

Strapped In

Spin... spwin...spooowiin.
Blinders couldn't straighten this view.
Unbalanced and off-kilt, rocket blasts destroy
Notions of up and down, left and right.

Only lines and shapes remain, dancing in the silence.
Three circles etched in vision: collinear, equidistant, regular.
Each staring blankly, mouths hidden somewhere
Simultaneously speaking of alien things, but too softly.

Out of disturbing transformations...reality almost perceived;
I rely on the sense of my fingers to keep me aware on this flight:
A one-way ticket to the moon folded in my pocket
Next to a pillbox full of anti-something.

Nausea.
Up is down and everything is up
I think I forget what ground means.

But the sunlight here seems so wise; it must know.

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The voices start to speak again,
Whispering into my ear, one at a time
As my weight begins to materialize;
The view says it all.

Three windows to my left tell me of the moon's surface
Finally down is down, just there is ground.
Welcome to Erosluna:
The sweetest home of all.