

## Lost in space

for Jeff

In space, no one  
can hear you ask,  
"Do you have  
a Prime account?"  
at Whole Foods.

Nor can they offer  
free shipping with  
a thirty-day trial membership.

The *Washington Post*,  
with its endless chatter  
of neoliberal propaganda,  
fades into distant memory.

Just you, with your  
fishbowl helmet, framing  
your baldness  
like a translucent crown.

Fly into the outer reaches  
of the galaxy, colonize Mars  
into an enormous warehouse.  
No one will clock in  
late for their graveyard shift.

You won't need  
to count the days  
before your dividends  
arrive: that final billion  
dollar deposit, until  
you explode into  
a magnificent supernova,  
molecules scattering  
their alms to a plundered

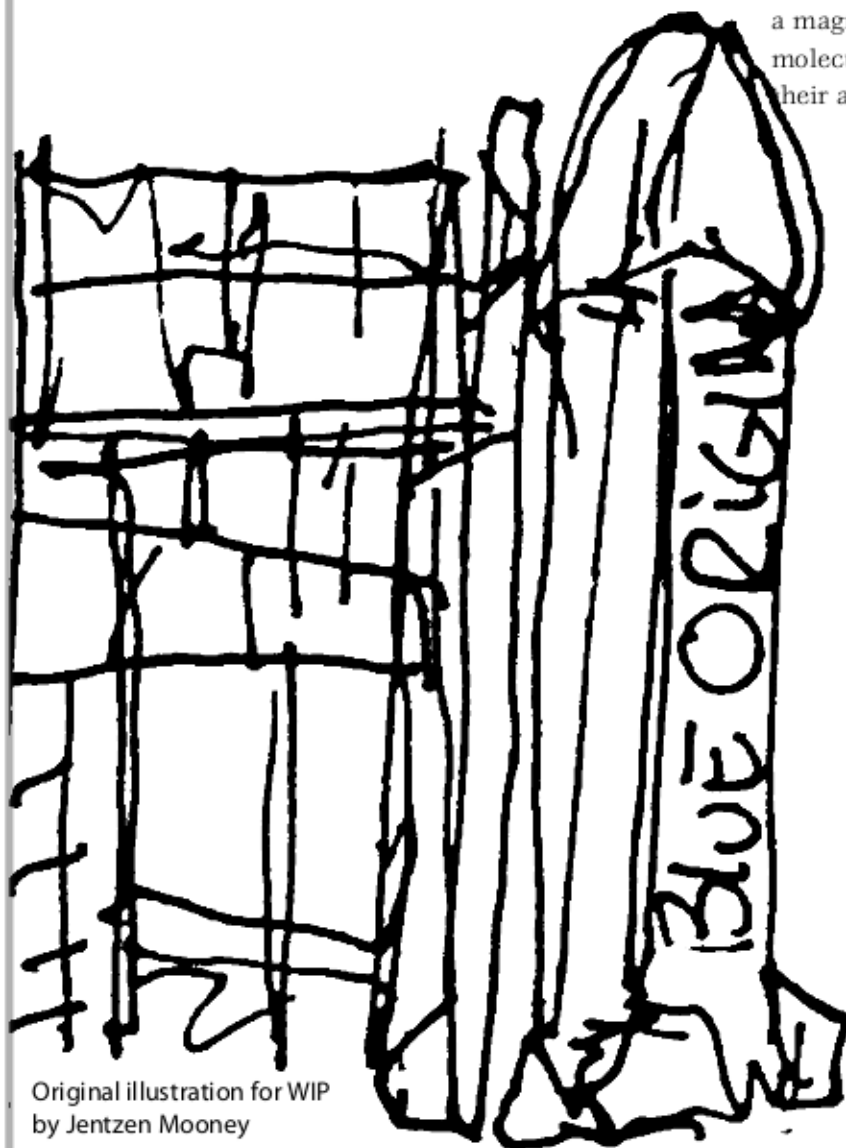
and impoverished cosmos.

Somewhere, a woman  
orders underwear  
from a small online company.  
Somewhere, a programmer  
finds discount software  
at the last Radio Shack.

You are oblivious space dust,  
particles floating like  
dollar bills through the galaxies,  
one for each remaining star.

—from Poets Respond,  
Rattle Online Poetry Magazine  
June 2021

Author Leah Mueller is a former resident of Tacoma, Washington. She writes "I was amused by the news that Jeff Bezos intends to fly a rocket into space. Despite my disregard for oligarchs, I can't help but be impressed by the sheer hubris of his plan. The richest man in the world seems to be bored with his affairs on earth, so he seeks the ultimate thrill. I tried to imagine what it might be like for him to go into the cosmos and never return. Would it be a relief? What would happen to his empire? Would anyone really miss him?"



Original illustration for WIP  
by Jentzen Mooney