

And There Are Mountains On The Moon

asleep with eyes wide open
the cool, chacoal darkness
around and around the strewn mists
of shredded white silk
in a universe made thinly of matter,
textureless time. she silently takes
her turn after the sun who slips
like a drop of honey beneath the marbled disc
of this earth.

kind, fierce ruler of vague indigo shapes,
ideas without names, the causeless sounds of night,
she fills our hollows with more nothingness...

Galileo focused his telescope and four centuries later
science squeezed her through the television screen,
celluloid, equations; shuffled out samples of her
to museums and laboratories, unbent the smile of
human musing, knocked god right out of the ballpark,
and then pronounced her dead: just a three billion
year old fossil too weak to hang onto an atmosphere,
with lots of titanium, no gold.

the voice gathers within the ear's birdboned
labyrinth, echoing back:
"... life is what you impart, nurture it with what you have..."

POETRY AND COLLAGES
BY JUANITA HUEBNER

breathing a path
like a fine pencil line
over the whole town
stripped down from business
to beautiful shadows
she tilts and bows
a circular landscape
of zoologies and music,
covered in a fragile web
of splashed glass
terraced craters and mountains,
and nestles herself like water
in the cups of watching eyes
and whispers at the threshold
of gravity and mystery
what we dream.

واذا الذي
إلا عن المتر

تنفذ النظري

وهي

نشرت

عصر الأسى روجي فدا

وعلمت حين العلم

نشرت

عصر الأسى روجي فدا

وعلمت حين العلم