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A Green Astronomy

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RAINY DAY

Outside, nothing moves; only the rain nailing the house up like a coffin.

Remember, in childhood, when it rained? Then, the whole world sailed down the alley: leaves, paper, old shoes, the buildings, everything like a circus going to sea.

Now, the rain, the iron rain, with its little keys is closing all the doors...

and I think we’re all dead. See how the sky sits like a tombstone on the roofs.

A GREEN ASTRONOMY

Because there’s so much speed without anyplace to go, and naked, blind as light, we rush from stone to stone and bump against the world,

I like the silly snail: wrapped in its wooden fog it crawls across my yard; and where it goes, it paints the ground with useless roads.

Day and night, in its world, leaves fall without a sound; and flowers become suns that bugs like little planets in a green astronomy go round and round and roun

BERT MEYERS