

When you unexpectedly find love
In the night of a cup that keeps you warm
Snuggles you close
You later read a headline about a man with
money who wishes to build his grave on the moon
And you think even the sky, the brilliant sky, is not
too far away to be colonized
Constellations of man-graves and smoke
It gives you then a small satisfactory stroke to
think again a man with a machine is strong
But a rock alone is always stronger than a man
A dull, brilliant stone
That the core of this earth crushes to glaring
heat, man machine rock
That there are still corners of our planet, by time
untouched, I think, at least
And you drip the dregs of your love tea onto a
carpeted floor and feel it
Alive and angry, grateful and absurd