

## Where is the sun going?

as we travel to Grandma's house  
and it moves across the sky.

The sun isn't moving,

dad says.  
And the jelly sweet I dropped earlier  
has melted into the seat belt buckle.

We're moving,

As my brother turns his headphones up  
so loud we can listen too,  
but not quite.

Because we're moving it looks like the sun is moving.  
But it isn't.

As mum re-reads the same page  
she's been reading for half an hour,  
and chews her lip,  
and wonders what Grandma will say this time.

The sun doesn't move.  
Make sense?

Yes, I say.  
When of course it doesn't  
because I'm watching the sun out of my window,  
and the sun is definitely moving.