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## To Babylon

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# To Babylon

David Thomas

*How many miles is it to Babylon?—  
Threescore miles and ten.  
Can I get there by candle-light? —  
Yes, and back again.  
If your heels are numble and light,  
You may get there by candle-light.*

—Mother Goose

Last night a storm went overhead.  
We could hear pigs flying through the rain to the moon.  
I don't doubt for one minute they knew  
exactly where they were going.  
And I think I can pretty well guess  
their heels were anything but nimble and light.

Right now the moon seems as good a place as any.  
A change of locale might improve my thoughts.  
Something needs to be done to improve them—  
there's no mystery here about that.

The real mystery here is whether or not  
growing old is any different on the moon:  
Come rain or shine  
you get the same daily paper,  
the same maudlin stories,  
and after about a hundred years  
your garage is full of headlines.

*It's raining, it's pouring,  
The old man in snoring.  
He went to bed with a bump on his head,  
And didn't get up until the morning.*

How many miles is it to Babylon?  
Threescore miles, and on and on...

Come rain or shine,  
I'm flying circles round the moon,  
my heels are knee-high to a dime,  
and my hair as grey as a spoon.  
Come rain or shine,  
a candle burns on Babylon time.