

*The Voyagers in Couples' Therapy,
as Imagined by Voyager Two*

She says comfort is not the immediate goal,
 spun from a world we can't claim as our own.

She says we need to begin our statements with *I*,
 glean ourselves from the universe's brash becoming.

She says grief—like farming, like art—is a folded map,
 its utility pointless as candlelight or butter churns.

Love, we are beyond it, aren't we? Breathless,
full of data colonies and hardware.
What lives in us isn't the fragment and thrust
of modernism or the swing-swung sway of blues
unfurling from a trumpet's petal'd bell.
What lives in us, oh, O, I don't know —
I've grown sour from trying to explain myself
to well-intentioned stars in their good shoes,
to planets spun drunk with gravity.

I want a couch.

A cup of tea.

White noise pouring from a well-placed fan.

I want tissues.

The soft kind.

Pulled from a sky-blue box with kittens
tumbling on the side.

I want you there to pluck me from my endlessness,
applauding my *I* sprung from *us*,
satellited in the lush rush of description.