

Of Human Scale

*David Atwood*

If the Earth were a basketball

and a tennis ball the moon,

24 feet apart to be to scale,

in their tidal locked courting waltz

without corsage and boutonnière

or terrified teenage goodnight kiss.

But lost among the parsecs of infinity,

light years beyond mortal comprehension,

is the smallest moment of us,

slow dancing to the radio

in the galaxy of our kitchen.