

Seven Cups of Landfall

The first cup is seawater
Inhaled by our ships in darkest night
Deuterium for the engines
Oxygen for life support
Salt and trace minerals for the printers

The second cup is pomegranate juice
Sipped slowly
A final taste of Sol's light
Washing down bitter medication

The third cup is water
Swallowed in gratitude
Neutral and tasteless
Quenching throats parched by the cryotubes

The fourth cup is sweet rainwater
Caught in empty supply containers
Nourishing precious new crops

The fifth cup is brandy
Smuggled aboard while the bombs were falling
A few drops touched to the tongue
Heavy with the memory of those we left behind

The sixth cup is milk
Drawn from tiny goats
Their horns pink from the cloning tank

The seventh cup is tea
Brewed from local leaves
Astringent and full of hope
Drink deeply