Telemetry

‘I am still amazed that poets insist on writing about their divorces, when robots are taking pictures of orange, ethane lakes on Titan...’ - Christian Bok

Even the dullest of observers might interpolate a growing separation from that jangling Doppler shift of twin-sourced he said, she said sarcasm, those solitary maydays beaconing the small-houred night – yet seemingly your fraught detectors missed it all so utterly that you’re astonished by these screeds of legalese, these neatly bitter testimonies piled like mission transcripts from an uncontrolled abort:

by how, in the courtroom’s chestnut-panelled moonscape, a flight plan is enacted with automaton fidelity while you observe from some unfathomable distance, gauges needling zero, dumbed by an inuring lag;

and yet the confirmation of a lone and bumpy landing must filter through eventually, however much you’d turn those dished receptors – scooped rinds of some vital part now cleft and gutted – any other way,

until you're left with this: a single grainy shot of some unvisitatable destination, washed in dolor’s mutant sepia; a titian vista gleaned from an icy billion miles of black.

Kona Macphee