

A New Planet
By Claire Walmsley

Spacesuits on we step outside,
The air is thick grey soup.
We leave the spaceship tied as one,
So we don't lose the group.

We trudge on through the landscape,
Taking samples as we do.
I'm sweating now, it's far too hot,
For me and all the crew.

And where there should be crystal blue,
There's only thick black slime.
It's meant to be so beautiful,
Not full of rot and grime.

Life must have been intelligent,
There's snippets as we tour.
But something must have happened here,
That shook it to its core.

There must have been disaster,
Like an asteroid from space.
The planet lies in ruins,
And they've gone without a trace.

We find an old computer,
Maybe it will tell us more.
We boot it up and turn it on,
And settle on the floor.

We click through pages mouths ajar,
The data is quite clear.
They caused it all and worse of all,
Had known for many years.

Noone seemed too bothered,
And ignored the looming fate.
Until that is, it went too far,
And it was much too late.

The path this planet went down,
Is a path that we might go.
We know we have to do something,

As change can be quite slow.

We leave this world behind us,
Hoping that we can rebirth.
Otherwise we might end up,
Like this wasteland Planet Earth.