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*Le voyage danse la lune*

—after Georges Méliès and Carl Sagan

Then there's Carl Sagan & his human faces popping  
up like stray cats in slasher flicks: anything to justify

a creak at the wrong time, any of the unexplainable sounds  
in tension's needle. Faces make the phenomena seem

more neighborly: combed over stars, plaid shorts  
pulled up, one pasty light year at a time. Nothing like

a rocket in the eye to make moonlight villainous.  
Nothing like a dog barking after hours to wake

the sleeping astronaut. *Now this is living*, sitting  
on the front step in a t-shirt and shorts, a border

of unraked leaves winking at moonlight like a player  
at the birthday party. Don't sleep: fences are common

sense below an expanse of stratified love notes shaped  
the same direction as a smile, where trees hammock

together like orthodontic teeth. No one gets to choose  
who buys the house next door on the last street before

the bus line starts. So where is the neighborhood  
watcher with his gun & profiling? Where is the key

party, the rumpus rooms brimming with stars? Where  
are the pools sloshing like martinis in the fall breeze?