

even from the moon

by strannikov

even from the moon our planet's truth has not been seen.

astronauts went searching for our moon's truths,
lunar truths not visible from our earth,
they embarked without suspicion or guess
the first truth about our earth could be glimpsed.

whatever they saw of this earth is not its whole truth.

those twelve who all returned to us to die
(this jealous planet has not lost one yet),
in their terse glances at their wobbling home,
no matter how trained their focus or sharp,

even from our moon this planet's truth has not been seen.

what tells this planet's truth is that half of them are gone:
this earth discrepant in sequence, two planets at least,
one early, one late, one teeming with life, one quite dead,
geographies and topographies both overlapped—

but what we've seen of earth thus far is not its whole truth.

always one globe hides behind another,
our phases dodge into and out of light,
our shadows over all horizons stretched,
our planet always in its own eclipse:

in those moments when twelve men ambled free,
sped the only traffic through lunar dust,
gaped at rocks in sun-sifted powders sunk,
in the glances they stole from their sleep there,

from our planet's moon our earthly truth has not been seen.

