Selene
Anthony Etherin

‘Terra Granular’
O, no omen
as tides
tier up still....
A pale-cap star.
A lost Selene.
(Rest never,
amass.)
Apollo, pass a mare.
Vent serene, lest solar, at
space.
Lap all....
It’s pure, its edit sane:
‘Moon’—or, a lunar garret.
An eagle lands
on a moon,
to unravel
a secret terrestrial map.
Artists’ apparatus see
strata, seas, pure plateau…. 
Apollo Eleven
(Collins,
Aldrin,
Armstrong)
sees Terra rise.
It’s one small step, or a leap.