

## AT THE FAR SIDE

Unseen by **the** naked eye  
At the far side, shrouded in unknown **mystery**  
Untrodden even by twelve astronauts with terrific minds  
I'll leave a trail **of** footprints, a woman rewriting history

On the bulbous hills of **the** Aitken basin floor I'll trek  
Along the trails of the lobate scarps I'll check its gentle break  
Traverse and wander the rugged terrain of the central peak  
I wonder if they are heaves from the quiver of a lunar volcanic quake

I'll continue my journey towards the cold "**dark**" depths  
To untangle the mysteries buried far south  
Is there water in Aitken's mouth?  
Or is it just another land of drought?

Previous Apollo missions collected mare basalt from the near **side** of the moon  
But I shall sing a different tune  
Gather samples from the other side, may it be rock or sand  
Analyze and investigate the topography of this vast lunar land