

MARS

LOUISE CARSON

You might suppose I'm going to tell
of a planet lost, criss-crossed canals,
its glassy dust

Of cities found, of desert crust,
of fossil fern and date palms' must,
of bones that burn

I bring it down to one cheek, bare,
to one lip, soft, to softest hair,
beneath your sky

Water,
water once flowed there.