Wherever I go
The moon seems to follow me.
Though now I know
It is only parallax,
Still I marvel
That the moon follows me.

As a child from the back seat
I stared out the window
Of a car bumping down a tree lined road
And watched the moon as it
Flew along side us
Just beyond the trees
And across a field of snow.

As a student I observed
And measured and compared
And stared through a telescope.
I followed the moon as it
Shifted its position
And its size, and its shape,
A little different each night.

As a young man
On a very very special night
I sat with someone and stared
And stared and stared at the moon.
And the perfect crescent
Of the perfect moon was
The perfect light for the first kiss
Of many moons to come.

And as a man
The pull of the moon
Which had followed me so many times
Exerted its force once again
And brought to life
Our first baby
A little ahead of schedule.

I know it is only parallax
I know it is only because
It is so far away
That it seems to follow us.
I know that our
Change of perspective

Is minute compared to how far
The light has traveled.
And yet the magic and the mystery remain
No matter how explained they are.
And each time we look up
It is a different moon
And yet the same moon
That is following us still.

Poem by Andrew Mayo

Ubicumque ego erro
Luna me sequi videtur.
Quamquam lunam non sequi scio,
Luna sequentem tamen miror.

Ego puer ex fenestra lunam spectans,
Putabam lunam
Ultra arbores et trans agrum nivosum volare.

Ego discipulus
Per multas noctes
Lunam moventem instrumentis
Et observabam et studebo.

Ego adulescens
Cum virgine pulchra sedebam.
Nos lunam pulchram
Spectabamus et osculabamus.

Ego vir
Lunam moventem spectabam.
Ecce—mirabilie dictu—
Primus infans nobis.

Lunam esse longinquam nunc scio.
Lunam populum non sequi nunc scio.
Lunam mutare nunc scio.
Tamen, lunam esse eandem et lunam nos sequi credo.

Latin Translation by Wallace Paprocki