

THE LEARNED HEVELIUS WHEN HE MAPPED THE
MOON FOUND WATERS THERE AS KEPLER AND
PYTHAGORAS HAD DONE

Whether the full moon floats
out of a culvert, out of a silo,
up from the kudzu
over the red clay cliffs, or drifts
against the drifted Milky Way,

wherever the moon is in the mind's eye
comes a calm, for the sun explodes
and all day in the brain
which it has forced, for which its warmth
is indispensable, explodes,

whereas the moon is luculent
with uselessness, and true,
its Beauty is beside the point,
and as for the unearthly Seat of Love,
as for the Seat of Wisdom and Tomfool . . .

and as regards the chart of the lunar floods:
the Seas of Ingenuity and Nectar
both are small, the Sea of Cold is the longest,
south of that the tiny Lake of Death
spills into the Lake of Dreams.

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