

Space Poems

The Moon

The moon has no light
of its own.
It's cold and dark
and dead as stone,
But it catches light
from the burning sun
And shows itself
When each day is done.



Lillian M. Fisher

When I'm An Astronaut

First I'll get into my spacesuit.
Then I'll bravely wave good-bye.
Next I'll climb into my spacecraft
Built to sail right through the sky!
In command inside the capsule,
I will talk to ground control.
When we've checked out
all the systems,

I'll say, "Let the countdown roll!"
And it's 4-3-2-1 - - blast off - -
With a smile upon my face,
I'll spin loops around the planets
up, up, up in outer space!

Bobbi Katz

