

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Telemetry

'I am still amazed that poets insist on writing about their divorces, when robots are taking pictures of orange, ethane lakes on Titan...' - Christian Bok

Even the dullest of observers might interpolate
a growing separation from that jangling Doppler shift
of twin-sourced *he said, she said* sarcasm,
those solitary maydays beaconing the small-houred night –

yet seemingly your fraught detectors missed it all
so utterly that you're astonished by these screeds
of legalese, these neatly bitter testimonies
piled like mission transcripts from an uncontrolled abort:

by how, in the courtroom's chestnut-panelled moonscape,
a flight plan is enacted with automaton fidelity
while you observe from some unfathomable distance,
gauges needling zero, dumbed by an inuring lag;

and yet the confirmation of a lone and bumpy landing
must filter through eventually, however much you'd turn
those dished receptors – scooped rinds of some vital part
now cleft and gutted – any other way,

until you're left with this: a single grainy shot
of some unvisitable destination, washed
in dolor's mutant sepia; a titian vista
gleaned from an icy billion miles of black.

Kona Macphee

'Telemetry'. Kona Macphee.
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