



IMAGE: Gary Kimmel

C3crew is a schoolteacher, father, and mender. c3's poetry has appeared in *Spillway*, *Bodega*, *The Sugarhouse*, *The Cincinnati Review*, and *Gettysburg Review*. He is, right now, happily in-hobbit-ing some cozy Northwest haunt.

ON FEBRUARY 14TH

1990,

4 billion miles away
and 32 degrees above
the ecliptic, Voyager One

sent its last photo.

Valentine's Day

a

blue dot
1/10th of a pixel.

Voyager out beyond any magnification,

not knowing,

our

dark rock, eventually, wasn't

remembering.

Why make our own

record of human voice,
language, civilization?
Why try to pack

We can't take any of it
the solar flare

set
us ringing, and
long past

the border, beyond
any
object

25 years later,
Earth struck the same
pose.

I took one blurry photo
of my father
pale

In the hospital before he died,

I kept my camera pressed
to the dark window of

the changing sunrise.
As the sun dimmed
citylight, our

worth

gold

all we might ever need

in the next few hours?
with us. But then
rushed past,

the deep space plasma
we knew, we were

human
yet still going.

2015,

as Scientists take an Aerial Photo

of Sea Ice

Over the next year,
the Kaskawulsh Glacier,
its grief, cut a chasm

through its own cold,
went a different direction, sent
rounding error of its long life

water south, leaving
the Slims and Yukon rivers to arrive
beyond sight /

at the Bering Sea / empty-handed.

I pressed
my forehead /
to

all my life

/ river valleys of Mars
the

veins of my father's hand. Honey
keeps forever. Nothing
but honey.

I can't even find that satellite
photo, lower left of six,
when the warm

hospice

day /

continent

/ nurse
could not,
close

could not, hold,
any longer, those
once-frozen years.

All Google gives me is a river

tumbling freshwater ice
onto a Hokkaido beach.
Nothing on

my father's

Antarctica /
And tomorrow? Nothing
but honey /

silent car rides

/ eyes.

just honey

/ and mouth.

