

Tonight, Godzilla goes home with a Reactor.  
After a series of interlocking glances,  
the machine slides over, says, *hey handsome*.

*Can I buy you a drink?* Godzilla doesn't blush,  
he brightens. We all know how this goes—  
the hand on the thigh, the open mouthed laughter.

Propaganda says, *you absorb more radiation  
from a lover's potassium*, but Godzilla  
doesn't believe it. Not for a second.

He knows the diffuse tingle, the sensation  
when pressing his temple into Reactor's neck  
of light. He knows the backstick of sheets

and deuterium. It's a helluva way to boil water.  
In the morning, Reactor starts smoking,  
talking about his hometown, how beautiful

the view of the coast. He says, *you should visit*,  
but Godzilla doesn't believe it. Tonight  
is like every other night—Godzilla enamored

with the scientific process, seeing what  
he can get away with, how far supercritical,  
the hardest he can push before the atom splits.