

Sonnet Scroll

The Universe on Hold **By David Landon**

The universe is huge, and here I am,
walking around on miniature feet,
not much of anything in all of this,
not even on this stretch of earth, this field.

Yet here I am, paused now, and looking up,
more than amazed at what I know to be
—my sixth-grade science book—a chunk of rock
somehow suspended there: the death-cold moon.

I have to say it seems—in spite of all
we know of cosmic accident and flux—
she's meant—yes, "she"—to be there, beautiful—
no other word—in all that empty blue,

and it's no accident, taking my walk,
I need to pause, look up, cry out, "Hey, Moon."