

## THE REASON FOR THE MOON

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Within the vast Sahara of the sky,  
the endless star-sand waste of outer space,  
there is a sole oasis. You and I  
inhabit this uniquely privileged place.  
Here—here alone—the dance of night and day  
sedately swings without a lurch or lean.  
Here—only—life's impossible array  
of elements decided to convene.

God hung a stony gray globe in our sight  
beneath the shining desert overhead,  
to signal us that all out there is dead,  
that we alone reside with life and light:  
that stars and satellites are poor and bare  
while our inheritance is rich and rare.