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Dialogue in Jupiter

M. M. Kaufman

Vassar Miller Poetry Award Honorable Mention

Times when the moons of Jupiter
disappear behind— “That swollen planet?”
—when you think you’ve lost something,
the spaces between eclipses reveal—

“Disappear behind that swollen planet,
the one you call your mother.”
The spaces between eclipses reveal,
uh, see, the speed of light. “Bears it:

The one you call your mother,
she loves you like anyone does
a sea.” The speed of light bears it—
“Nothing—*more* than. Relative, see?

She loves you like anyone.” Does
a light cross at once? Or is it
nothing more than relativity?
Times of year when Earth—

“A light cross is won. Or is it,
heavy and slow? A turtle with a burden?”
Times of year when Earth
draws towards Jupiter’s orbit—“Breath:

heavy and slow. A turtle with a burden,
your mother lays down her planet for a minute, two.
Draws, too: Words, Jupiter’s orbit, breath.”
Earth moves away, eclipses appear earlier—

“Your mother lays down her planet for a minute to
wonder at its modern value. Why carry it?”
Earth moves away, eclipses appear early. Or
could it be the other way? *Motherfu*—“For once go and

wonder at your modern value. Why carry it
any further? You’ve gone over the edge.”
Could it be the other way, Mother? For once— “Go and
realize you’re on the wrong planet.”

Any further— *you've* gone over the edge.
Times when the moons of Jupiter—
“Realize you're on the wrong planet!”
when you think you've lost something—