

SEEKERS ON THE EDGE

The strangers watched their clustered home stars fade,
their engines thrusting free from pull behind.
They spun through dimensions of shine and shade,
discussing their mission, a do-or-die kind.
The chosen emissaries prayed their risk
would somehow aid their desiccating land.
The daring design of their aerodisk
propelled them Earthward as their leaders planned.
They must have water; they would pay in gold
for hydro-sciences, a rescue course.
Scholars and chemists outfitted their hold
to search for relief, a reliable source.
In time to save their blistered asteroid--
life's last galactic outpost in the void.

They came to us, pathetic in their need.
They hoped Earthmen's compassion would surmount
first fear, then curiosity and greed.
They gambled everything on one account
interpreted by elders from old lore
about a "golden law" this planet had.
Their legends said they'd been here once before
to seek advice for rulers who went mad.
Our folklore hints of visitors from space
but learned men have scoffed it off the pages
of our past. We meet now in a race
with time, our water squandered through the ages.
And as we watch--our wealth, our science fails.
We learn together only God prevails.