Refusing the Moon

I don’t want to go to the moon. I would miss mouthy tomatoes—

Sweet Early Girl, meaty Purple Russians, Big Blondes with basil.

On the moon there are no roses, double blossoms busting out twice

a season, or rhododendrons brash and red as a can-can dancers.

I would miss Jubilee’s heavy, yielding golden fruit,
and Mortgage Lifters roasted slow with salt and oil.

I don’t want to go to the moon. Even in the driest summer

Greenlake drips. Four late season ducklings follow their hen,

the heron crosses overhead— an elderly postman delivering news.

Watery vines curl over aqueous plants in thick, green soup

richer and a little more aromatic every single day.

No lake. No birds. No stink. I don’t want to go to the moon.

Some mornings I lean back in the outdoor pool. Let the water
hold my face beneath the sky framed by firs, and the moon
is still there, hanging on the edge, wondering
what’s the point of this spinning blue planet.