

## One Ticket, Please

*Jedi* opened again yesterday.  
Luke is back again to lead the rebels to triumph:  
The dark hero.  
He'll go see it surely,  
Just as I saw the other two,  
But probably will not.  
How can I?  
Those few minutes will not be enough  
To wash away the pain that comes before.  
*Empire* reminded me again.  
Why ruin the memory with cold regret.  
I can't go back alone.  
Not so soon.  
It used to be a symbol of freedom,  
Of independence.  
Now the mere solitariness has become loneliness.  
A stab in the back.  
I've stood on my precipice for too long  
Looking down at the world—  
Yes, there is that snob in me—down—  
Occasionally, very occasionally,  
A glance across reveals another at my altitude,  
One like me,  
Another surveying the northern rim.  
So we greet each other with the shortband radio,  
Our only means to say "hi."  
And in the bits of clear noiselessness  
What one most wishes to hear.  
Talk, lots of talk,  
Like in the real world,  
And with equal intimacy.  
Wait. Wait.  
Give me a moment, I'll come to you.  
Even as I prepare to descend the four-mile cliffs of Valles Marineris.  
He moves on again, as if he didn't notice.

Abandon the southern survey!  
But the hesitation makes no difference.  
Now is not the time.  
The movie only makes things worse.  
I will miss you. I already miss you.  
The movie will go unseen.  
Patience.  
Maybe there will be another.  
Fat-chance. All too well.  
Maybe he'll surprise me—tickets for two.  
And maybe in fine years we'll meet at Noctis Labyrinthus  
To do Olympus Mons together.