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Broadcasts of "I Love Lucy" are Now Arriving in Aldebaran

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BROADCASTS OF "I LOVE LUCY" ARE **NOW ARRIVING IN ALDEBARAN**

TRENT WALTERS

Oh, Lucy, we beam signals: sometimes light,
sometimes sound, sometimes body.

They escape our sphere, blast
into space, lost to us.

The body develops a mind of its own,
the intellect of a sweet passenger
pigeon, cooing, cooing
until the rifle blasts. I see

but do not observe my dim-
witted semaphores
and wonder what they did
that for, why they didn't highlight

what they should have, which explains
why I never tried
out for a bit part
opposite Lucille Ball. Blame Lucifer.

I observe your body's light splinter
and unsound sound, and it sounds—

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WALTERS

or the dearth of sound
sounds—like you're not interested.

I won't mention it again lest
I pester you into blazing down
a blistering poem about me.
Today I sent a signal that I wanted

to retract: "Pardon my body.
That looked like the mythical planet X,
but my body is mentally
handicapped. Please ignore."

But if I deny, if I lie, if I point,
Vegas neon flashes at those hapless
electromagnetic waves, fleeing
shame-faced, at the speed of light.