

# ARGUING ABOUT THE MOON WITH A FIVE-YEAR-OLD ●

Carol Everett Adams

is a fruitless endeavor.  
No, honey, the moon is not plugged in  
to anything. Do you see a cord?

But the truth is I once believed  
the moon hung on a hook  
in heaven, where God

asked Jesus to place it  
by climbing a tree.  
My mother never denied

this version, and my father  
was delighted. So who am I  
to be my daughter's authority

on celestial lights and other cosmic matters?  
I am still dubious about the moon  
and whether or not it's lit from inside.

But I am nothing if not a dutiful mother,  
so I said what had to be said:  
Let us never write the moon

into a poem, dear,  
or affix it to the ceiling  
as a piece of glow-in-the-dark décor,

and nor should we  
follow it, dance under it,  
raise a glass to it,

kiss a lover in its light,  
or howl while it's rising.  
Just spy on it  
through your little fingers,  
frame it in your hands  
and ask, how tall was the tree?