

Yet It Does Move

Eppur si muove
-Galileo

The cranes are gone again, gone in the night
with no one noticing until the silence
this morning and new warmth before the sun

reminding us that the earth we stand on clinging
by the soles of our feet to keep from falling
into the air and sky where they have gone

is not flat and is in fact turning
around itself around its dying star
revolution after revolution

clockwise and counter at the same time
the poles tilting on their axis both toward
and away from the sun shifting position

so magnetic north and south equator
Tropic of Cancer and Capricorn are nothing
fixed but imaginary points and lines

drawn on maps of bodies of land and water
themselves afloat on a dense fluid mass
we populate at our peril with fantasies

of changeless being essences and meaning
by which we mean something that isn't just a thing
that isn't becoming doesn't exist but is

a feeling a wish a dream a presence a faith
that men may believe in and die and kill for
scienza religione amore wheels

within wheels the music of the spheres
while we try to keep our own wheel turning,
chop wood, haul water, appreciate the spring

aromas and colors, the leaves and blossoms working
their way from bulb and stem and branch, the songs
of the smaller birds still here and those returned.