

Why

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*Why did God make half a moon,*  
Lyle asked when he was three,  
on the back steps, side by side  
with me beneath the quarter's  
quiet light. *I don't know*, I said  
because I didn't, and still don't  
know though Lyle now is in his  
twenties, and I am old.

I could, I know, have told him  
how the sun and moon and earth  
create the half, the full, the waning,  
but not the Why of moon or star or  
mockingbird, or why the eel or  
black-eyed Susan, or eyes or feet  
or human beings.

That's the question, isn't it, why us  
when given all we've done, genocide,  
the ravaged earth, *erred and strayed,*  
*no health in us:* And yet today in winter  
light, a squirrel leaps from tree to tree  
as easy as a bird in flight, sun licking  
fur that shimmers silver, a rodent thief,  
I know him well, but even so the heart  
delights, arms lift in wonder, love and  
praise.