

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).