

*English Class Report:  
I Married a Monster from Outer Space*

He has to marry her. Nothing  
Unusual in that, loveless  
For the sake of children,  
But think of going home  
To the horror of something  
That can't leave you alone.

How did he get into this skin?  
No star-flight boot camp  
For invasion had prepared him  
For this bad luck, drawing  
The short straw of beauty  
As his extraterrestrial duty.

Lust, arousal, foreplay—  
His mind's being fed by a fool.  
Everything in his head is  
Thighs and lips, breasts and hips,  
But something's not getting through;  
She's pliable as fish, smooth

As a nausea of eggs, and  
Finally, he's sick of acting.  
Outside of town, in the spaceship,  
Is the man who wants to drown  
Under her, smother her from above—  
Telepathy can be reversed.

Let him listen for a while  
As he walks upstairs to bed,  
His body changing to knobs  
And ridges, his face to tubes.  
He knows that every planet  
Has fables of tested love,

And just then, before he turns  
The corner, he hears her  
Undressing, and he breathes  
One moment from the reason  
For exploring, spending all  
Of those light years on travel.