

Once Upon A Time

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A prayer to alien archeologists.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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when an alien gaze

falls on

walls

– crumbling in silence never broken by our laughter –

walls

that once held our life,

embraced our love ...

will a whisper of what we were

still float on the air?

– air we'll never breathe –

will anything remain?

when alien hands

lay bare

floors

– covered by detritus never disturbed by our steps –

floors

that once carried our hopes,

supported our dreams ...
will any trace of what we believed
still linger in the wind?
– wind we'll never taste –
will anything remain?
when alien eyes
lift up to the mountains
– the same mountains we climb today –
– the same mountains we once looked to for divine succour –
a sigh will rise from the earth:
an ancient echo of atoms shared with the universe,
of psalms sung in ecstasy
oh how I hope
that those who will unearth our squares and streets
in futures unimaginable
will know of songs and stories,
will wonder what we thought and wrought
when no book and no painting is left
oh how I pray
that those who uncover our homes
in times unknown
will dream of us,
will tread softly amid the dust of desire and despair
when nothing else remains of us
and when we touch
stones chiselled centuries ago
let reverence guide our hands
and when we read
ex-voto carved decades ago
let gratitude move our lips
and now
now let us
inhale
– oh count your heartbeats –
exhale
– oh dance to your pulse –
and now
now
let us live