

Staying There

The trick is to remember
That the world moves
Without your help.
This is particularly difficult
On clear nights when light
From a distant star pierces
You through. As you stand
Fixed and transfixed by the beam
That has opened the black night
Like a pomegranate, you,
Now more than ever attached
To the earth, deprived even
Of your customary scurry-
ing on and scratching in the soil,
You may be tempted
To unwind earth's orbit
That you may ride to the
Star on the end of a thread.
Don't. The spinning planet,
All by itself, is hurtling
Through space at a rate
Great enough to satisfy
Any reasonable desire
For speed and, night
And day, coils its
Seasons around a star.

—Kathryn R. Ashworth