

[With my spittle, with my cipher]

With my spittle, with my cipher
I roam the Martian surface. I'm a rogue,
alone, a venial rover. I tap a vein.
Wind lifts, rides, wrecks nothing. Threshers
lie down tangled in their tresses,
trestles, mattocks, manglers, cloaks, felts,
fustians, reapers, gleaners, because it's
Fall. The season of decay. The sleepers
make room in the grave. In my tread,
I tote a grain, a mite, contaminants
to subdivide and eat this fascia clean of life
and featureless for ever. Deep Trench,
abide. As earthly glaciers
lie down in still waters of erasure.