

From: (Mars)

I, and over half the world's population, manage the urban. Tucson, AZ resists sandy basin basements but wind chimes and sierra houses serve us above ground. Glass craters in secret New Mexico military bases stare at the face of Mars staring back. Homegrown strip malls outnumber skyscrapers here. Robert Zubrin's Mars timeline has passed but Ira Flato secrets the plan in their present *Science Friday* conversation. Time tears space so all space will be torn up, an entropy gift of wind across a dry basin. Tyrone Williams argues globalism's timeless Derridean gift. Life on Mars will make us a moment within a string of accidents, nothing special or unique in the universe, once again.

Human density in Seoul, Korea maps the anonymity of the universe, or graphs sound in rain. Earth dot nostalgia will fade once Martian gravity settles the bones. Junebugs will not scream from palo verdes. Tented, urban Mars, then a beautiful and empty landscape. Monsoons check a Trader Joe's run because the VW bug's wipers melt and cats hide under the bed. No tempeh or cats on Mars but a liquid iron core spins under an expanse to be residential and industrial high-rises. Earth immigrants on Nix Olympica—the tallest solar system mountain—can almost touch Jupiter and will sleeping monsters in the “sister” Valles Mariner trench. Mining equipment, process plants, contracts, and return vehicles. Simpler Times beer toasts buffalo tempeh and southern night on Earth.