

STEPHEN DUNN

*No Wonder*

We were sitting in our Adirondacks  
high up in the Appalachians,  
sipping margaritas. Our dog Bigdog  
chewed spikes of grass, worried perhaps  
we'd again get out the suitcase,  
and time immeasurable and those nights  
with strangers would commence.  
But we were staying put. The clouds  
had moved on, multiplying  
the stars. Though we missed  
the penumbra around the moon  
and its curious shadows, not to mention  
the feeling that we might be concealed,  
we welcomed the suddenly omnipresent  
sky, toasted it with those margaritas.  
No wonder so many before us  
dreamed an existence up there.  
Before electricity. Before science  
and its more verifiable maybes.  
They didn't have suitcases to pack.  
They weren't lucky like us  
to have an animal they didn't need  
to eat. Hear that, Bigdog? I said,  
your worries should have a little more  
historical perspective. This world  
is ours. We're going nowhere tonight.