

# Muse Project

## Batch # 6

### 23 Poems: Science/Space

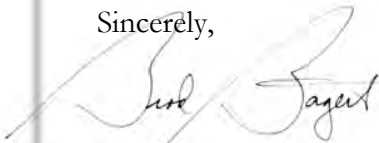
#### Content Guide

Batch-6 consists of 23 science poems. Target audiences vary from primary to middle school students. Continuing to focus on specific content blocks, the poems of Batch-5 are all on space.

As always, keep in mind that these poems are all “Works in Progress” so please look at them with a critical eye. Also, please let me know if I’ve missed something.

Please feel free to invite friends and colleagues to get on our list of recipients, and, as always, thank you for what you do. “In the hour of your death, when others hear the voice of despair, you will see the face of a child and remember that you were a teacher.”<sup>1</sup>

Sincerely,

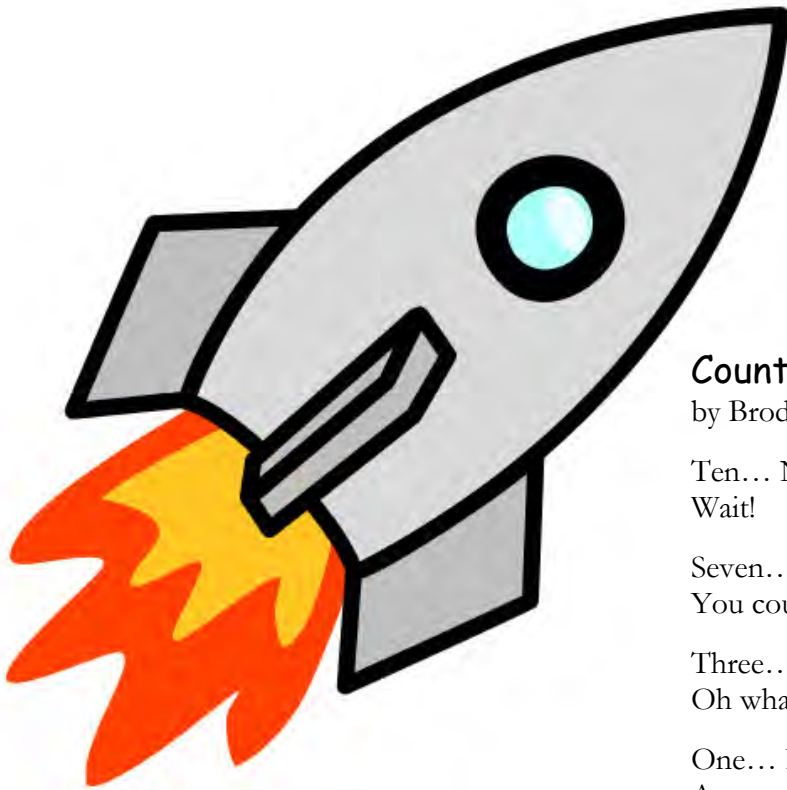


Brod Bagert

Note: The non-copyrighted clipart comes from three sources: Wikimedia Commons, WP Clipart ([www.wpclipart.com](http://www.wpclipart.com)), and NASA. You’ll also find your formal “Permission to Use Poems” on page 22.

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<sup>1</sup> From Rainbows, Head Lice, and Pea Green Tile: Poems in the Voice of the Classroom Teacher by Brod Bagert.



## Countdown Jitters

by Brod Bagert

Ten... Nine... Eight...  
Wait!

Seven... Six... Five... Four...  
You count real well but don't count more.

Three... Two...  
Oh what can I do?

One... Blast Off!  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!  
Oooooooooooooooooooooooooo!  
Taking off in a rocket is scary to do.

PRIMARY - SC. 1. 78

□ **Note:** A rocket engine makes lots of noise because it burns fuel and shoots hot gases out in one direction, which pushes the rocket in the opposite direction. (Now say this next sentence as though you're a scientific genius, and don't worry if you don't understand it yet.) "Ah! Newton's third law of motion: *For every action there's an equal and opposite reaction.*" (Very cool.)

*The Gooch Machine, Boyds Mills Press*

## Make a Wish

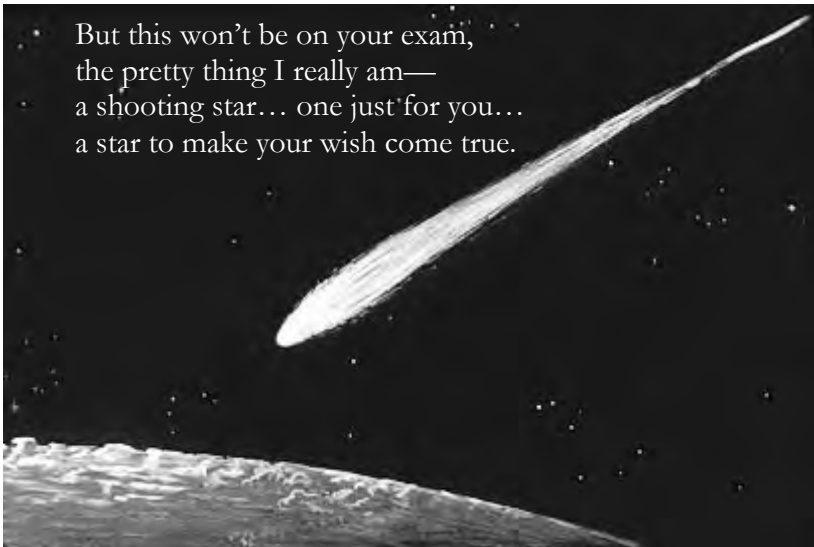
by Brod Bagert

A speck of dust, a tiny stone,  
afloat in outer space alone.  
Remember this for your exam—  
a *meteoroid* is what I am.

Then looking up in dark night skies,  
a flash to dazzle human eyes.  
Remember this for your exam—  
a *meteor* is what I am.

Then every now and then I'm found,  
a space rock lying on the ground.  
Remember this for your exam—  
a *meteorite* is what I am.

But this won't be on your exam,  
the pretty thing I really am—  
a shooting star... one just for you...  
a star to make your wish come true.



PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 79

□ **Note:** Meteoroids are really fast. They enter our atmosphere at about 158,000 miles mph. Moving that fast makes lots of friction with air molecules which is why they burn up.

Scientists have a name for a very bright meteor; they call it a *bolide*. You'll probably NEVER get that one on a test; I just learned it myself and thought it was very cool.

And while we're adding stuff that will never be on a test, the word meteor comes from the Greek word "meteoros" (μετέωρος) which means "up in the sky."

## Call Me Dirt

by Brod Bagert

I'm a little piece of interplanetary debris,  
and I've come to make a complaint.  
I and my fellow bits of debris are happy to do what we do;  
we move through space  
until captured by the gravitational pull of some larger body—  
a star, a planet, a moon, or even an asteroid—  
at which point we are pulled toward the larger body  
and become part of it.

It's a simple existence and it suits me.  
I... like... simplicity...  
Which brings me to the reason for my complaint.

You earth-people have named my kind,  
but you have given us not ONE but FOUR names—  
three versions of a single scientific name  
plus a poetic name,  
which is not simple, and I... DON'T... LIKE IT.

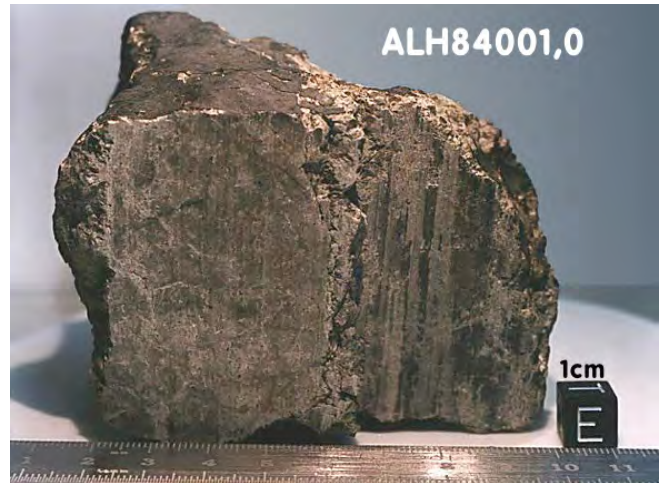
Afloat in space you call me a “meteoroid”—  
version one of the scientific name.

When I enter your atmosphere  
I plow high speed through your air molecules,  
produce an excess of friction heat,  
and begin to burn—  
a brilliant streak of light in the night sky,  
at which point your poets call me a “shooting star,”  
while your scientists call me a “meteor”—  
version two of the scientific name.

Then, if there is anything left after all that burning,  
when I strike the surface of your planet,  
you call me a “meteorite,”  
the third and final version of the scientific name.

It's all so complicated!  
Why not make it simple?  
Just call me *dirt*.  
As a *meteoroid* floating out in space  
you could call me *space dirt*.  
As a *meteor* entering your atmosphere  
you could call me *burning dirt*.  
And as a meteorite  
lying about with all your regular Earth dirt,  
you could call me *tourist dirt*.

What would be the problem?  
Who could it possibly hurt?  
Just throw away those fancy names  
and simply call me DIRT!



▫ **Note:** Most meteoroids are about the size of a grain of sand, but some are as big as boulders.

INTERMEDIATE & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 80



▫ **Note:** We use the term “Zero-G” to mean weightlessness.  
(I really want to do this!)

## Around the World

by Brod Bagert

*Chorus: (Clapping chant.)*

*(Individual Voices 1, 2, & 3.)*

Space, space,  
where I want to be,  
floating around  
in Zero-G.

Space, space,  
where I want to be,  
floating around  
in Zero-G.

Space, space,  
where I want to be,  
floating around  
in Zero-G.

Space, space,  
where I want to be,  
floating around  
in Zero-G.

Space, space,  
where I want to be,  
floating around  
in Zero-G.

*(Voice 1)*  
If you go into space  
in a giant rocket  
please pack a yo-yo  
in your spacesuit pocket.

*(Voice 2)*  
If you go into space  
in a giant rocket  
please pack a yo-yo  
in your spacesuit pocket.

*(Voice 1)*  
All us kids down here on earth  
would really like to see,  
an astronaut do yo-yo tricks  
afloat in Zero-G.

*(Voices 1, 2, & 3)*  
Space, space,  
where I want to be,  
floating around  
in Zero-G.

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 1. 81

*Elephant Games, Boyds Mills Press*

## Ride a Rocket

by Brod Bagert

Ride a rocket! Up we go!  
Goodbye raindrops! Goodbye snow!  
Earth has been a cozy place,  
but we are bound for outer space.

We hear a roaring-rocket sound.  
We're slowly lifting off the ground.  
Going faster, going high,  
flying up above the sky.

Holy cow! Can it be?  
My body's floating! Look at me!  
Floating in a space cocoon  
and now we're flying past the Moon.

From here we see a zillion stars,  
but where-oh-where is planet Mars?  
There it is, that big red ball.  
Up close it doesn't seem so small.

This dark and empty outer space  
is such a cold and lonely place.  
The coldest cold you've ever felt...  
Watch out! Here comes the Asteroid Belt!

And up ahead... a glowing mass...  
What is this orange ball of gas?  
Dozens of moons! A humungous thing!  
It's Jupiter the planet king!



Saturn's rings! It might be fun  
to make a little orbit run,  
but we won't stop and make a fuss  
cause now it's on to **U**ranus.

**U**ranus... then Neptune too...  
both of them so big and blue.  
Giants made of ice and stone,  
so far away and so alone.

There's little Pluto. Yes it's true,  
it once was called a planet too,  
but now it's just a planetoid  
out on the edge of cosmic void.

Ride a rocket! Up we went.  
And what a lovely time we spent,  
but this has been too far to roam.  
Turn around and take us home!

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 82

▣

**Note:** Pluto is now considered a “dwarf planet” or “planetoid.” Back in 1930, when it was first discovered, it was classified as a planet. But in 2006, after much debate, the International Astronomical Union decided that Pluto was not a full-fledged planet and demoted it to the status of “dwarf planet.” This decision seems to have inevitable when, in 2005, a team led by astronomer Mike Brown discovered Eris, an object larger than Pluto and also in orbit around the Sun.

## Circle the Correct Answer:

The sun revolves around the Earth?    Yes    No

### My Lying Eyes

by Brod Bagert

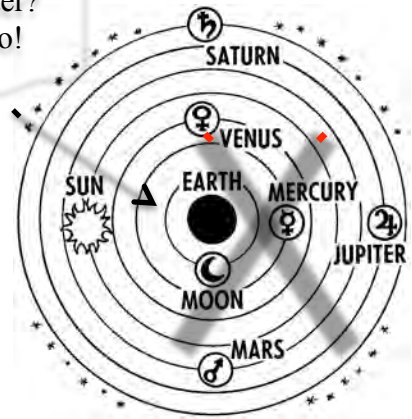
They say it's not true, they say it's a lie;  
the sun doesn't really rise up in the sky.  
They say it stands still, and that here on the ground  
it's really the Earth that is spinning around.

But I'm standing on Earth, as you all plainly see,  
and it sure doesn't feel like it's spinning to me,  
because if it were spinning all over the place  
then for sure I'd go flying right out into space.

I see what I see, and I know what I know—  
the Earth is the center, it's got to be so.  
And what everyone says is a bundle of lies,  
cause I know what I see with my very own eyes.

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 83

Earth at center?  
No! No! No!



▣ **Geocentric Model** of our Solar System: the word “geocentric” comes from two Greek words: *gaia* and *kentro* (γαία and κέντρο), which means “earth-center.”

### Sun Center

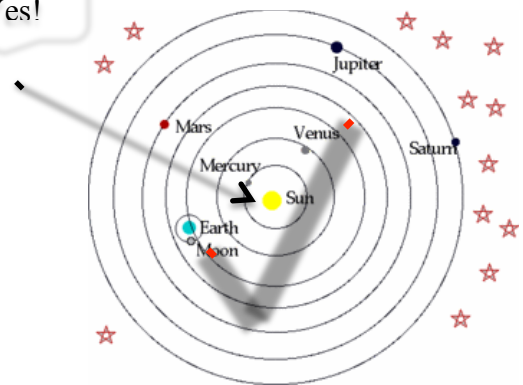
by Brod Bagert

Geocentric?  
No! No! No!  
That's not right,  
It's got to go.

Heliocentric?  
What a guess!  
Sun at the center!  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 1. 84

Sun at center?  
Yes! Yes! Yes!



▣ **Heliocentric Model** of our Solar System: the word “heliocentric” comes from two Greek words: *Helios* and *kentro* (ἥλιος and κέντρο) which means “Sun-center.”



## Children of the Sun

by Brod Bagert

*Mercury's* small, almost nothing at all.

*Venus* is bright and near.

*Earth* is a planet with deep blue seas  
and a sky that's blue and clear.

*Mars* is red and angry.

*Jupiter* has an eye.

*Saturn* has rings of ice and stone  
that circle round its sky.

*Uranus and Neptune*  
are far away and cold.  
So there, I know my *planets*,  
and I'm only eight years old.

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 1. 85



*Elephant Games, Boyds Mills Press*



## A Revolution

### On the Revolutions of Heavenly Spheres

by Brod Bagert

It's like they were all superheroes,  
First comes Aristotle and Ptolemy  
and they were like Batman and Robin.  
They came up with this model for the solar system,  
and it was very cool  
because it could predict the movements of everything in the sky—  
the sun, the moon, the planets, and all the stars—  
but there was just one little problem,  
their model had Earth at the center  
with everything revolving around it,  
which is not the way it is,  
but it seemed right  
cause all you had to do was look at the sky,  
and sure enough  
everything up there seemed to be going in circles around us.

Then a couple thousand years later,  
along comes the Fantastic Four—  
Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton—  
and they also came up with a model  
that was even better for explaining movements of stuff in the sky,  
but their model said the sun was the center of the solar system,  
which was pretty brave because back then  
you could get tossed in jail for saying something like that,  
but it was true,  
and they were superheroes,  
and superheroes stand up the truth,  
and that's what they did.

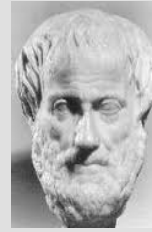
And that was it,  
a better model for the revolution of heavenly bodies  
started a revolution in science,  
with more and more people searching for the truth,  
and more and more people willing to fight for it.  
Superheroes!  
Yes!

INTERMEDIATE & MIDDLE - SC. 2. 86

Note: In 1453 Nicolaus Copernicus started what historians call The Scientific Revolution when he published a book that put the sun at the center of the Solar System.

4

#### THE DYNAMIC DUO GEOCENTRIC



Aristotle  
(1473-1573)



Claudius  
Ptolemy

4

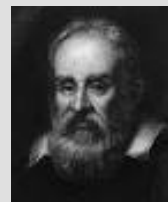
#### THE FANTASTIC FOUR HELIOCENTRIC



Nicolaus Copernicus  
(1473-1573)



Johannes  
Kepler



Galileo Galilei  
(1564-1642)



Isaac Newton  
(1642-1727)

# Inner Heat and Outer Cold

by Brod Bagert

## (Chorus)

We like sunshine. We like heat.  
Inner planets—warm and sweet.  
Outer planets? No, no, no.  
Oh so cold! We will not go!

## (Speaker-1)

First comes the sun, it's one of the stars,  
then Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars.  
It's cozy and warm so close to the sun.  
The inner planets are lots of fun.

## (Chorus)

We like sunshine. We like heat.  
Inner planets—warm and sweet.  
Outer planets? No, no, no.  
Oh so cold! We will not go!

## (Speaker-2)

Further out? The asteroid belt!  
It's colder than you ever felt.  
I don't think it would be much fun  
to be so distant from the sun.

## (Chorus)

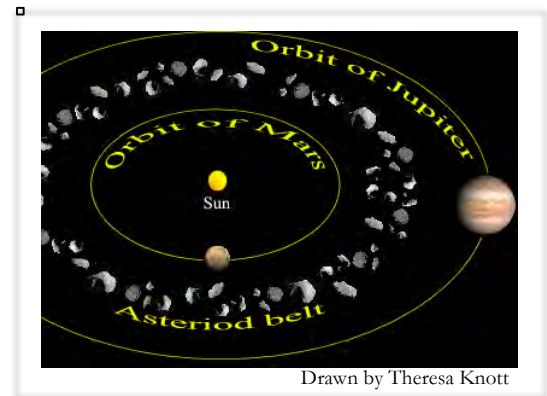
We like sunshine. We like heat.  
Inner planets—warm and sweet.  
Outer planets? No, no, no.  
Oh so cold! We will not go!

## (Speaker-3)

Jupiter! Saturn! Uranus!  
Icy Neptune too!  
Outer planets are no place  
for folks like me and you.

## (All)

Because...  
We like sunshine. We like heat.  
Inner planets—warm and sweet.  
Outer planets? NO! NO! NO!  
Oh so cold! WE... WILL... NOT... GO!



**Note:** Mercury is tricky. It's closest planet to the sun so it gets very hot reaching temperatures as high as 900°F. But at night the temperature drops to minus 300°F, which is much colder than it ever gets on Earth. Any idea why this happens?

Hint #1: Mercury has no atmosphere.

Hint#2: Mercury rotates very slowly. A single Mercury day is equal to 58½ Earth days, almost two months.

## Waking Up the Sun

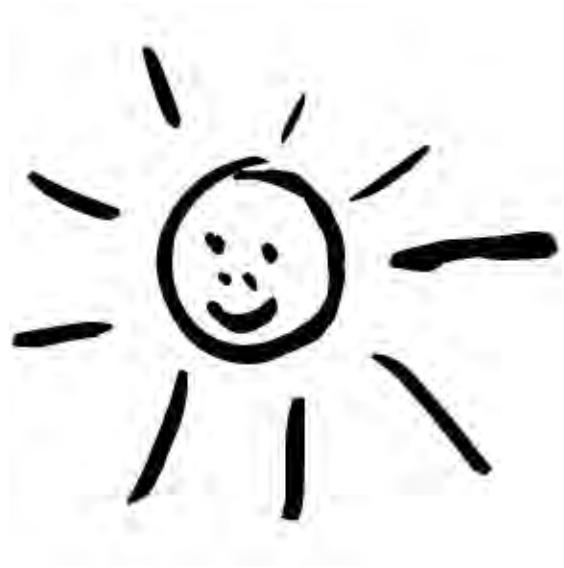
by Brod Bagert

Mr. Sun, I need some light.  
I know you like to rest at night,  
but now it's time for me to play,  
so please get up and start the day.

Mr. Sun, high in the sky,  
I'm drenched sweat, my mouth is dry.  
I'm hot and tired, I must confess,  
it's time for me to take a rest.

Oh Mr. Sun, all big and round,  
making shadows on the ground,  
you worked all day without a peep,  
and now it's time for you to sleep.

Golden sunset. Nighttime blue.  
It's bedtime now for me and you.  
Tomorrow, when it's time to play,  
I'll wake you up to start the day.



PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 2. 88

▣

**Note:** Earth spins (or rotates) on its axis. It completes one full rotation every 24 hours, which is why we say a day is 24 hours long.

What's an "axis?" Simple. If you poke a chopstick right through the middle of an apple, the chopstick would be the axis.

## Sunshine Science

by Brod Bagert

From ninety-three million miles away  
you turn my nighttime into day.

Fusion! Fusion! That's your power!  
Burning hour after hour!

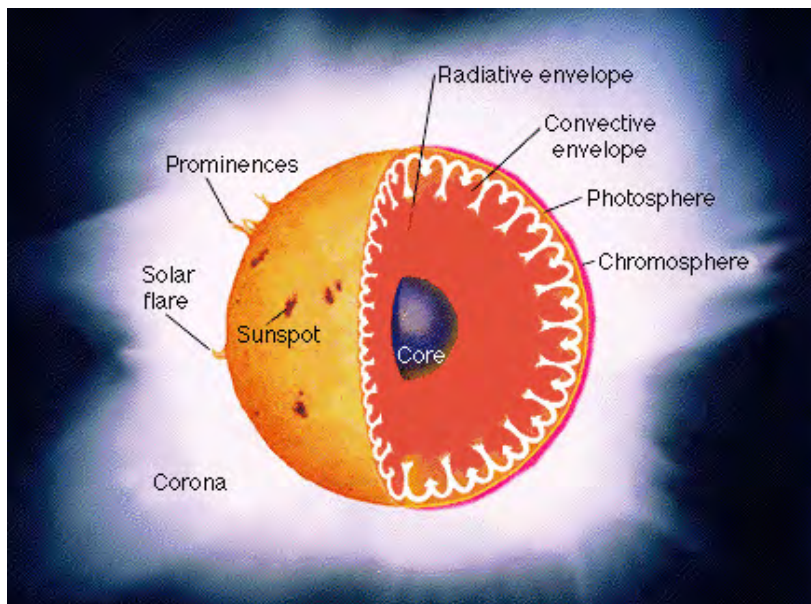
Sunspot circles on your face!  
Solar flares out into space!

Solar wind! Magnetic swarm!  
A giant electronic storm!

Science! Science! So much fun!  
Learning all about the sun!

Oh-so very far away,  
you turn my nighttime into day.

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 89



□ Note: The sun is 93 million miles away. A little closer and it would be “too hot.” A little farther away and it would be “too cold.” But 93 million miles is “just right.” Sound familiar? Yes! *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*. The word “Goldilocks” has actually become a scientific term. Scientists are beginning to discover new planets, and when they find one that is just the right distance from the sun to support human life, they call it a “Goldilocks planet.” (Of all the cool stuff I learned writing these poems, this is one of my favorites.)

## The Shadow Game

by Brod Bagert

The moon revolves around the Earth,  
the Earth goes round the sun.  
and I believe the three of them  
are out there having fun.

From space the sun shines on the moon,  
it always brightly blazes,  
but as the angles slowly change,  
the moon goes through its phases.

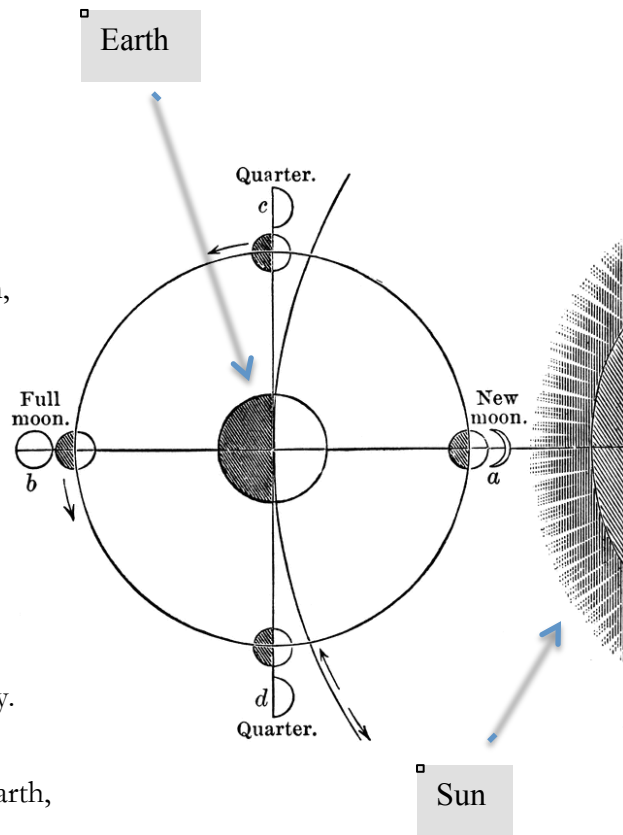
Then every so often it happens,  
though it may not happen soon,  
eventually the sun moves through  
the shadow of the moon.

And then you'll hear it everywhere,  
on everybody's lips,  
"Protect your eyes," you'll hear them say.  
"It's a total solar eclipse!"

The moon goes round and round the Earth,  
the Earth goes round the sun.  
and I believe the three of them  
are out there having fun.

You may think it's astronomy,  
but I think it's a game.  
Wouldn't it be boring  
if they always looked the same?

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 90



□ Note:

Here are the phases of the moon:

- new moon
- waxing quarter moon
- waxing gibbous moon
- full moon
- waning gibbous
- waning quarter moon
- new moon



Wikimedia Commons File  
Author: Orion 8

## Peek-a-boo Moon

by Brod Bagert

Tricky moon up in the sky,  
I look at you and wonder why.  
All night long, and daytime too,  
you're up there playing peek-a-boo.

Going round and round in space,  
wearing shadows on your face.  
Sometimes big, and sometimes small,  
and sometimes you're not there at all.

Peek-a-boo up in the sky,  
but I no longer wonder why.  
Cause now I know. Yes now I see.  
You're playing peek-a-boo with me!

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 2. 91

□

Note: When people talk about the phases of the moon you'll hear them use the words *waxing* and *waning*. Unlike most of the words scientists use, *wax* and *wane* do NOT come from Latin or Greek. They are actually two Old English words. *Wax* means to increase or grow. *Wane* means to decrease or shrink. So if we say "the moon is waxing" we mean that each night the moon is getting a little bigger. But if we say "the moon is waning" we mean it's getting smaller.



## A Nice Place to Visit

by Brod Bagert

We studied the moon for three whole days,  
and now that we're finally done,  
I've made up my mind that a trip to the moon  
would be only partly fun.

First of all, up there on the moon  
you could jump about ten feet high.  
There's very little gravity,  
so you'd hardly have to try.

And if you hit a baseball,  
with no air to slow it down,  
that ball might go for half a mile  
before it hit the ground.

But you'd have to carry a tank full of air,  
you'd never be able to run,  
and the surface is freezing cold in the dark  
and boiling hot in the sun.

We studied the moon for three solid days,  
and now I have something to say,  
I'd be willing to take a trip to the moon,  
but I wouldn't be willing to stay.



PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 92

▫ **Note:** This poem says that the moon gets “boiling hot in the sun,” and that is literally true. Water boils on Earth at a temperature of 100°C, and the daylight temperature on the moon gets up to 107°C.

But things can be a little complicated on the moon. The moon doesn't have an atmosphere, which means that water would boil at a much lower temperature. As a matter of fact, any water in a liquid state would start to boil immediately.



## Ring Around the Sun

by Brod Bagert

When sunset brings her golden skies,  
the Evening Star's the **first** to rise.  
And then in morning's rosy light  
the Morning Star's the **last** in sight.

But there's a secret you should know  
about these stars that come and go.  
They're both one planet having fun  
while flying rings around the sun.

*Ring around the Sunny.  
Hopping like a bunny.  
Venus! Venus!  
Round and round!*

Planet Venus? Yes it's true!  
Both Morning Star and Evening too.  
It's lovely Venus having fun,  
playing Ring Around the Sun.

PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE – SC. 2. 93



That little shadow is Venus moving across the face of the sun. This “transit of Venus” was photographed in 2004. It happened again in 2012, but the next one won't be until the year 2117, over a hundred years.

Note: Venus is named after the Roman goddess of love. It's shape goes through phases like the moon, and, except for the sun and the moon, it's the brightest object in our sky.

# The Biggest

by Brod Bagert

The biggest thing you'll ever see?  
It's got to be a galaxy.  
These giant cosmic reservoirs,  
each with a hundred billion stars.

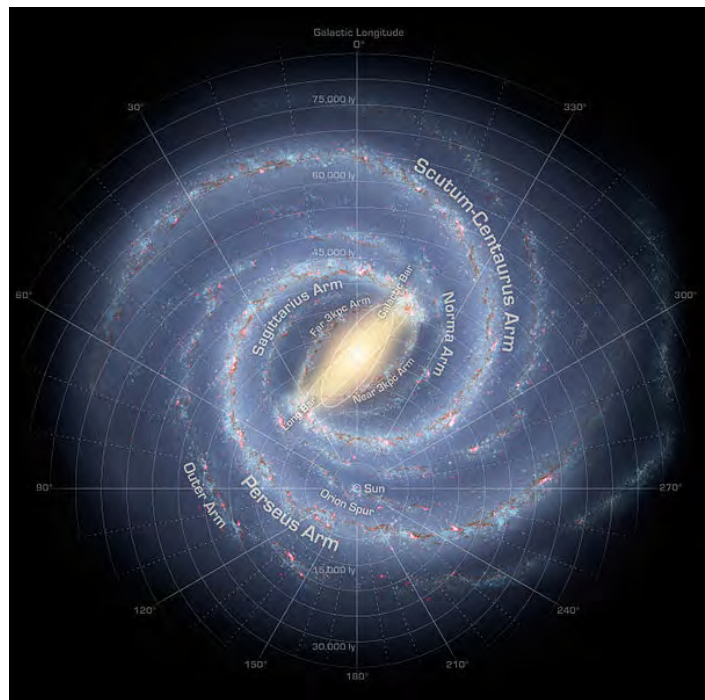
All the stars now known to science —  
neutron stars, white dwarfs, red giants,  
pulsars, yes, and black holes too  
so dense not even light gets through.

Cosmic clouds and asteroids  
floating in the cosmic voids.  
Billions of planets, kazillions of moons,  
floating in space like enchanted balloons.

Humongous cosmic reservoirs  
each with a hundred billion stars.  
The biggest thing you'll ever see  
has GOT to be a galaxy.

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 94

- **Note:** Is a galaxy really the biggest?  
It's big, really big, but I don't think it's  
the biggest. Wait till you learn about  
The Local Group, and Superclusters,  
and webs of Superclusters.



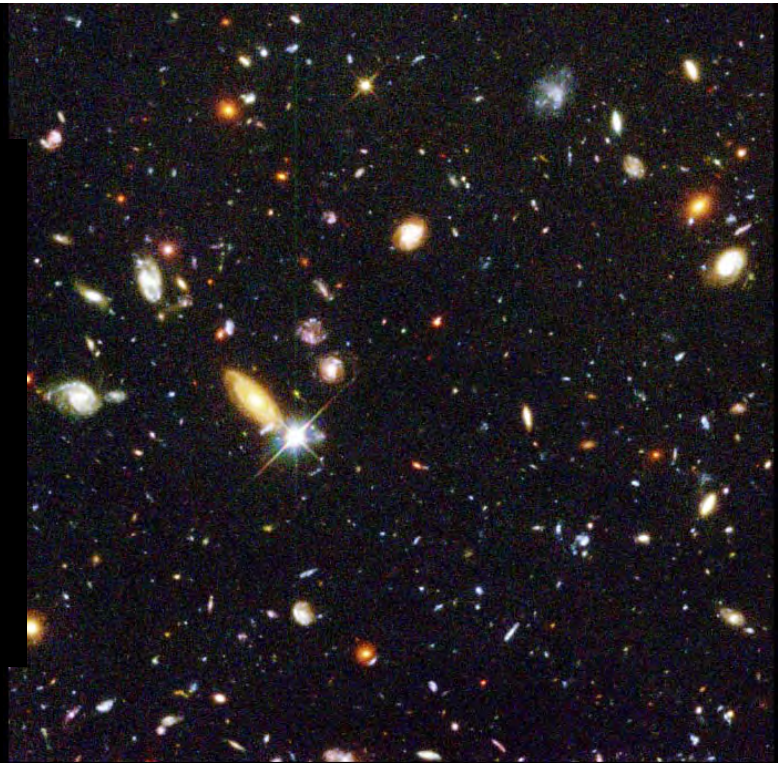
## The Wall

by Brod Bagert

I look at the stars on a winter night,  
each one in its proper place,  
and wonder: how can it possibly be  
that there is no end to space?

There must be an end... a giant wall,  
I finally decide.  
Then I wonder again, if there is such a wall,  
than what's on the other side?

SC. 2. 95



**Note:** The bright spots you see in this picture are not stars.  
They're GALAXIES! Each little discs contains within it over a  
hundred billion stars.

## Home

by Brod Bagert

I am me.  
I live in Apartment 2B,  
at 2829 Paris Ave,  
in the City of New Orleans,  
State of Louisiana,  
in the United States of America,  
on the continent of North America,  
on planet Earth,  
third orbit around a medium size star  
on the Orion Spur of the Milky Way,  
a spiral galaxy of over 200 billion stars,  
which together with 3 other large galaxies and dozens of small ones  
form The Local Group,  
one of a hundred other local groups,  
each consisting of 10 to 10,000 galaxies,  
which together form the Virgo Supercluster,  
one of a vast web of Superclusters that comprise what we call  
the Known Universe,  
And I... am... ME.  
And this... is where I live.

SC. 2. 96

## Alien Eyes?

by Brod Bagert

Our universe is billions of stars  
adrift in an endless sea,  
expanding like a drop of cream  
in a giant cup of tea.

So many stars in that ocean  
oh surely there must be  
some other eyes that night skies  
and wonder about me.

SC. 2. 97

ALL THREE POEMS  
PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE

# Black Hole Brain

by Brod Bagert

(In the voice of Shayna Potts—Goth 7<sup>th</sup> Grader)

It happened again.  
In the middle of science class  
Mr. Grindle was talking about black holes,  
how they're all over the universe,  
but you can't see them,  
because they suck up everything around them  
even rays of light,  
and I started thinking:  
    if only I had a black hole  
    I'd never have to rake the lawn again.  
    I'd just toss that hole out on the grass  
    and the leaves would all be gone.  
    And the fun I'd have at school!  
    I'd roll it down the hall,  
    and that hole would suck up everything,  
    teachers, books, the principal, Mr. Grindle.

I must have laughed out loud,  
because the next thing I heard  
was Mr. Grindle's voice:

    “Well now, Miss Potts,  
    if it's that funny, please,  
    don't be selfish,  
    share it with the rest of us.”

It's happening more and more,  
almost every day,  
My wild imagination  
simply steals my brain away.

    “Most black holes are far away,  
    but some are close,” I said.

    “I know because I think there's one  
    stuck right here in my head.”



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□ **Note:** Scientists still don't know much about black holes. We know they exist because there are black spots in space eating up everything around them. Moons, planets, stars! Everything!

A black hole forms when a very big star (a *supergiant*) collapses at the end of its life cycle. There's a big flash as the atoms collapse and form a mass so dense, with so much gravity, that nothing can escape it, not even light, which is why it's "black."

MIDDLE – SC. 3. 98

Hormone Jungle, Maupin House

## A Nerd Love Poem

by Brod Bagert

My name is Roshanda Hale,  
and for the first time in my life  
a boy has written me a love poem,  
and it was none other than Nerd-One himself, Alvin Lofton.  
Just listen to what that fool wrote.

### STAR FIRE

by Alvin Lofton

I have always been intrigued by the life of stars:  
How aging red giants loose their outer layers  
to become a denser, cooler white dwarf.  
  
Or how when supergiants go supernova  
they suddenly burn bright as a whole galaxies  
then just as suddenly collapse to form black holes.  
  
And the celestial dance of binary stars,  
bound to each other in balanced rotation  
round a common center of mass.  
  
And I have found it difficult to comprehend  
the essence of a star,  
these mysterious masters of time and space.  
this massive power ablaze in the cosmos.  
  
Yet last night,  
when in the constellation of Orion  
I beheld the blue brightness of Rigel,  
my thoughts were consumed,  
not by the mystery of stars,  
but by the fire that burns in the cavern of my heart  
when you look at me and smile.  
  
Star light, star bright,  
brightest star I see tonight,  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
dream a dream of you tonight.

So there it is,  
my first love poem,  
from Alvin Lofton,  
and I've got just one thing to say—  
That nerd has got it going!

MIDDLE - SC. 3. 99



## You Will Find Me

*The Voice of an Unnamed Star*

by Brod Bagert

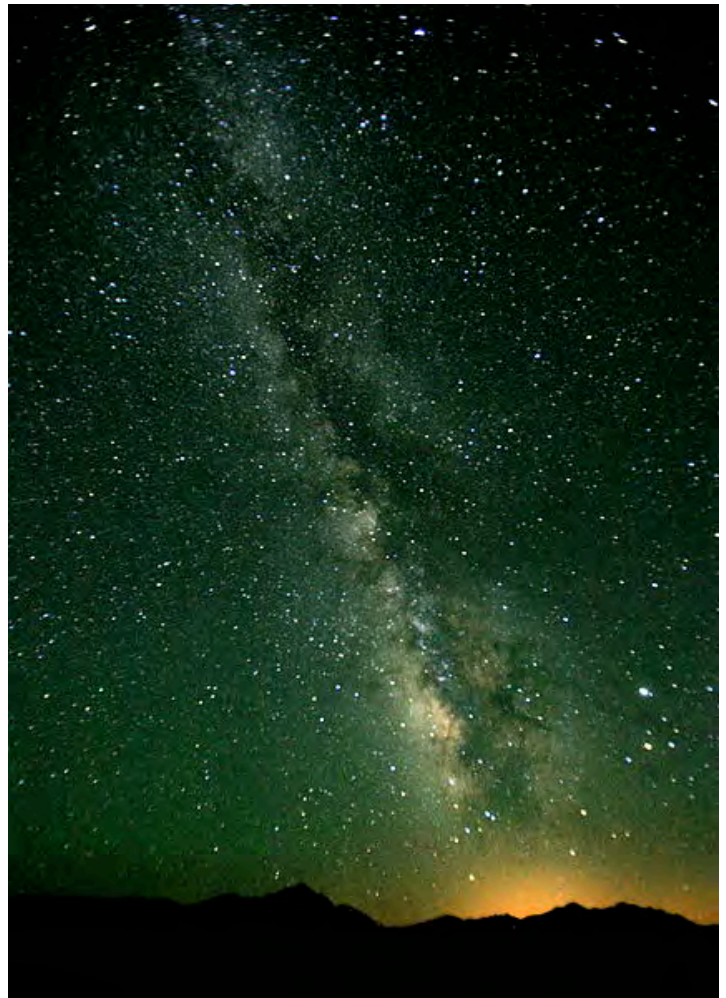
You will find me  
past the prime meridian  
at eighteen hours seven minutes four.

You will find me  
beneath the celestial equator  
by twenty-three degrees forty-five minutes  
and not one second more.

Ruled by Jupiter,  
the warm and wise,  
I am but a sparkle in the eye of the archer,  
a speck in the cloud of the Milky Way,  
so small beside these giants of the universe,  
and yet . . .  
a line drawn through me from the center of the sun  
will pierce the heart of a galaxy.  
And so,  
in this ocean of eternal night,  
I make day.  
I burn to give this light away  
and in burning earn the right to say—  
I am a star.

So, in the twilight of some cool September evening,  
remember me,  
and perceiving how I loved you  
look for me again,  
just above the southern horizon,  
for I will be there...  
and you will find me.

*INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE – SC. 2. 100*



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**Note:** Here are four things that will help you understand this poem.

- 1- Only a few of the really big stars have names. The rest are designated only by a number.
- 2- Just as on Earth, we use longitude and latitude to locate the position of objects in the sky, and the coordinates of this unnamed star put it right smack in the middle of the constellation Sagittarius, “the archer.”
- 3- On a clear night in a southern autumn sky, if you look beyond the constellation Sagittarius you’ll see a cloud of stars called the Milky Way, which is actually our own galaxy.
- 4- And most important, there are two kinds of things in the universe— those that burn themselves up to make light, and those that do not.

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Thus done this 19<sup>th</sup> day of November, 2012,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Brod Bagert', is centered below the date line.

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