

SEEKERS ON THE EDGE
(Saganesque Sonnets)

I'd read of UFOs with scornful doubts.
Now certain scientists persuade me well.
The logic of their speculation routs
my negative response. I'm in their spell.
My thoughts were often occupied by those
who might inhabit other unique places.
Unchecked imagination soared to pose
exotic beings in fantastic spaces
and situations facing unknown species.
Then on the cusp of this millennium
I read some more of Dr. Sagan's theses.
My mind was activated with the sum
of his beliefs. A sonnet rose like cream.
Of course, the things I wrote were just a dream:

The strangers watched familiar home stars fade
as engines thrust them free from pull behind.
They spun through vast dimensions, shine and shade,
three volunteers, their mission a desperate kind.
The dauntless emissaries prayed their risk
would somehow save their desiccating land.
The daring new design of their aerodisc
propelled them Earthward as their leaders planned.
They must have water; they would pay in gold
for hydro-sciences, a rescue course.
Brilliant specialists equipped their hold
to locate help, an intercosmic 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 rule" this planet had.
Their legends said they'd been here once before
to seek advice when ancient kings went mad.
Our folklore hints of visitors from space
but modern scholars scoffed it off the pages
of our affairs. 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.