

Eyes That See, by Jerri Hardesty

My Grandpa loved to gaze up at the stars.
We'd lie outside to view them from his yard.
At times he'd point to Venus or to Mars,
Or teach astronomy, but it was hard
For me to say or memorize the names
Of all those varied bodies out in space.
And what of our own sun, its solar flames,
That holds us locked in orbit in our place?
The sky is filled with wonders that amaze,
Like comets, asteroids, and big black holes,
Like pulsars, quasars, moons, and gamma rays,
And Grandpa knew their reasons and their roles.
He opened up the universe to me,
And taught me how to just look up and see.