

**Curiosity Sings Happy Birthday to Itself**

My mind is all wheels.  
    Four years ago this sol,  
  
I became the only other  
    I know. Take this selfie,  
  
for example, how my one  
    roving eye stares back  
  
at itself with a look almost  
    disquieting in its directness,  
  
which is why I prefer  
    to focus on the mission:  
  
clouds of red silt and the ever-  
    elusive presence of water,  
  
alluvial fan like the lines  
    of an open human palm.  
  
Everywhere you go,  
    there's nowhere to get to,  
  
so I bumble on, a bee  
    in a garden, sampling  
  
each specimen, my  
    aluminum members  
  
all lit and engorged.  
    *Happy birthday to me,*  
  
I sing to the impact craters.  
    *Happy birthday to me,*  
  
I sing to Olympus Mons.