

A Future Trek

Swift, simple, silent,
Piercing through space,
Searching, never finding,
Another extant race.

Sophisticated death doth part,
Planets and evolutionary art.

A hopeful, despairing crew,
In search of vibrant life,
Finds nowhere, anything new,
But a history of strife.

Civilized technics can't protect,
To just nature it will not defect.

The barren soil meets new boots,
Slouching, they look for what is left,
At every turn they find dead roots,
Nature and culture are no longer cleft.

Hadrian Ma'at Ferran

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Dear reader,

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I hope you have enjoyed this text and will enjoy future texts :)
Best, Hadrian