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SONNET FOR A LOVER IN ORBIT

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sonnet for a lover in orbit

Tonight's the closest Earth has been to Mars.
Haven't heard a thing from you since that last
bewildering missive: "Thank you. I must go."
It's enough to try the patience of the stars,
honestly, your melodrama, your sense of woe,
worlds colliding every time we'd past
each other in the corridor, pretending
not to know what we know, our craggy
skins, our scars. True, my heart's been mending
into a kind of shape, my hair's grown shaggy
and I bite my nails. Not that you'd care
these days, whatever planet you're on now,
far away as hell for all I know.
Don't come swinging back this time. Stay there.

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