTS, and it EXISTED. It taught your ancestors about measuring time and sloshed around the tide pools when life was small and weird. It shone on Kingdoms and Empires and FLATWORMS, and it shone on them ALL THE SAME.

There is A MOON because it doesn't change when you say "the moon is orange" and just because you see it one color through the filter of the atmosphere and your eyes and your idea of what "orange" is doesn't change the fact that it is a THING made of atoms and those atoms are arranged in mineral structures and most of it is anorthosite which is just another type of feldspar and feldspar is so bloody common the name literally means FIELD STONE. You can tell stories about it ALL DAY LONG and it won't change at all, unless the story you're telling is HEY ROGER LET'S DICKBUTT THE MOON in which case lasers get involved and the moon gets a dickbutt and EVERYONE SEES IT because THERE IS ONLY ONE MOON.

And it matters that there is A MOON not because I am your oppressor and you are the oppressed, but because WITHOUT A MOON YOU CANNOT AFFECT ANYTHING. The realities in your mind are all well and good and entertaining, but the existence of THINGS means that you have the capability to ACT ON THOSE THINGS. That you can interact with others and leave behind a world subtly changed by your presence. That when your meatsack fails and your consciousness with it, THE STORIES YOU TELL CAN SURVIVE.

You are not pointless, you are not incapable.
There is a moon. It is REAL, and so are YOU.