

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