

Somebody Somewhere Names the Unseen Moons

by Maila Davenport

like airborne apostrophes, inked invisibly
on the black page of our universe,
they circle Jupiter.

Each unblinking opening labeled
with the closest thing to a promise
science will allow:
no image yet: too far/too faint.

Somebody somewhere
let loose their lunar code that assures
the *not-us* remains as such.
Instead, someone began calling these unseen moons
by names, just as the Ancient Greek un-visible gods:
Wisdom, Muse, Carrier of the Dead,
now all circle that exposed shale orb.

And what came to mind were those cold
winter nights, standing on blue
moonlit grass with my young daughter—
herself an expert at naming
fluffy white stuffed animals
and found rocks—
she divines a name for the alabaster being
living in the milky eyed moon high above.
Who peeks back at us through the moon tonight?

And now I learn someone
stands at a lightless telescope
naming wide open spaces,
optimistic inky spheres of unseen moons
as if each a blurred ultra-sound in the silence of space—