

The oceans feel the pulling of the moon

by [Heidi Tompkins](#) in the [September 21, 2004](#) issue

The oceans feel the pulling of the moon.
The whole earth feels it. Why then cannot I?
I am too fragile, small to face that doom.
The oceans live millennia; I die.
The oceans churn me under in their power.
Their force is mighty, and their mass is more.
The moon climbs high and falls, led by the hour.
If time is known, location then is sure.
But what predicts where we may be and when,
When even we don't know? Command the sky
To turn, but what's the will that orders men?
The heavens say it's either God or "I."
At waning gibbous, just a bit past full,
I see the moon, but cannot feel its pull.