

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
jean valentine

When I woke up

When I woke up, our time was lost. No standing
in physics. the unconscious.

I washed our friends' old rug
and laid it across the table.

Mandelstam,
the river was shining, silver as a plough.

Your friend, Natasha, the lame girl, a dancer now,
walking ahead, held back her hand
to you on the street:

—Come, I've got the rug—

*—Where did I put you
down dear? The world is worse
but I can hear your heart.
so steady. louder.*

Someone taken. Beating a rug.