

MOON

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.

SECRETS

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.