



# SPACE MAN

Jetted like the circus's  
Human bullet, hell face  
A public privacy  
For the space of his throttled jaunt.  
Returning,  
Will he be implacably displaced,  
Haunted by earthlessness?  
Craving the unknown, he endures,  
Abides its brood of dangers,  
Even this one of being  
Always a stranger  
To those riding at out planet's pace only around  
The simple sun

BABETTE DEUTSCH