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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Metal And Ice

by

Kate Reilly

I watched the pool of life
as it drained out of him.

He told me
he had spent the
whole entire summer
on Pluto.
Painting.

What did you paint?
I asked.

Different life forms.
He said, shrugging.

I told him I was in the ocean
snorkeling
as he ventured out into
the Milky Way.

With a clear helmet
and a silver suit.

He wore a special suit.
Which was even equipped with a
helmet.
Which made him look like a fish bowl.

His eyes, two fish.
His nose, a castle.
His lips, red rocks.

He wore a badge.
Shaped like an American flag
on his chest.

I lacked oxygen that summer.
He lacked gravity.

He once told me he thought the moon,
from far away, looked like ice.

And that he looks like metal.