

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
kate greenstreet

from *The End of Something*

0 3 0 3 1

What is it? What's wrong?
What has he done?

She feels the change. In her eyes.

She called my mother's house. My sister took the call.
Don't look. But isn't part of it his face?

This is how they die. They open.

Good boyfriend, bad boyfriend. Did you want something?
You never see him not smoking.

0 3 0 3 2

Drove until it felt like time to stop.
Short night.
Breakfast here starts at five.

*The dog can hear him so he thinks I should be able to.
Drink more talk more—whatever he wants. She won't bark.*
I trained myself
to trust my intuition.

*Oh we were talking. . . . Our grandson's neighbor
got a divorce. And when they split up,
neither one could take the dog.*

In the dream where he appears: “are these clothes ours?”
Friendly? Oh yes, very friendly.
Nakedness in this sense is blankness.
Throws the ball all day.

0 3 0 3 7

It's just a town. If you're lucky,
it's not on fire.
Once, people came here to be free.

Who can you lie to? Meaning:
who'll believe you?
He could make me laugh.

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That's my other life, following me. Woman driving a pale green pickup, hood secured with a length of chain. Two little kids sitting with her. No front plates. Mirrors built out from the sides. Her elbow resting on the open window, beaded necklace swinging from the rearview—two strands, pink and blue. I think she's singing. Can't tell if she wants to pass. This is her chance.