

## Earthrise

Of all the names we called it, the stories,  
the poems we wrote, the nights we gazed  
at it with a girl on our arm, the fickle  
feelings it induced, the mystery, the longing,  
the pain, nothing prepared us for the shock,  
the hardness, bleakness, coldness of its rocky,  
crumbly surface, over which we stumbled in our  
great unyielding, inhuman, unearthly thick white suits,  
goldfish bowl helmets, oxygen tanks, our clunky  
attempts at noble speech. But none of this prepared us  
enough for the sudden jolt of the vision of our own planet,  
our swirling, beautiful blue, gentle planet, rising, rising  
above the bleak horizon, we, standing, staring, lost for words,  
like babies gazing at their mother's face for the first time.



Nov 2015