#### On Moon…

Outside the earth reels away in a mass of moonglow,

On dawn..

– a slender molten breach of light.

#### Why do they go round and round…

The earth is the face of an exulted lover; they watch it sleep and wake and become lost in its habits. The earth is a mother waiting for her children to return, full of stories and rapture and longing. Their bones a little less dense, their limbs a little thinner. **Eyes filled with sights that are difficult to tell**.

#### On sunlight:

Just beyond the hoop of the atmosphere is the sun, and in the next minute it will clear the horizon **and flood the earth**,

#### On the disorientation…

Four thousand three hundred and twenty sunrises, four thousand three hundred and twenty sunsets. …but in this new day they’ll circle the earth sixteen times. of morning arrives every ninety minutes.

#### On Travel and long stays, on loosing control…

Space shreds time to pieces.

#### A word Precis….yes, it is one…

she wrote in a cramped hand on the back of the postcard a précis of everything their teacher had said,

#### On her….

because she was the sharpest and most lucid human he’d met.

#### A days beg…

….Think a new thought,

#### A train of words…

Sometimes they wish for a cold stiff wind, **blustery rain, autumn leaves**, reddened fingers, muddy legs, a curious dog, a startled rabbit, a leaping sudden deer, a puddle in a pothole, soaked feet, a slight hill, a fellow runner, **a shaft of sun**.

#### A deserve…

A sudden ambushing by happiness.

#### You and the things that you know, the belonging…

At first on their missions they each miss their families, sometimes so much that it seems to scrape out their insides; now, out of necessity, they’ve come to see that their family is this one here, these others who know the things they know and see the things they see, with whom they need no words of explanation.

#### Being ill, and being many things at once..

In his email her brother said in half jest that he hates being ill alone and that it must be nice to be with five others all the time, your floating family, he called it. Up here, nice feels such an alien word. It’s brutal, inhuman, overwhelming, lonely, extraordinary and magnificent.

#### To move…To seek

They come out of a drive for more, more of everything, more knowledge and humility.

#### Word: Proprioception

While they’re here food tastes of little. Their sinuses are murder. Proprioception falters – it’s hard to know where their body parts are without looking.

#### Evanescence…

It’s made of rock but appears from here as gleam and ether,

#### Busted ego… if one allows

a bashing away of mankind’s ego by the instruments of scientific enquiry until it is, that ego, a shattered edifice that lets light through.

#### Of Beauty in writing and emotion..

he has an equilibrium that has been there since childhood, an extraordinary ease and presence of mind that made him bypass most of the **shit-slinging tantrums of toddler-dom** and rebellions of adolescence.

A deep curiosity, **a brain of ornate architecture**, a focus, an optimism and a pragmatism; an astronaut to his bones before he even knew what an astronaut was.

But a robot, no.

There in his chest is **a heart that tilts and pitches**. He can keep its beats slow and smooth, quell its habits of fear or panic or impulse, stop it yearning too much for home, curb its unhelpful states of abandon.

Calm and steady, calm and steady. Metronome pacing out the breath.

**Yet still at times it tilts and pitches. It wants what it wants and hopes what it hopes and needs what it needs and loves what it loves**.

So strenuously unrobotic is the astronaut’s heart that it leaves the earth’s atmosphere and it presses out – gravity stops pressing in and the counterweight of the heart starts pressing out, as if suddenly aware it is part of an animal, alive and feeling.

**An animal that does not just bear witness, but loves what it witnesses**.