

OVER THE MOON

In the pleasant light of a starry night,
On the edge of a placid lagoon—
Like a speck of sand in an endless land,
The Seekers shot the Moon.

Far out of range, but hoping for change,
Their mission, at its core:
To chart a course and boldly go
Where no one had before.

They took their shot from the proper spot,
Frozen forever in time—
Concealing a riddle, right in the middle
Of an old, familiar rhyme...

*Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the Moon
The little dog laughed to see such craft
And the dish ran away with the spoon.*

They leapt through the air on a wing and a prayer,
Hurtling toward their fate—
To soar and turn, with space to burn,
A perfect figure eight.

Ending their dance across the expanse
With a backward little lurch,
They stuck the landing, rose from the dust,
And marked the spot to search.

They left the goods at a notch in the woods,
Abandoning their ride—
And numbered the stars from the Moon to Mars
To light their way back to the hide.



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