

# MARS

LOUISE CARSON

You might suppose I'm going to tell  
of a planet lost, criss-crossed canals,  
its glassy dust

Of cities found, of desert crust,  
of fossil fern and date palms' must,  
of bones that burn

I bring it down to one cheek, bare,  
to one lip, soft, to softest hair,  
beneath your sky

Water,  
water once flowed there.