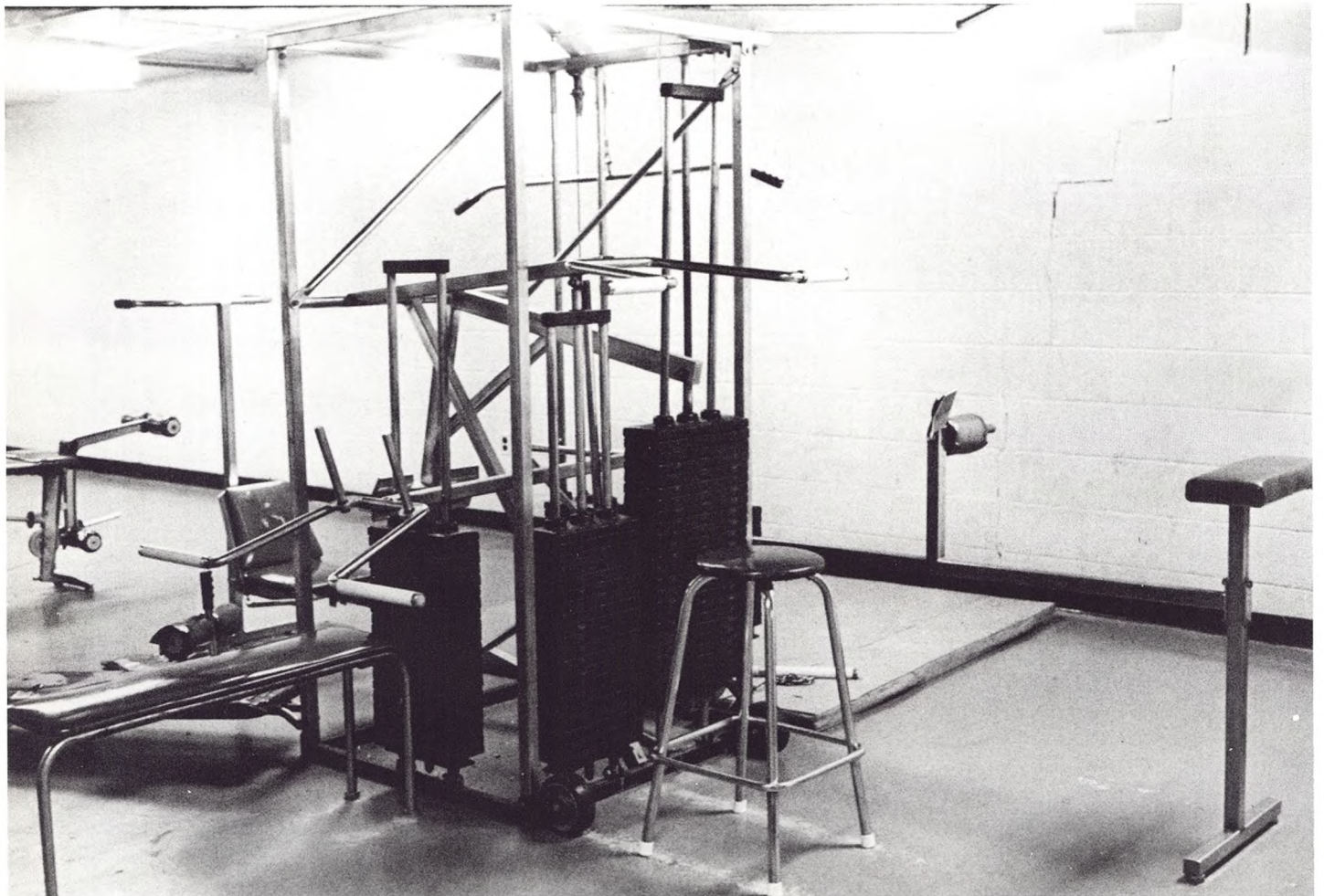




Put that game down! It awaits you.



VOYAGE TO THE MOON

Of that world, having returned from it, I may say
There is no romance there, no air being present
To carry the sound of compliment. The inhabitants
Cannot smell one another, even when the sun
At long midday heats them beyond our temperature.

It is therefore a nation of pure philosophy
Without sin or absolution. The swift works
Of their brains show through their crystal faces
With absolute consonance. The pattern of their thoughts
Is like that of pleases clocks agreeing on an hour.

They are advanced in mathematics. The closest thing
To affection I could observe among them was
The appreciation of a theorem shared by two
Investigators. The emotion was expressed
By a format, rapid exchanging of prime numbers.

The air of earth would surely be fatal to them,
Our sounds shatter, our perfumes corrode them. But
What would bring them, I think, most entirely to a stop
Would be to watch our explosions of hate and love
Which may serve as armament for the next expedition.

WILLIAM DICKEY