

SAGANESQUE SONNETS, TWO YEARS APART

I

I still can hear him: "Mill-yons and mill-yons of stars!"
His voice, his style, his background videos,
His theories of asteroids and Mars,
The stellar grandeur, his persuasive prose
Commanded my attention and my time.
Dismissively, one night I shunned his fare,
But went right back like poor magnetic rhyme.
Avoiding future programs on the air,
Pronouncing them addictive, I denied
All access to my mind and closed the door.
Too many space freaks; no one's qualified
To speak of what defines the cosmic core,
A jigsaw puzzle no man comprehends.
I shrugged. We'll learn whatever God intends

II

I'd read of other life forms, full of doubts.
And yet one scientist has made me quell
My skeptical response, no easy sell.
His studied speculation now re-routes
My reasoning; it drowns pragmatic shouts,
Then stirs up images of nonpareil
Exotic beings on some parallel
Who might inhabit other whereabouts.
I studied all of Dr. Sagan's theses
Then on the cusp of this millennium,
His bold position on unproven species
Persuaded me to recognize the sum
Of his beliefs. His logic rose like cream
To lift his words beyond the earthly dream.

--Glenna Holloway