

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**