

I had come to  
the land

of the pale  
ochre sand,

Where God Shines  
His eye

dim and cold,

Where the air,  
though it's thin,

kicks a hell of  
a wind,

Which cuts through  
the tears

in my clothes.

In the Great  
Helas Bowl.

bright yellow  
clouds roll,

They swirl  
'round

a silver obelisk,

Once a ship,  
now a tomb,

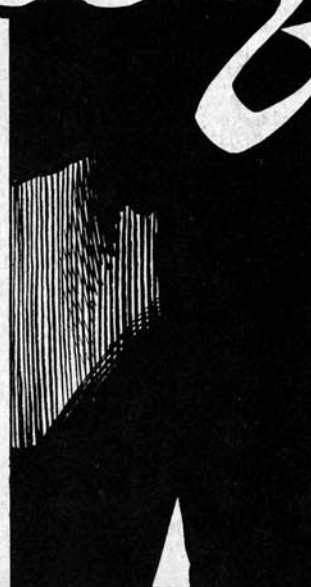
for my crew,  
for me soon,

Well, we all  
were aware

of the risk.



# a Martian saga



There's no reason  
to stay,  
rescue's two weeks  
away,  
And I've only  
three days  
worth of air,

So I'll see  
what I can,  
of this  
desolate land,  
The direction  
I go,  
I don't care.

Sure, there're  
clouds  
in the sky,  
but the seas  
are bone dry,  
Cause nowhere  
on Mars  
does it rain,

Hills and craters  
abound,  
on the smooth  
desert ground  
But most  
of the land  
is the same.



Then I came  
to a plain,  
laminated  
terrain,  
Where the ground  
into layers  
was pressed,

On the rust-colored  
land,  
camped a  
nomadic band,  
In tough leather  
hides  
they were dressed.

They were fleshy  
and plump,  
round faces,  
full rumps,  
But their  
bodies were  
as solid as clay,

They laughed  
at the man  
who breathed air  
from a can,  
But in gestures  
they bid me  
to stay.



Corraled was  
a beast,  
for some  
future feast,  
And it seemed  
that it knew  
of that fate,



For as I  
came near,  
it bellowed  
with fear,  
And kicked  
till it  
broke down  
the gate.



It charged into  
the clan,  
and tore up  
a man  
Then turned  
to a girl  
near my side,



While the tribesmen  
were stunned,  
I unholstered  
my gun  
And burned  
a hole  
through its hide



As the beast heaved  
and bled,

moaning, dying  
then dead,

The girl  
that I saved

came to me,

Her face,  
so serene,

her onyx eyes  
gleamed,

Like the moon  
on a

glittering sea.

She was a girl  
I had known

on the green fields  
of home,

She was each girl  
from out of

my past

The first girl  
I kissed,

the one that  
I missed,

The best,  
the others,

the last.



With a childlike  
charm

she accepted  
my arm,

For she  
understood

my desire.



'Neath oilskin  
dome,

we were both  
all alone

As our nakedness  
shined

in the fire.



I thanked  
all the stars,

for this one night  
on Mars,

For the beauty  
so firm

and so fair,



As we locked  
in embrace,

horror twisted  
my face,

Damnation,  
I ran out

of air!

