

# View from above

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When the lonely comet  
scraped like chalk  
against the pockmarked night,  
the marbled moon off-kilter:  
medievals shrieked and ran.

But today,  
who can avoid comparisons?:  
each refrigerator (squashed winter  
in a box) with its tamed lunchmeat;  
the occasional mammoth (preserved  
like steak) in its chunky glacier.

No doubt God has our perspective  
(may he live forever too).