



4-1-1999

# Being There

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## Recommended Citation

Ashworth, Kathryn R. (1999) "Being There," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 38 : Iss. 2 , Article 7.  
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol38/iss2/7>

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## Being There

Right now, this August night,  
It seems as if you're lying on the lawn  
Watching falling stars named by the paper  
As fragments of the comet Perseus,  
But here's the real scoop:  
You are standing on the sides of grass,  
Which make a very narrow ledge  
On the leading edge of the planet  
As it races toward 2:00 A.M.,  
For you are like snow, unable to cling  
To outcroppings of perpendicular,  
Needing at least a sliver of not too far  
From horizontal to hold your white feet.  
Remember the centripetal winds that fasten  
You to the earth, or, like Peter,  
You may come unglued and sink.  
Cast your eyes about like a net  
To gather the stars that are yours.  
Keep your hands free to brush  
The others from your hair;  
They'll scorch if they stay too long  
Staining the fragrance of the night.

—Kathryn R. Ashworth