

## ELIZABETH WHITTON

### I , 2 , 2 , I

The moon and stars watch us more intently than we do them  
as they're trying to take notes on becoming more human.

As we poke at them with rocket ships  
and telescopes and telephotos, they watch,  
as they have done for some time.  
Their eyes so bright they shine into our sky.

Our neighbor spies.  
And it wants to become human,  
so it pulls our oceans to its door.  
But we keep them to ourselves,  
so they just dance daily on the shore.

And it wants to become human,  
so it pulls our tin cans to its door.  
But we just play for a while,  
and head home, bored.

And it wants to become human,  
so it sees how we love and leave.  
And so it does.

It retreats  
by a couple of feet  
(or so)  
each week  
(or so)  
to its billions of brothers who have tried.

They've tried life cycles to resemble man,  
being born from the blood of their mothers  
and dying to leave those that depend upon them.

They've tried to form their own lives,  
only to end in self-absorbing demise.  
Only to be gobbled up by their insides.  
Because they've taken notes on being human,  
and they've tried.  
And we pry  
with tin cans and glass eyes  
because we want to become the night sky.