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DONALD ILLICH

Sketch of an Astronaut

I've wondered how far a man in a spacesuit
can go in this little town, shaped for sleepy
farmers and teens with buckets of turnips,
who throw them off trucks at crowds of children.
He has his own source of oxygen, so the smoke
of Cuban cigars at the lodge or the gray clouds
over the daily book burnings don't tear up his eyes
or roll him over into a waiting line of coffins.
Making so much of his big leaps at hopscotch, he
plants flags in the housewives' petunias and plays
golf among the asphalt potholes, disappointed
the ball skips across lawns and fails to soar.
When he chaperones the prom with our youngest teacher
he buzzes his words through the white helmet,
dwarfs her hands with his insulated gloves, and
doesn't feel the hot pink lipstick through his visor.
The neighbors find his boot prints, large steps
for a man, at two in the morning outside their launch
pads, where the astronaut creates explosive sounds
with his mouth inside space cars that won't fire.
Before he leaves he sits in a chair at the ladies'
auxiliary, who a week ago drew their first naked man.
No matter how much they plead the suit stays on.
Around his massive head they sketch the stars.