

## Moo at the Moon

We lift our eyes from grazing. We  
people should not be in the alfalfa,  
which might bloat and kill us.  
We people have four stomachs—one  
to fill with fodder, one that turns,  
one wherein our bravery reposes,  
one to hold our souls. We people  
bawl for others to join us. We believe  
in our right to follow, even though  
we are eating alfalfa, tasty but dangerous,  
in this field on a high plateau above a killing  
drop. We have herded ourselves, stumbled  
up the path. We didn't need to climb,  
but no one turned off in a different direction.  
Up here we can moo at the moon, we can  
jump and kick, we can set our sights  
on the great leap over. There is no freedom  
like ours. Freedom for so many,  
more and more ascending.  
Now we rail about crowding, blame  
the weak for being underfoot, whimper  
that we are not getting enough  
practice. The moon is a high target.  
We have become a mass, a mess,  
packed tighter and tighter, pushing  
ourselves toward the edge, where at last  
we will again be one and one and one,  
individuals all along, a thin wisp of cirrus  
between each self and its purposes.

—Susan Elizabeth Howe