

Who Would Have Guessed?

In the soft, colorless realm of predawn dusk
I peek above my covers,
dark shapes emerge before me.

The globe atop my desk still
from last night's final effort
starts me thinking . . .

Who would have guessed
old Mother Earth had a trick she kept from us?
It was so difficult to tell.

Sure,
one could see where her face was wrinkled and ridged
from ages of conflict—
those great crustal plates ramming and jamming,
buckling and thrusting up mountains from within.

Or where her skin was pulled and stretched
from eons of upheaval—
hot, rising domes oozing with molten rock,
spawning rifts that split continents apart.

Chaos and catastrophe were her story above.

But who would have guessed
deep down below
there was more?

That old Mother Earth,
our ship
through the heavens,
stowed a deeper secret.

Neither Copernicus in his model,
Kepler in his calculations,
or Galileo in his observations
found reason to guess:

***Her solid body slowly shifts
over her liquid core!***

An elegant mathematical movement
only she knew.
A charmingly graceful glide
she kept to herself.

So full of life
she seems pregnant
with bulges around her middle,
love handles for twisting tugs from her doting partners,
the Moon and Sun—
thus is she moved.

Always in loving embrace;
forever spinning, spinning
in their celestial dance
among the stars . . .

So cozy still I lie here
under covers—head to feet
and reflect upon a universe
where Art and Science meet.