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A Green Astronomy

Bert Meyers

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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