**The Discovery of Titan**

Trace the outline of the lower jaw,

rigid, soft, cold to the finger tips.

He sculpted you, made you a marble,

smooth statue. Eyes burn into your naked

body, searching for cracks or broken webs

splintering like shattered ice. But the smallest

parts of you stick together, cling, like bits of

sand on Titan. He found you orbiting Saturn,

a reflection of the earth. You have the same

mountainous carvings and gaping lakes. But

you are still alien. Wild. He scooped you up,

and found sand that was static. Electricity

in your bones. He built a sandcastle on top

of your stomach and left. When he returned,

the palace was still there. Glorious. Unbreakable.

He locked you up in a glass cage, convinced that

your magic was to be harvested. He didn’t understand

that you were just another moon. That you were

following a giant, never straying, sleeping among

its ring. He didn’t understand. He wanted to eat

the clouds surrounding your crown. Wanted to

shout to the universe that there was nothing to fear.

Look! He found a new home. Now humans scamper in,

lungs draining your atmosphere. They want to touch

you, but he pushes them away. He thinks you are too

fragile. You want to laugh. You are named after elder

gods, rulers who gave birth to the Olympians. You create

power. He might have molded you into a lasting shelter,

but he will never enter inside of you. For now, let them stare.

The journey to your surface is thousands of light years away.