**Impostor Syndrome**

At some point, the moon was assembled
with the intention of surpassing human knowledge -
molten, unremitting, arc of construction paper against the sky.
In Utah, a man shot his girlfriend just because he could.
No preceding history of which anyone was aware.
No wonder the parameters of human myth are so unbounded;
no wonder we think we know someone
we never knew at all.
How ardently you can be afraid -
the moon could be a planet, inhabited,
flush with our worst fears of who might reside there,
or just another glow transmitting into the dark,
like the deep, momentary terror
of a man slowing his car beside you
only to realize he’s arrived at home.