The man has returned to the moon;
a colourless space now has a pale overseer.
Cold, empty space which should suffocate anyone but
cannot constrict the throat of the dead.
Is that our destination, post-flight?
Or just his?
Did she decide that for him?
To occupy this cold, empty space with only greyness for company.
Our decisions are our own. But
their decisions,
her decisions affect
us. Him. His memory,
both literal and figurative, or did.

I don't know, but I feel
I am in space too.
I am by a window watching him float by,
cold and empty, a boat
abandoned by its captain, or
is that me?
It is more complicated than that.
It's why I don't cry,
only scream silently and
smile and stride out and
laugh and rage and
sit.
And wait.
Till I am no longer the greyness
and his only company.