

The Astronomer

While the sun
lights the rest of the world,
the ardent watcher of the skies,
clad in fur from top to toe,
and with fingers numb, must not sleep, but keep alert
to his humdrum task.

With eyes glued to the telescope.
he forgets this small earth,
lives only in terms of the Universe.

At last the dawn, Weary, he hears
a cheery meow. How can his
Johnny cat always know
when it is time to see him home!

Where if that latch?

But soon the Astronomer
dreams of stars and roses
with warmth and love in his arms.

by Mary Frost wife of Dr. Edwin Frost