I didn't always wander. Once
I had a small home with a garden.
Another space traveler lived there,
and we had the local equivalent
of a dog. It's hard to say
what happened, but at some point
I found myself converting parts
of our bungalow into a ship.
First appliances: fridge, stove,
electric tooth brush and water pick.
Then larger pieces. Siding
for the rocket body; chimney
for part of the nose cone.
Right now I'm entering coordinates
into a combination of water heater
and wet bar. Both of us knew
things were finished when I
savaged the bed for springs.

(Landing apparatus.)
It was just the two of us
in a denuded frame, sitting
on the floor not talking about
leaks, drafts. In the garden
my ship flattened the winter
squash; it towered above
what was left of the roof.
There wasn't much of a goodbye.
He shrugged and I scanned
the room for wire nuts. (I forget
now why I needed wire nuts.)
When my afterburn ignited
what was left of the place, I
allowed myself a small smile—
than set the toaster for deep
space. It didn't ding for years.