**This World Is Only Going to Break Your Heart**

Space has been shut off for summer, etc.
In the last shuttle launched,
I am told to love a piece of earth. Then metal.
Then the optics behind the things I hold
in my hand.

I am told: be simple. Only love
what you can bear to break in half.
Paintings I once owned adhere to the ceiling,
so that I walk under ponds with lily pads like drowned hats.

I don’t often feel like walking,
having heard the announcement that I am stuck out here
with Decisions To Make. What graffiti will be
unbirthed. Which hills will turn white with bones. Pathogens.

When I flinch
into an unimpressive sleep, I will dislodge some unimpressive planet
with a terrain that shakes under a red sky like a syphilitic man.
I try not to sleep. There is day,

then there is later day.
Sure, there are things that I miss. Tornadoes.
The idea of brothers. Distinguished dogs with cauldrons of summer saliva.

Once, I even felt holy.
It was at the throes of an orange tree.
I could have been stoned to death and still would have sung out
*Tongue! Barren tongue!*

There are ghosts up here. But they were shut off
long ago, when I tried to put my arms around them and was told
I’d have to choose between the slaughterhouse and the morgue.

I retaliated with apathy.
I cut off my ears.