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Ares . . .

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On a day, we made a trek across red
canyons, from a sleek, tall thing
that landed alone in a plain of dust
and rusty dirt. 'Have you ever been
to Mars?' the voices said. 'No,
not at all,' we answered. 'Then, welcome
to our sands.' And we sat and cried
and rubbed the grime of forgotten memories
and buried friends and loving grandparents
into our eyes until there was nothing
left but the poetry of the universe.