

Monologue of the Juno probe

by [Jen Stewart Fueston](#) in the [April 21, 2019](#) issue

They have named me for a woman  
who could pull the curtains back and peer  
at the ineffable by inches.

I have one eye and broad wings for catching sun  
and instructions to approach the god  
slantwise to his poles.

Truth is come to by peregrinations  
then a scurry to safety, flame faced and bright,  
like Moses on the mountain glimpsing backside  
of the Holy, like the woman grasping Jesus' robe  
and slipping through the crowd  
possessed of power and changed.

Perijove by perijove I dive into the clouds  
and show you how they eddy,  
how Jupiter's a turbulence of fire, how  
we learn to circle toward a power  
we cannot not describe or tether,  
an orbit around what governs us  
but we cannot touch. If we're careful  
we can glimpse it  
looking backwards as we go.