

ASTRONAUT ON A LAWN MOWER

The knotted rope quickly wraps 'round your flesh,
Yanks you off your feet and across the dirt.

Rock clusters sputter beneath the engine,
Half strike the window before spinning off.

You are bundled in protective sheets
Of thick, white boots, jacket and tattered jeans.

You say, "Mass is only as great as dust—
Density times the volume of space."

We are all made up of the same stuff
as stars. God breathes stars. He must breathe you, too.