Astronauts in Denmark

First All-Female Spacewalk Canceled Because NASA Doesn’t Have Two Suits That Fit

It had to be a bad day for whomever had the job
of making that announcement.
They had to know they would be laying a finger
on the softly seeping wound of history and
pushing it in, past the ruptured curtain of the dermis
and right into a red well of troubles.

A call to compassion: it must be hard to be always
hurting people and not knowing how to stop.
You are like Laertes, the kind and cocksure brother.
You leave home the way a lion heads to a water hole,
his mane filled with light, his every step even.
Even the sun adores you, loads your coat with gold
each morning. It cannot be your fault, surely,
that the world wants you to taste everything she has got.

When you come home, the house is dark,
the wind is up, the water high. And you know
already, without knowing how, that you have
lost your sister, your oldest and best friend.
Even the stars hear it, your long howl of keening.