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.