

Zero-G Soliloquy, or, that one scene in *2001* where Frank Poole is flung into space

Dave, if I say here & now thrashing against the black
bath-mat of the Jovian stars that my spacesuit
is yellow as yolk then that would make
the EVA pod my egg & I suppose
then the spindly-necked superstructure
of the *Discovery One* my chicken,
& though I was born on a farm I have never
met a more hateful bird than HAL.
I can't know what sits in that avian brain,
what avenging deduction stalked
like a cassowary through the supercooled
banks of data & ended with the simple
& honest choice to snip my oxygen
hose clean, but enough of birds.
The whipping hose-end is exactly
like a cottonmouth in each gloved hand,
& I cannot tell you why I keep holding on,
or who I am waiting to hand it to.
I have been drifting for thirty seconds now.
They told us what it'd be like to die in space
but not how it starts in the mouth,
a coldness cloaking one tooth at a time.
Dave, I want to say something big here,
like *Go get the bastard*, but all I can
think of is how I still have a mortgage
& how little I'll miss flash-dried peas
& Dave, last time we checked,
does this place even have
a season?