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## Space Explorer

*Timothy Baker*

I was new, a little boy.  
I threw a chair over on its posterior.  
I had a ruler for my steering stick.  
I was a space explorer!  
My parents laughed.

I ambled around the lustrous planet, Mars.  
I felt the spongy soil.  
I breathed in the red air.  
I was a space explorer!  
My parents laughed.

I was tired and hungry.  
I didn't want to see aliens.  
I wanted to return home.  
I didn't want to be a space explorer!  
My parents smiled and welcomed me back.

**1996 High School Poetry Contest  
Fifth Place Winner**

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**Cornfield Review**