

Honeymoon on Mars

By Zoe Drazen

You gaze at Styrofoam planets as you lie on his floor,
ask if the solar system is to scale as you take in the array.
There's no love on Mars, it's named after the God of war.

"It is to scale," he whispers, proud of the childish décor.
It feels like a sin as you both sip Bombay.
You gaze at Styrofoam planets as you lie on his floor.

"This time will be so much better than before,"
he says referring to your breakup of 8 months and a day.
There's no love on Mars, it's named after the God of war.

His words aren't something you have the right to ignore,
so you take your hand and trace it up his arm halfway.
You gaze at Styrofoam planets as you lie on his floor.

Your drink is gone and the wood is making you sore.
"Let's have our honeymoon on Mars," you hear him say.
"There's no love on Mars, it's named after the God of war,"

you fire back too quickly, considering a quick run for the door.
He stares at plastic stars, the gaudiest of the display.
You gaze at Styrofoam planets as you lie on his floor.
There's no love on Mars, it's named after the God of war.