

## **We Astronomers**

*Rebecca Elson*

We astronomers are nomads,  
Merchants, circus people,  
All the earth our tent.  
We are industrious.  
We breed enthusiasms,  
Honour our responsibility to awe.

But the universe has moved a long way off.  
Sometimes, I confess,  
Starlight seems too sharp,

And like the moon  
I bend my face to the ground,  
To the small patch where each foot falls,

Before it falls,  
And I forget to ask questions,  
And only count things.