

Rocket

by Rylan Morrison

Of course I am afraid that this is it.
A tube of believed pressure;
 a universal storm of perception.
Noisy and distracted, each in our vessel,
wanting and our love waning in the atmosphere.
I thought I had more than time.
Eyes dilating after floating in darkness.
Foggy chapters in the ether;
synapses hooked on to the mighty crescent.
And of the sky collecting dust?
Well, I quivered and sent you my rocket on what
would be the last night.

Forgetting is the elixir of mistakes, you said.
There we were and here we aren't.
Distracted, I dreamt I had emptied the fuel before the long trip.

It's hard not to sound dramatic when you begin a letter "On
Earth..."

Give advice to the trees.
Curve a stone against your palm on a wet Monday.
Break down emotionally against the moss tombs of Arcadia.
Glisten like oil spilling onto a leather bag.
Come home drunk on whales.
Press your face into a sand dune like a massive breast,
your hands kneading the collapsing grains.
Travel to Boston and pretend you were me, a space man returned.
With that kind of attention to detail.
Adjust your taste to fresh coffee,
and feel the edge of your dress against your bare knee,
with this kind of magnitude.

Your eyes, still orbs, pain to block out slips of the sky-
tiny passages back to me.

A sudden sparkle dreams to be a message.

