

POETRY

Matt Salyer

REDSHIRT

Rapt to the rock planet, I was dying
to see the outcome, the death I never did
understand, at least not clearly at all
of ten. The first episode, *The Man Trap*,
how's that. To recap, the three significant actors
vaporized and were then remade on the barrens.
Ruins, as in Canaan. Soon in the glade the naked
ball-root flowers are game to poison, sized like remorse,
and weren't we all born for it, burdensome? In the tall
ship times, that was a sentence, you know, to be
transported, a sentence without end in both senses,
and of course a lifetime within the feint
to conclusion. Here, the colonial horizon, the heath
woman's the week-creature, all anesthetic glam.
Two go down, then fine I am in love: the camphor
loneliness baits to burn between the darling stars
is us. She is everything I ever wanted and to her
I am tall salt. The planet's called M-113. When she
falls, we three talking like we've killed a household
pest, at best the last bison. We three in the lazy evening,
watching darkness cupping salts. We four without fault.