

Planet,

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Ravaged, sleep-torn, out of and into duress, you're a blue doll burned by white circumstance, a watery body, a wizen colony, you are the victim of an ageless joke: mild climate makes hubris, makes new appreciation for rock—it's churning mines, burning in the pines and furious floods in China. By the time you get this I will be gone, dust in the eaves, lost shoe by the door, unseen lava tremors over the gone green forest, everything gone gone gone.

The image I have of you from space—a microdot vanishing in inky vasts—is the cerulean seed of television planted in the resident brain. Perhaps this is the problem, a pill to plaint a point of view never seen nor fully believed. No doubt a trip of late address, I'm having a vision malfunction. Your ultimate otherness will not yield and we will know you only when it's all washed away, some friendly face in the bottom of the pool rolling an odd stone out. Deep-ended, we are treads of lost animals, spinning wombs, tides, angelology, all black mass defined as a circle never seen.

Yes, it is a comfort, the image of earth from space we are told we are told again. Master Plan, I close my eyes and see it all hurtling away—a bean down a cosmic drain, one home arriving and the other departing, same departure of mind as the coal black cold. I'm deep in a well, fathomed five, how a planet is a fruit of temperate space, and species a tide of toward/away, motion or force of the arching bud into the dark dark completely.

Pictures of earth. Pictures of extinguishment. Pictures of the anthropocene falling away, I look at space because I like space, Apollo Something neither avatar nor car, just a boy and a buoyant walk on the moon, 1969 and I sit in my little Indian chair watching the seltzer bottle satellite glide through a black box set. So slowly, everything happened so slowly, and in black and white or gray and really, innumerable shades of the morning ash, and the solitude of not knowing why. Disconnect/reconnect, t.v snow and "Come to the Honeycomb Hideout." It's drone and zip and Mr. Clean, the magic kingdom and the Maytag Repairman, a streak of color through the topmost pane, my mullion glass to warm the plot, a dawn or an afternoon's snack. This is a picture framing a boy and his planetary sentence. How can the world seem so blue if you've never seen it? Just a NASA press release from total fucking obscurity.

Nothing of space has a color. Nothing of the self and the inner pith of the skull, grayscale I'm told but can't see, can't tell a child. Bible black and paint it black and put it all back. I'm ten years old and stealing cash, food, love, etc. What is a go? Agog? How long ago the untrackment? The greasy remains of Globe Pizza stain the baby with a kind of evidence. Later, I came to regard my dead friends in the night sky, oh, all its various inhabitants, something familiar in the cosmic gas, we call them stars. The gutter of my voice writing backwards into oblivion, an elegy/lie I need and preserve like trading cards stashed in a forgotten cigar box. Pictures of faces. Pictures tacked in a vast cubby. It's spectral thrall to be not alone, it's inevitable, yes?, we will make contact, yes? Jodie Foster/Pretty Baby not blue at all but a pause, a lovely beach for our overjacked phors, a pause halo'd by a grand idea: we are not alone. See the incarnadine skeins of the Horsehead Nebula and the sunflower burst of a globular star-cluster, see tin tin-blue in the Magellenic Clouds and the torn purple robes of the New Age Arcturus. I subscribe. I have crystals. I am a language member.

Problem was there were real stars in the back of my eyes. Some unseen hand spilling light in the Sonoran night. I am on horseback, whoa, it was the 70s, and the milk splashed right in my eyes. Then there was Andromeda, beloved Andromeda—the galaxy, the proximity, the book. Stars like stutters, all perfectly reasonable and inevitable, he said, Arthur C. Clarke said. Why, a virus come down to make us human, the fallible thorn from space. It is the Other Thing and the little distance, and the thirst to be inhabited. I have the bug bogged deep in my ripples, I'm managing the excess. Astral juice, VRBO, too many people and not enough narrative, too much cyborg and the crowding of words, a firmament of dead faces naming things with their tiny perspective. Picture this: a gathering of less. I am getting tired of this. Can't you see I don't have a clue? Point of view is a tent stake in the night sky and I am growing windy. The plumes from the sun have been gaining size and momentum. Radio's out. Nothing's pure. I get my coordinates from the mother ship, which is the virus you.