

## 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.