



dear Pluto,

of late I have been dreaming of ice —  
Mimas says that it's a sign I miss you,  
and maybe they're right. maybe all these phantoms  
are just a sign of the times, a message Hyperion left  
on my answering machine —

you haven't changed, girl, or at least  
you haven't changed enough.

and love, I fear that he's right; I always was  
deficient when it came to letting go —  
maybe it's the sickle in my hands, or maybe  
it's a post-communist nostalgia.

maybe my mother bled too many ages into me  
when I was still in her womb.

I digress.

the point, my darkling —  
the point that seems to evade me always —  
the point is that you are the only one who knows  
every last crater cartographed onto my soul.

only you are intimate with the way I long for soil;  
only you know how badly I fever for a lost sea —  
only you know this ghost inhabiting my machine.

and yes, this is me trying to say nobody holds me  
like you do, nobody gets me.

yes, this is me trying to say that you complete me.

yes, this is me trying to say,  
are you free Thursday?

bashful,  
Saturn



## *Saturn to Pluto*

Lianna Schreiber