



Some vehicle, in case my mind  
Was bent at all on leaving  
Those most astounding Selenites.  
As you know from the messages  
I sent to Earth, such element  
Or compound as my Cavorite  
Was not existent on the moon,  
But with my wont resourcefulness,  
Assisted also – for I'd made  
Myself agreeable among them –  
By some very useful, Bedford,  
Moonlings, I processed the material  
I needed and, contrary to  
Doubtful reports, eventually  
Returned to Earth and you, my friend.  
The leftovers, you ask? My plans,  
My formulas? What happened to them?  
I do not know? I didn't care.

You know, you say? Go on then, tell me,  
If you're so expert once again.  
The Selenites produced the stuff?  
Maybe. In largest quantities?  
For what reasons, may I ask?

You guess they planned to follow me  
Down to their mother planet Earth?  
To follow me, Cavor, whom they  
Had come to worship like a God?  
Bedford, you're up to something there.  
But how'd they do it, follow me?  
You say most likely by transporting  
Those Cavoritic masses to  
The far side of the moon and waiting  
For natural law to take effect?  
What natural law? You speak in riddles.

The law of gravitation? Weakened  
On one side through a shield, and thus  
Made more effective on the other?  
My own invention! The difference lying  
In no more than the size: the moon  
A spaceship! Like our good old sphere.  
Bedford! Clowning yourself through science,  
You've probably again found truths  
You don't deserve. And if you blush,  
It's good we're in the darkness  
That has descended on us, twice  
Blacker than any moonless night,  
With just some bluish speck or specter  
Gleaming through the floating roof.  
I say, this lightness in my legs  
And arms and head is getting stronger,  
Lifting me up almost, as if  
I were to soar and fly and pat  
The moon hello. What about you?  
You feel ...? Now, what was that, that bump

And shake? We're not an earthquake region?  
That rattling? Breaking glass? Bedford,  
What is it?

It's the end, you say?  
If my observatory's gone,  
My telescopes, my books and charts,  
You could well call it that ... What?  
Speak up against this hurricane,  
Can't hear a word you're saying,  
And water rolling in.

A case  
Of gravitational give and take?  
That's nicely put, but sheerest nonsense.  
Don't waste our time with speculation.

The moon takes weight off us, and drops  
A few Gibaltars on our heads?  
I say, if you had read my essay on  
Celestial collision ... Bedford,  
This water has a salty note,  
Which I have always quite resented.  
And what about this sulphurous stink?  
It kills me like it did in Naples,  
Horrible time I had there. Bedford,  
Where are you? It's not hide and seek.

Your hand, you fool, if I may call  
You that for once. Give me your hand,  
Or will you die alone? No, shut up  
And leave Cavor the final word.

Ottmar Bauer