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When we watched Sci-Fi reboots,
it meant

gravity the
 well couldn't
 hold us. But

Love, when you disappear
 in a mess of angel-grease,
I'll hazard your

 rank, ceremony,
 your airlocked
body won't return.

With you,
I don't
need to explain.

We float beyond the range
of the Resurrection Ship,
devour human story.

I'll tell you this—
but won't go all biblical—
this, now,

is the promised land,
you frantic for work,
me nursing my back,

coffee table slid away
so I can hold your ankle
while we watch TV,

which is all we can manage,
the night
of these short days.

Christopher Carroll Crew

Christopher Carroll Crew is a teacher, father and (extremely) amateur ornithologist. His poetry has appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Bodega*, *Grub Street*, and *Dunes Review*. When the light is just right, he can see salmon in the Cedar River from his Renton Public Library study desk.