

**WILD PIGS  
OF  
FUKUSHIMA**

**(and other poems)**

**by Willie Watson**

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*also by Willie Watson:*

*Rheets 2016*

*Geology*

*Rheets 2015*

*The Shit Guru (An Expat's Story)*

*Rheets 2014*

*Pink Snow*

*155 Sonnets*

*Rheets*

*Twoems*

*Uncle Willie's Very Silly Animal Poems*

*The This of the That*

*Tarot Poems (with Marie Brožová)*

*The Alchemist's Notebook*

*Four Syllables on Water*

*The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems*

*Poems from Prague*

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## **Introduction**

Here is my 16th book of poetry, and the 7th of those books to be put together without the benefit of any unifying theme, or consistency in rhyme scheme and meter. It's one of those, like *Poems from Prague*, (which were not all about Prague, not at all) *The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems*, *The Alchemists Notebook*, *The This of the That*, *Pink Snow*, and *Geology*, that I'm publishing just because it's time. I've got enough poems to put together between two covers and call it a book, and I want to get them out of the way so I can start working on the next book. So, here it is. Some long, some short; some serious, some silly; and, although you as the reader have a greater right to decide which of these poems deserve to be in which category, some good and some not so good, maybe.

One quick explanatory note on the poem called *Sliding Doors*: the phrase 'ukoncete prosim vystup a nastup, dvere se zaviraji' means 'Please finish getting off and getting on, the doors are closing' and you hear it every day several times a day if you live in Prague, as long as you're not one of those high carbon footprint people who drive everywhere because they don't want to be slammed in the tram with all the other stinky, smelly people, they don't want to be with us on the bus and they'd be downright embarrassed to be found underground. It's the most repetitive phrase in the Prague universe, it's one of the few Czech phrases tourists learn, it is the mantra of our daily routine. So, I absolutely had to write a poem about it.

I must give thanks to the *Alchemy*, *Spit it Out*, *Soma* and *Žižkov Šiška* poetry readings, where all of these first were presented out loud.

Anyway, enough of all that. In print as in person, introductions are odious. Dive in. Enjoy.

## **Wild Pigs of Fukushima**

**Wild pigs of Fukushima  
roaming through the poisoned landscape  
gorge on toxic nuts and berries  
radioactive fish and fungi  
in a land which is forbidden  
human beings cannot enter  
practicing their native habits  
they are breeding there like rabbits  
with atomic energy  
coursing madly through their veins  
each succeeding generation  
each succeeding porcine litter  
brings more chances for mutation  
in their bodies and their brains  
local farmers live in fear  
these savage beasts won't be contained  
bands of hungry, mutant tuskers  
will invade their farms and gardens  
late at night, when they're asleep  
and kill their chickens and their sheep  
adding insult to the injury  
they will rape the barnyard piggies  
who have been domesticated  
savagely they'll fornicate  
with their nuclear powered  
pinky winklers  
they'll transmit their seed  
and create a mutant breed  
which will not be so complacent  
when the farmers try to make them  
into pork chops, ham and bacon**

**they will burst right through the fences  
with their new-found superpowers  
they will soar into the sky  
with lasers beaming from their eyes  
spreading panic, spreading terror  
in the towns and in the cities  
there will be no way to stop them  
Everybody should beware!  
This is real, it's not a dream, the  
Wild pigs of Fukushima!**

## **The lack of Introspection in Nature**

**The branches of trees grow out, not in  
because that is the way to go  
we always continue from where we begin  
because that's just how we grow  
the trunk of the tree reaches up toward the sun  
and every year is higher  
the roots go down, deep into the ground  
because balance is required  
people are a bit like trees  
and we grow just as great as we can  
and so we fulfill our destiny  
even though we can't see the plan**

## **The Inevitability of Diversity**

**The random forces of nature  
given infinite time  
A plethora of creations  
magnificent and sublime**

## **Wordflowers**

**The world is a jungle  
the ground is a floor  
everything's interlinked  
caterpillars are butterflies  
words become metaphors  
nothing is ever totally extinct  
The night is black  
A rose arose  
so pretty and so pink  
the language is the landscape  
of the world in which we think**

## **Vigilance**

**Beware, beware, beware, beware  
of all the evil things out there  
and beware the good as well  
it will betray you, sure as hell  
there is no way you can defend  
life will kill you in the end**

## **Poetry in the Age of Social Media**

**There are so many more people writing today  
the bar has been lowered, more people can play  
The good side of that is more poems get writ  
The bad side is most of those poems are shit**

## **Contrariness**

**If you say it's a lovely day  
There are folks who will object  
It's in their nature, it's their way  
It's automatic, I suspect  
We could have a better world  
Utopia, a paradise  
Though there are those who would object  
I rather think it would be nice**

## **linguistic Mutations**

**We're all writing more and more  
than we ever did before  
status updates, comments, tweets,  
some are bitter, some are sweet  
We're trying to communicate  
and sometimes it is not so great  
Sometimes, in the rush of words  
it's natural, mistakes occur  
We type I'll instead of all  
we think bird, it comes out ball  
I like a thing, I think it's hat  
and lots of stuff like this and that  
in the rash and flood of words  
we right things that sound absurd  
butt sometimes, often, random words  
will bring about a brand new thought  
and that's knot nothing, no, it's not**

## **View from the Train**

**I can see the raindrops  
plinky plinking on the river  
from the window  
of the train  
where I am warm and dry  
from my post-industrial palanquin  
I view the world that's passing by  
as I float across the Earth  
between the river and the sky**

**Dots upon the water  
paint a pointillist impression  
the river looks so still  
although we know where it is going  
as it winds between its banks  
a banner on the breeze  
It is flowing, slowly flowing  
slowly flowing to the sea**

**Somewhere north of Prague  
between Roztoky and Kralupy  
early on a Wednesday morning  
in the springtime of the year  
the world's a mighty work of art  
but the meaning's not so clear**

## **Aristotelian logic**

**Aristotelian**

**Logic is simple, all  
A's are in B and that's  
how it begins  
All B's are in C, but  
it doesn't work backwards  
That's where the differences  
start to creep in**

**There are some things that we  
all have in common, like  
eating and drinking and  
sleeping and such  
So fundamental that  
one might suspect that the  
differences do not  
amount to that much**

**But life is not limited  
to the necessities  
We all have dreams that we'd  
like to explore  
And if we fulfill them  
We suddenly find that  
that's just the beginning  
of something much more**

**Some people love movies  
Some people love music  
Some people love sports and  
Some people love art**

**As different flowers  
can make up a garden  
Each individual  
plays their own part**

**We are all subsets  
of civilization  
There is a universe  
inside each soul**

**We are magnificent!  
We are all beautiful!  
But, each of us is a  
part of the whole**

**We are all subsets  
of civilization  
There is a universe  
inside each soul**

**So, let's all be hippies  
and dance in the meadow  
let's all be hippies and  
dance in a ring  
Let's eat and drink and  
Be merry together  
And let everybody just  
Do their own thing**

## **Warning Sign**

**When we're in the Metro  
There are lights and people all around  
So, it's easy to forget  
That we are deep beneath the ground  
In an artificial space  
That's hollowed out beneath the surface  
So, when I see water dripping  
From the ceiling, I get nervous**

## **Narcissus**

**Narcissus was a handsome lad  
but he was rather dim  
Good looks aren't all there is to life  
He should have learned to swim**

## **A Brief Moment of Anarchy**

**The silent surface of the mountain lake  
Lies so flat, and still, and so pristine  
Unsullied as the frosting on a cake  
And perfectly reflects the mountain scene**

**But then a passing stranger hurls a rock  
In a parabolic arc, so high and clean  
It lands upon the surface with a shock  
The picture shatters, what does it all mean?**

**As the ripples race out to the shore  
The picture's shattered into bits and then  
the ripples stop when they can move no more  
The unmoving picture comes to light again  
Things stay a while as they are arranged  
Then comes a rock, and everything is changed**

## **Morning Snow**

**The snow was falling through the night  
and now we see by morning light  
the rows of rectangles of gray  
which mar the solid sea of white**

**Where the cars have gone away  
because it's just another day  
and we must be where we must be  
there is no time to stop and play**

**I step out on my balcony  
a snowman smiles up at me  
and that is how he lets me know  
the world is still in harmony**

**In winter, any way we go  
the young, the old, the fast, the slow  
we leave our prints upon the snow  
we leave our prints upon the snow**

## **The Niche Filling Nature of Nature**

All the living things on Earth  
have evolved in different ways  
Some have eyes, so big and bright  
which open to let in more light  
so they can roam and hunt by night  
while others love the sunny days

Some put their roots down in the ground  
and there they grow, without a sound  
they have no hands, they have no feet  
all the flowers that smell so sweet,  
the vegetables we like to eat  
and the green grass all around

There are fish throughout the sea  
and there are birds which rule the air  
snakes and moles who dig in dirt  
absolutely everywhere  
wherever there's a niche to fill  
inevitably, something will

## **Everybody's famous**

Everybody's famous  
in their own family  
Everybody's famous  
among their friends  
Every individual is  
part of humanity  
Dancing in a circle  
That has no end

Everybody laughs and  
everybody cries and  
everybody eats, and  
sleeps and dies  
Fish are swimming  
Birds are flying  
We're all walking  
Through the sky

We're all together  
Dancing in a circle  
Life is a party  
Life is a fling  
We can have as much fun  
As we want to  
Everybody dance and sing

Everybody's famous  
In their own family  
Everybody's famous  
Among their friends  
Every individual is  
Part of humanity  
Dancing in a circle  
That has no end

## **The Inspiration of Availability**

**We choose our words and send them out  
into the emptiness  
If it wasn't for the internet  
I'd write a whole lot less**

## **Motive**

**Eat the rich, and feed the poor  
And it will not be long before  
We're living in a world in which  
None aspire to be rich**

## **Phallic Imagery**

**It could be a bong, or a microphone  
a hot dog or an ice cream cone  
a broomstick or a garden rake  
a banana, a flute, a baton, a snake  
a rifle or a submarine  
it's all just phallic imagery  
You widen the search, you lower the bar  
sometimes a cigar is just a cigar**

## **Scuttering leaves**

**The leaves that fly across the lawn  
go wherever Summer's gone  
another season's bit the dust  
but Spring will come  
in this we trust**

## **Anthropomorphization**

**Anthropomorphizing  
robots is something that's  
going to happen, it's  
going to be**

**Robots take any shape  
humans can give them, so  
that isn't all that we're  
going to see**

**If we can make humans  
then we can make giants and  
dragons and fairies and  
mermaids and elves**

**All manner of creatures  
with different features  
doing the things which  
we can't do ourselves**

## **Beer**

**Is it the color  
Translucent and gold  
Like a beacon in the night?**

**Is it the temperature  
(usually cold)  
That makes it seem so right?**

**Is it the sturdy,  
Foamy crown  
The color of fleece or snow**

**Or is it the ease  
With which it goes down  
That makes us love it so?**

**Is it the atmosphere of the pub  
or the glasses so stout and tall?  
All of these things are lovely, but  
...I think it's the alcohol**

## **Swimmers**

**From the meeting of four legs  
Through the tunnel, deep and dark  
Swimming, swimming, on we surge  
Compelled by deep and primal urge  
We feel again the ancient spark  
But only one will breach the dam  
And fertilize the sacred egg**

**Thus, the paradigm is changed  
The curtains part, the play begins  
The light of day obscures the night  
The world is full of sound and sight  
We hear, we see, we take it in  
And soon, it's not so strange**

**It's happened many times before  
The generations come and go  
and there are changes with each one  
but we are very far from done  
there is so much we do not know  
there is so much that's still in store**

**From that moment, long ago  
In the endless, empty night  
A great, big bang that was not heard  
In the very beginning, there was no word  
In the beginning, there was light  
But there was no one there to know  
No audience, but what a show**

**Shakespeare said ‘the world’s a stage’  
But, a stage can also be  
A level which we must fill in  
Before the next one can begin  
The next, which we have yet to see  
Now, in the information age  
We are about to turn the page**

**We’re at the point where childhood ends  
And all that meant so much to us  
Is revealed, within the light  
As empty dreams, and flakes of dust  
And then, we will begin again  
To survive, we must transcend  
To survive, we must transcend**

## **Slow Rap**

**All the rappers lay the rap down as smooth as peanut butter  
but if I try to talk like that, I know I'm going to stutter  
and it doesn't come across as well, in fact, it sounds like crap  
so allow me to introduce a style I'm going to call 'slow rap'  
please listen very carefully to the words I'm about to utter  
I'll enunciate them plainly and I don't intend to mutter  
and if I can keep it just like this then I probably won't sputter**

**How slow is slow rap? Very, very  
slow, as molasses in January  
that's what my mother always said to me  
whenever she was less than impressed with my alacrity  
at waking up in the morning, and getting myself dressed  
or even just in keeping up with all of the rest  
and she was absolutely right, I have to confess  
that whatever my intentions, I never was the best  
at keeping pace with the human race,  
and to tell you the truth that's still the case  
How slow is slow rap? Slow like a late night DJ  
all strung out on heroin and doesn't know what to play  
slow like an armadillo, trying to cross the freeway  
cars whizzing past him, don't give him any leeway  
The drivers seem to think they're on the Daytona Speedway  
if the armadillo's lucky, he might get across O.K.  
but if he is not then he is going to be oshed-squay  
squashed like a pancake, flatter than hell  
baking in the hot sun, oh what a smell  
rotting armadillo goop and jagged bits of shell**

**That is the problem in our world of speed  
violence, power, lust and greed  
we go straight forward, without paying heed  
to what is important, to what we need**

**How slow? Slow as in the story  
when the tortoise and the hare had their race for glory  
the tortoise knew he couldn't match the speed of the hare  
but he just kept going like he didn't even care  
and he won!**

**'cause that's how it's done**

**Now, genuine rappers might think of this with scorn  
but not every rhyme needs to pop like popcorn  
When the words are spoken, an idea is born  
some can do it in other languages, to me that would be foreign  
like trying to write rap in Klingon or Bajoran  
slow like geology, slow like evolution  
let the rhymes keep coming till it comes to a resolution  
but every story, and every poem, must come to a conclusion  
there's no way that you can avoid it  
that's slow rap – I hope you enjoyed it**

## **Sliding Doors**

*Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup*

the doors are closing, you must decide

*Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup*

*dveře se zavírají*

I don't know if I should stay or I should go

I don't even know how anybody even COULD know

Time goes forward like a train on a track

ticket attack, ticket attack, ticket attack, ticket attack

and we can't see the future but we're never going back, Jack

Drift with the current, you can go with the flow

you can fly like a rocket, baby, go, man, go!

Either way you go, you're gonna find something new

You can't change time but time is gonna change you

*Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup*

opportunities are passing you by

*Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup*

*Dveře se zavírají*

Ice cream, apple pie, chocolate cake

So many different choices that you could make

you can stay, you can go, you can give, you can take

Every hour, every minute, every second of the day

what to eat, what to wear, what to do, what to say

Once you've said it, you can't take it back

ticket attack, ticket attack, ticket attack, ticket attack

as the train keeps going, keeps going down the track

and for every door that opens, another one closes

if you're gonna raise goats then you can't have roses

**Contrariwise, and we gotta be hopin'  
One door closes and another opens  
I don't understand how we all keep copin'  
when we're mostly in the dark and we're just blind gropin'  
I just don't get it and I can't explain  
Why EVERYBODY doesn't just flip out and go insane  
from the constant stream of choices that is moving through  
our brain  
and you can't have it all no matter what you do**

***Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup  
Life is so short, and we're all going to die  
Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup  
dveře se zavírají***

## **The Voice of God**

**The voice of God you sometimes hear  
suddenly, so loud and clear  
Says the same things that you would!  
this is proof that God is good  
And, it shouldn't seem so odd  
that stupid people hear stupid gods**

## **Socialism**

**Did you go to a public school, my friend  
do you live on a public street  
is your garbage picked up every now and again  
so things are kept more or less neat?  
Have you ever called the police, my friend  
or been happy to know that you could?  
Have you sat on a bench in a city park  
and felt that life was good?  
Have you ever called the firemen,  
or an ambulance perhaps?  
Have you ever driven across a bridge  
and been glad that it didn't collapse?  
Have you ever been to a library,  
a museum or even a zoo?  
If you've ever done any one of these things  
Then you are a socialist, too!**

## **We Believe**

**We are all human beings and we're living here together  
on this crazy little planet with its weird kinds of weather  
when it's cold, we all shiver,  
when it's hot, we sweat  
when we go walking in the rain, we all get wet  
and in so many other ways, everyone's the same  
so all the wars and the conflicts are a pity  
and a shame  
there are so very many things on which we all agree  
and if you can agree with that, repeat after me:**

**We believe... the sun shines  
We believe... the wind blows  
We believe... the sun sets  
We believe... the moon glows**

**We believe that time goes by  
We believe the world turns  
We believe that every child  
should have... a chance to learn**

**We believe that love and peace  
should be the order of the day  
hate and war should be no more  
no one liked them anyway**

**We believe that fair's fair  
and every one deserves respect  
that's the same everywhere  
because it's what you would expect**

**We believe in apple pie,  
ice cream and chocolate cake  
warm nights, starry skies  
a bit of dancing by the lake**

**We believe... that all the people  
of the Earth... should be free  
to go walking... in the mountains  
or to sail... across the sea**

**We believe... that the future  
is a place... we want to be  
if we all... come together  
on the things... we all agree**

## **L'Art Trouvé**

**One day while walking in the wood  
I saw a branch upon the ground  
and from that branch another grew  
amid the tall grass all around  
it looked right there, it looked good  
where it fell, where it was found  
orphaned in an autumn storm  
like a statue on the lawn  
it was perfect, in its way  
l'art trouvé  
a jagged stone looks like a face  
a coffee stain looks like a cat  
we see them almost everywhere  
a million little things like that  
the rotting ribs of a cast-up boat  
a sentinel upon the sea  
reveals the heart of all that floats  
now, and for posterity  
What is real? and, What is art?  
A bit of wire, a twist, a fold  
Why must the two be kept apart?  
What's trash for one is another's gold  
Look around and you will see  
Art is a part of reality  
Le monde entiere est un musee,  
de l'art trouvé**

## **The Kick**

**The goalman gives a mighty kick  
the football flies so high  
all eyes are fixed upon that sphere  
that's moving through the sky  
if we trace its parabolic arc,  
we know roughly where it will land, yes  
but what happens after that  
is anybody's guess  
the future holds both good and bad  
and both in large amounts  
but it's not so easy to predict  
which way the ball will bounce**

## **A Twist in Meaning**

Life's complex, but don't get a complex  
different words mean different things,  
in a different context

## **Birds Over the Rudolfinum**

The birds perform a looping flight  
above the Rudolfinum  
If you've walked across Most Legií at night  
I'm sure you must have seen 'em  
They drift, pure white, in that glowing light  
a sweet, angelic vision  
an ethereal, aerial ballet  
but I know they're only pigeons

## **The Rule of Unwritten Rules**

Unwritten rules are still rules of a sort  
although breaking them won't get you hauled into  
court  
you still could be shunned or dismissed as a fool  
so, it's wise to not mess with the unwritten rule

## **The Fermi Paradox. Applied in a Different Context. Sort Of**

If there is such a thing as ghosts  
(which I rather doubt is true)  
then everywhere that folks have lived  
ghosts must live there, too

## **Quiz Whiz**

**You may be a whiz at the  
internet quizzes  
and still not know shit from Shinola  
as such  
They make them easy  
so everyone can be  
an internet genius  
without knowing much**

## **Twisted Reality**

**Reality requires some bending  
to always come up with a happy ending**

## **The Convergence of Reality and Art**

Water, water, water, water, falling all around  
there are drops upon the leaf, and puddles on the ground  
the streams and mighty rivers absorb the tiny drops  
and they flow down to the oceans, the cycle never stops  
the drops, the leaf, the pavement, all play their tiny part  
the laws of physics make for works of art

## **Writing Prompts**

**Writing prompts are everywhere you look  
a tree, a rock, a flower or a book**

**Writing prompts are everything we see  
a rock, a book, a flower or a tree**

## **Robot Bees**

**Soon there will be robot bees  
and, in a way, that's nice  
they could preserve humanity  
but there will be a price  
On the plus side, no sting  
on the down side, no honey  
and whoever makes them  
will make lots of money  
they'll rent out the robots  
charge farmers huge fees  
It would be better  
to just keep the bees**

## **The Unpronounced and the Unpronounceable**

The water slaps and burbles as it winds between the rocks  
the gravel that's beneath your feet, that crunches as you walk  
the crickets rub their legs at night, a bold, impassioned song  
the doppler whine of cars and trucks as traffic moves along  
each of these sounds are memories,  
within our minds they're held  
and, like the name of God, they can't be spelled.

## **Ride the Wind**

The sky above was cloudy gray  
the wind was blowing cool and slow  
as I walked on my merry way  
across the ground below

Oh! How I longed to ride the wind!  
Savage, naked, wild and free  
but, I knew that everyone  
would point and laugh at me

## **In the future (When We're Robots)**

**In the future (when we're robots)  
we won't have to poop or pee  
we will link our minds and think  
deep thoughts in perfect harmony  
In the future (when we're robots)  
we won't ever stub our toes  
or get headaches, itchy butts,  
upset stomachs or runny noses  
We won't ever have to read  
and strain our eyes till we are blind  
we'll just download all the books  
and have them there inside our minds  
We'll explore the universe  
Oh! It will be so wonderful!  
In the future (when we're robots)  
but, it might get kind of dull**

## **The fortunate Invisibility of the Tardigrades**

**They're microscopic (very small)  
we cannot see them, not at all  
Which probably is just as well  
tardigrades look gross as hell**

## **Wild flowers**

**There are places flowers grow  
in tidy gardens, row on row  
They also grow in big, clay plots  
and randomly in vacant lots  
they are everywhere you look  
among the rocks, beside the brook  
there are cacti they adorn  
surrounded by a million thorns  
do not be fooled by their looks so fair  
their pretty petals, their fragile air  
their poise, their grace, their perfumed smell  
they are fierce, and wild as hell**

## **nap**

**There are things we ought to do  
but they won't really change a thing  
with or without me or you  
the world will turn, the birds will sing  
the rain will fall, the wind will blow  
the sun will shine, the rivers flow  
there is so much we cannot change  
there is so much we can't prevent  
An afternoon nap is time well spent**

## **DMV**

**Deconstructing modern verse  
is an academic's task  
Meter, rhyme and clarity  
Is truly all I ask**

## **Basic Instinct**

**People are not trees,  
we are not rooted to the ground  
we have always been a species  
which has liked to walk around  
we've sailed across the oceans  
and trekked across the land  
we've explored the woodlands  
and got lost in desert sands  
Now, our eyes turn to the stars  
and in our hearts we know  
that we don't know what is out there  
so, it's out there we must go**

## **Homage to Emily**

**Time is the thing that passes  
the moments do not last  
and what we call the present now  
will presently be past  
Though cultural anomalies  
may well distort the view  
its pace is slow and steady  
its direction always true  
We measure it, we label it  
we use it every day  
but time is quite oblivious  
to all we do and say**

## **Word of the Day**

**Sometimes I comment as a grammarian  
some folks don't like that, they go all contrarian  
"You don't know squat," they say  
"Oh, do I not?" I say  
Then I get even more ultracrepidarian**

## **Perpetual Motion**

Grace and fluidity  
Light and liquidity  
These are the characteristics of water  
Tumbling down with a joyful rapidity  
Covers the ground like a natural fountain  
Flows down the mountain  
Like chocolate syrup  
That carves out sweet rivulets  
Down the round hill  
of vanilla ice cream  
Art copies life in the world of our consciousness  
Art copies life in the world of our dreams  
And there is no ending, there's only the stream  
Then it slows down as it  
Reaches the flatter lands  
That is the standard and that is the pattern  
then it's a river that's broader and deeper  
It's still in motion but now it feels sleepier  
It's still a power that can't be contained  
But the manic, the frantic cannot be sustained  
We all slow down as we get a bit older  
Find a sweet groove and stop bashing the boulders  
The river keeps flowing right down to the ocean  
That thick, salty potion where all life began  
And everything's going according to plan  
Change and mutation and regeneration  
These are the laws of the physical universe  
Everything's happening in perpetuity  
There's continuity, things fit together  
And whether or not we know what it all means  
The world's a perpetual motion machine

## **The Best-Known Unknown**

**When Marco Polo headed East  
it wasn't all that clear  
what kind of people he would meet  
or what he had to fear  
but, he set out anyway  
that's all that he could do  
and thus we have spaghetti  
and paper money, too**

**Columbus set sail for the West  
but didn't understand  
quite how big the planet was  
or just where he would land  
sure, he raped and killed a lot  
tortured, plundered, slaved  
but still he gets some credit  
for being bold and brave**

**Now we have giant telescopes  
that look out to the stars  
we can calculate the distances  
and know just where we are  
we have omniscient computers  
where trajectories are stored  
Space is the best known unknown land  
we ever have explored**

**So, as we send out spaceships  
into the cosmic night  
perhaps, perhaps, this time at last  
we're going to get it right**

## **The Aspiration of the Dawn**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
a beacon, bold and bright  
and all the details of the world  
come clear in its sweet light**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
as much as if to say  
“Just look at all there is to do  
on such a brilliant day!”**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
a big, orange ball of hope  
it doesn't always save us  
but, at least, it helps us cope**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
except when the sky is gray  
but we know that it will reappear  
when the clouds all go away**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
the sun goes down at night  
and then it comes up in the morning again  
and everything's all right**