

## Blowing Up the Moon

*Fantastic weather...no more typhoons,  
no more cyclones, no more tornadoes!*

—Professor Alexander Abian, explaining  
the advantages of blowing up the moon

It's time, I said, to free ourselves  
from the torments of the weather,  
the tyranny of our useless neighbor.  
Let the oceans rest for once.  
A billion stars should be enough  
for any couple of lovers.  
It's time to find  
a better object of desire.

And you agreed. Of course,  
you said, a few will claim they've seen it  
floating up behind some mountain,  
shadowed with its human features.  
And others will be haunted,  
will demand their souvenirs—  
pocked stones in airless cases,  
pictures of a footprint, a jar of dust.

Let them have their gloomy museums,  
I replied. No one will truly yearn  
for the hurlyburly of our desperate century  
when the years of tranquility arrive.

So we stared into the future  
as if we were there.

I asked if you could believe  
we had ever lived like that,  
the way we lived under the sway of the moon.  
We were so different then, you said.  
It was another life.

*Lawrence Raab*