

Love in the Time of the NASA Mars Rover

by Shawn Misener

I've lost the remote control to my brain

this couch makes an excellent spaceship
replete with smashed biscuit stars
and black holes buried in the cracks

I feel like a transcendental captain navigating your body

you believe in myths and monsters
I believe in you believing in them
we believe that our pizza is on the way

my heart is a wireless bass module
scouring the suburban one-way avenues
with delicious noise pollution

