Astronaut Ice Cream

The words stood out like a flag on a lunar landscape: What the astronauts eat! Beneath the words, the silver-suited spaceman represented everything we valued: ingenuity, bravery, and anti-gravity. We held our breath, tore the foil, and exposed the neopolitan planks, unmeltable, pale, and dry as sidewalk chalk. You picked up the strawberry section (your favorite), and bit off a mouthful with a crunch like acorns under a boot heel. It left a little pinkish dust on your bottom lip as a flag or a warning, but, reckless, I reached for it anyway.