

of our achievements began to show on our faces.

AFTER A WHILE

At night I'd bring home a weariness,
and when I'd look in the mirror I'd see a creature
made of smoke and pretense, losing desire

insert

to please the mother ship, which had begun

all of us felt this to take us for granted.

Why were we doing what we were doing?

Last week one of the humans invited me

to meet his wife and children. I've begun to fear

that soon I might be asked to break into that stash

of electro-atomic weaponry we were given,

and do something otherworldly to these people

who, in spite of their relative lack of culture

and intelligence, have shown me such kindness.

They are guilty, I see now, only of being born
on the wrong planet at a time of our ascendancy.