

## The Astronaut Avoids an Asteroid

*I think we tried very hard not to be overconfident, because when you get overconfident, that's when something snaps up and bites you.*

—Neil Armstrong

When her body draws close,  
trembles with the heat of him,  
celestial and frightening,  
he thinks of the way two bodies  
destined to meet, designed  
by arc and smooth direction,  
by heavenly pull and pulse,  
might collide spectacular,  
rush and spark, all that heat,  
but might also combust.  
So he draws her close,  
smells the peony of her hair,  
enjoys for a moment  
the tangle of her gangly legs,  
pulls her on top so her touch  
reminds him of her consequence,  
then resolute, pushes her away,  
walks her steady to the door,  
latches it without watching  
the direction she careens,  
because he knows much  
about bodies and force,  
how when things are fated  
to collide one must resist,  
evade, must alter course  
so things ricochet and leave,  
speed off in another direction.