



Oysterman, Mimi Shapiro, Lancaster, PA

Welteislehre

In September the CEO contacts NASA to send him to space. A debt ceiling looming over Congress and the millionaire heads toward the moon, floats around a bit, returns to tell the story to his office. I'll be clear. There can be no skepticism where there is no gravity.

All day in my garage, the buzz saw, face guard, coming to terms with the world I learn from television. At my work table, measuring precise angles in a hurry. Imagine: feet dangling like a marionette, eyes wide at the once immeasurable globe.

Perfect earth, comprehensible size he always wanted it to be. The continents: conflicting his childhood maps. He wants you to know that Russia is larger than we're told, that the bright lights of Japan at night were like a sideways grin elbowing to him in vitro.

More than anything, that somewhere below, a bank was holding his credit and ready for re-entry. His secretary nods, agreeing earth is more an oval, that Africa is not an ice-cream cone but a dolphin, mid-flight, ready to dive back in to the unknowable ocean.

In application for my home loan I sign that line deciding all borrowed funds be used for property, yet each night go on constructing the rocket in my backyard: dismantling my mower, gutting blender cables, stripping the toaster circuit to lay it on my lawn, losing track of the color-coded wiring at my feet.

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