

Ohio Skies

How magnificent the stars,
viewed from our bed
on top of fall's stack of hay.
As children, we lived without dread.

How magnificent the clouds,
like fluffy white pillows,
aglow from within, as they
drift off Erie's far shore.

How magnificent the moon,
its mountains, valleys and craters,
also the wonderment
of Andromeda's faint glow.

We harbor our loved memories,
soulful sights gone, so with our youth,
dwelling on our thoughts,
we wait to be told it is not so.

Stacks of hay are of bygone day,
stars are now difficult to view.
The moon wears a veil of haze,
Andromeda is unseen in the goo

Each morn we watch clouds
dispensed as chemical trails.
Suns; one, 93 million miles hence,
the other, an ionosphere heated and bent.

As I tell children the tales
of yesteryear's lore, I remind them
Nature one day will surely reach out
and even the score.