
Pro Rege

Volume 46
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue 2017*

Article 1

December 2017

Space Travel

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Recommended Citation

Dengler, Mary (2017) "Space Travel," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 46: No. 2, 2.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol46/iss2/1

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Space Travel

Mary Dengler

Gazing at a shiny Kia,
Its open door inviting, swift
She moved, examining its silver sheen, its inner works,
For rides through greening Midwest farmlands turning
Slowly golden, beige, and brown, then funeral white,
Arriving in a city where new cars outnumber old.
She didn't see the graded drop, the fall that follows pride,
Her right ankle turning, throwing her,
Her left knee forward, just
In time to meet cement, her hands too late
To stop the forward thrust,
The planet turning as it must, to keep her fastened tight.
All changed, suddenly
Assumptions, calculations vanishing
Before a mystery, as if
The planet's sudden speed had done her wrong,
Or God grew bored or disappointed with his work.
"What happened?" she and they exclaimed,
As airbags turned to icebags,
Sales to statements written, signed, legalities, in blame
For injured limbs transported to a table, a machine, a boot
And crutches, all to keep her
Fastened to a faithful planet traveling
On its busy way.