

A-Wishing Well

A poet would a-wishing go
And he wished love were thus and so.
“But if it were,” he said, said he,
“And one thing more that may not be,
This world were good enough for me.”
I quote him respect verbatim.
Some quaint dissatisfaction ate him.
I would give anything to learn
The one thing more of his concern.
But listen to me register
The one thing more I wish there were.
As a confirmed astronomer
I’m always for a better sky.
(I don’t care how the world gets by.)
I’m tempted to let go restraint,
Like splashing phosphorescent paint,
And fill the sky as full of moons
As circus day of toy balloons.
That ought to make the Sunday Press.
But that’s not like me. On much less
And much, much easier to get,
From childhood has my heart been set.
Some planets, the unblinking four,
Are seen to juggle moons galore.
A lot would be a lot of fun.
But all I ask’s an extra one.
Let’s get my incantation right:
“I wish I may, I wish I might”
Give earth another satellite.
Where would we get another? Come,
Don’t you know where new moons are from?