

**Why on Earth** by Robert Burton

Scientists love to tell us why  
Lady bugs are cute,  
We prefer horror movies to chamber music,  
The Universe is as it is.

In their rush toward  
Fame and fortune,  
They have forgotten that Why is  
Pure mind play,  
A game best played on starry nights,  
No end in sight.

Like the odd disorienting appeal  
Of an Escher drawing,  
Or optical illusion,  
Why is the twisted pleasure  
Of paradox,  
Pure thought attacking problems  
That it suspects it cannot solve  
Yet cannot resist.

Whys offered as answers  
Are nothing more than  
Congealed questions,  
As right or wrong as  
Sand castles, mud pies, and daisy chains.

Tear down wonder's scoreboards,  
Burn its record books,  
Cancel your bets.

Return Why to its  
Original state of grace,  
Innocent inquiry without expectation.

Put on your best party hat  
And celebrate the question mark.

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