

Once my Place

The light from a dying sun is foggy; the low light never changes.

The air is clean to the lungs. There are blinking stars at all hours.

Never is day different from night even for the young

Sleep is necessary for re-energizing; It must be artificially timed.

No trees, no bushes, no grass.

All-terrain underfoot is made of spongy small balls filled with gas.

Water runs clean from sources unseen.

Cities and villages contain habitats for families.

Living spaces consist of opaque walls, a separation of function.

All roofs and ceilings are transparent to let in available light.

Sleeping spaces are very small; No home electricity at all.

The food room is for eating and storage; Filled with covered bins, chairs, and a table.

Inside the bins are color-coded, various-shaped food dispensers.

Tubes contain liquid-based nutrients; Elliptical containers are full of cereal-like porridge.

The colors of the containers tell the flavors. My favorite was the blue tube.

All meals have been produced in laboratories during the past century.

There is not enough sunlight to grow what is needed.

Energy is easily saved; Movement is effortless. Gravity is very light.

It is easy to kick and throw objects out of sight

Life reluctantly adjusts to environmental challenges.

Unknowingly, deceptively giving up what was.

Using energy in “making do” without the will or unity to combat the changes.

Too late! ... and desperation prevails.

Part 3 – Poetry and Thoughts

Plans are made to leave.

We must find another world.

We must survive.

Families are chosen.

Flights are scheduled.

We are put on first.

We want to stay alive!

In the *New Place, Somewhere Out in Space.*

Excitement, hope, adventure we face.

Distant suns in sight, unfurled.

Straight up into faraway worlds.

leaving *Once my Place*