

By Alex Dimitrov

The summer everyone left for the moon
even those yet to be born. And the dead
who can't vacation here but met us all there
by the veil between worlds. The number one song
in America was "In the Year 2525"
because who has ever lived in the present
when there's so much of the future
to continue without us.

How the best lover won't need to forgive you
and surely take everything off your hands
without having to ask, without knowing
your name, no matter the number of times
you married or didn't, your favorite midnight movie,
the cigarettes you couldn't give up,
wanting to kiss other people you shouldn't
and now to forever be kissed by the Earth.

In the Earth. With the Earth.

When we all briefly left it
to look back on each other from above,
shocked by how bright even our pain is
running wildly beside us like an underground river.
And whatever language is good for,
a sign, a message left up there that reads:

HERE MEN FROM THE PLANET EARTH

FIRST SET FOOT UPON THE MOON

JULY 1969, A.D.

WE CAME IN PEACE FOR ALL MANKIND.

Then returned to continue the war.

Source: *Poetry* (August 2018)