

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.