

“Guess we better find a new planet”

We still don't know how creating a child works in space. We still don't know how to love.

Cold arms extend toward home, and it's not always a desperate gesture. But sometimes the bodies aren't shiny and grey by choice.

There is a renegade hurtling off its trajectory, and this scares the scientists. They think about the mechanisms but not the flesh.

Nighttime extends as far as you want it when you're moving in the right direction. Do you turn back?

The moon is watching. You almost made a baby.

You almost lost her. He was gone as soon as he stepped outside.

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fight

we welcome lips and tongues and teeth and all manner of soft violence
we raise our pulses in protest
revealing transgression in dark places

it's the tears that surprise him the most
that reminder that we could be drowning
it's more about leaving than anything else
he doesn't remember laying claim to this land
but he knows it is his

my memory twists tired hands for the both of us
the ladies that loved him
before the scorched earth altar
it's hard to taste the dust as anything but loss
it's hard to kiss the feeling she left behind on his blankets
even when the heat chases them from fuzzy legs
writhing erratically in the most sophisticated dance we know