

TELESCOPE
BY SAMANTHA HOGUE

The cold night air scraped
Against the inside of my lungs as I walked with you towards the Safeway
Before the entrance we stopped
And spoke to a man
Whose face I don't remember.
Because I was paying more attention to the contraption beside him
The thing my paper towel tubes always wanted to grow up to be.
I was taken by the celebrity of it.
Shy in my anticipation, I hid behind you as you scooted the plastic apple crate
With the side of your shoe to the tripod base, and clutched your shirt with my chubby hands
As you helped me step onto it.
You told me which eye to close
And I closed it
The open one wide in anticipation as I carefully pressed
To the cold metal ring at the devices mouth.
The world around me dissolved into only sound as I was brought up
In the the blurry image.
Perplexed and enraptured
Through the grey I imagined I heard you turn some dials,
But perhaps it was the man who turned them
Time stood still for a second, or a year.
I felt the swoop in my stomach like when
You used to throw me into the air.
I blinked the open eye, once, twice.
And I saw with brilliant clarity
The surface of the moon.