Moon remembers.

Marooned in shadowed night,

white powder plastered
on her pockmarked face,
scarred with craters,
filled with waterless seas,
she thinks back
to the Eagle,
to the flight
of men from Earth,
of rocks sent back in space,
and one
faint
footprint
in the Sea of Tranquility.
Space keeps its secrets hidden
It does not tell.

Are black holes time machines? Where do lost comets go?
Is Pluto moon or planet?

How many, how vast unknown galaxies beyond us?

Do other creatures dwell on distant spheres?

Will we ever know?

Space is silent. It seldom answers.

But we ask.