

MARS AND ME
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I want to hold Mars,
Red and distant but constant, too, as a light source that is
Never shimmering to my eyes through earth's outer layers.

I want to grab Mars, wrestle it,
Red and far away, made of rock and ice, hard and desolate,
Never soft and welcoming, except somehow in my desire for it.

I want to touch Mars, own it, possess it, rule it, then explore it,
Red and close enough to feel, practically, in the clear night sky next to the moon,
Which I also covet.

But Mars is cold and distant, though warm, even hot in my imagination.
Red scares me, inside and out,
Violent, lonely, menacing, cold.

Yet still,
I want it, because I am it,
Conflicted, afraid, alone,
And at war.