

### OUR LITTLE NEIGHBOR

O Moon, though backed with keenest cold,  
 You show a brilliant face,  
 And raise the tide to brake our ride  
 Through planetary space.  
 Subdued your shadowed morning plains,  
 And tense your glare of noon,  
 When Tycho shines with radiant lines,  
 The marvel of the moon.

Your glowing summits tower above  
 A slowly dying night,  
 And sheer and grand your ranges stand  
 Where afternoon is bright.  
 From terraced walls and rugged rims  
 Of mammoth mountain rings,  
 From ridge and streak, from cone and peak,  
 A mellow splendor springs.

Yet neither flower nor fragrance haunts  
 Your dark and empty seas:  
 No sound or bird is ever heard,  
 Or gentle evening breeze.  
 Your cliffs impend, your chasms yawn,  
 But joy forsook you soon;  
 What life it left is nearly death,  
 O sad and lonely moon.

—By Leland S. Copeland.