

Long Walk Downstairs

Never rose a sun like this one
over an earth that stared it in the face
with a metal that reflected its light and heat
(like returned love-letters)
and said, "You have to make the coffee this morning."

For in going into space it was our taste
for ground Colombian coffee
to wake us up
that brought us to the sun
for a good roast.
For it was madness to go up there in the
first place, madness to visit outer space...

Aren't we all just looking for a better,
less polluted, finer, blacker sip?
At least that's the only reason I
can see, for making such a trip.