



Poetry

Planets We Now Call Home

by

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Lesser inhabitable Earth they say,
Changing planets in humane ways
And all I do is keep the count
Of all those planets destroyed
And so today I thought and found
Not every home has food to feed
The crying children, dying in wars
To raise humanity in galaxies
And how could I have justified
The sense of glory in all of death
In all that's lost, in all that's gone,
In all of future that's already set.

Well some glories I fail to find,
In speeches of this dynasty,
The human race and other species
Playing a generous game they call bloody,
And now when all the egos gone,
They call for love, they call to none
As all they have left to think
Is where they can rule again
The lost and forgotten human race
Trying to find peace and grace
In ways they really die in guilt
Fear to share in jealousy.

I left my home long ago
When father was there, left to die
In the war of earth as they said
That was never to happen, I won't lie
Yet the wars were fought and lost
And won in some too, at planet's cost
So now we wander in lust of home
That seems so chaotic we've known

As now we humans die and cry

Amidst the stars they justify
The wars are over yet more to come
To establish the humane kingdom

Now all I see are shattered stars
Shattered moons and clouds of gas
Making nights more beautiful indeed
But lacking days, and blinding lights
And interesting it is that poets died
Not because of war and pain
But now we have to romanticise
The hopeless days and nights in vain,
And how could I just justify
The planets where we often land
And call it home for months or years
With nothing but a blackish sand.

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