

## MARS SERIES

### Of Ice and Dust

Three featured landmarks  
Each a kind of hallmark  
Birds not quite of a feather  
Flying the coop in unusual weather  
Singing the same tune  
Like a starling, a duck, and a loon  
“There’s water ice on Mars  
Thank your lucky stars”  
It’s right at the equator  
In a planet-wide theater  
There’s enough for a sea  
Would you go sailing with me?  
We could swing by the crater  
Nicholson will drop by later  
We could cruise down the canyon  
Looking for Medusae and her haunted mansion  
We could slide down the alcove  
Where we could recharge our great love trove  
Docking at the pingos  
We’ll wander where the wind goes  
Washing the dust from our eyes  
Now a place where a bed and breakfast lies  
They tunneled in over there  
Enough water to wash your hair  
They have a lovely aquarium  
And steamy green terrarium  
They’ll remind of us Earth  
Of biology, there’s a dearth  
But give me rusty red and white for now  
This pile of dust and ice is a sacred cow

### The Ice Martian

Icy remnants are treasures on Mars  
As crystalline steppingstones to the stars  
From filling a rusty pan to make Martian Mush  
To mixing up your tang and through to the flush  
From fuel for a rocket  
To oxygen in your pocket  
Drawing them in as honey to ants  
Seemingly running to drop their pants  
Water in abundance makes an oasis  
In all dry and deserted places  
Icy remnants pock-marked by the wind and sky  
They invite us to poke and pry

A Martian with a geology hammer  
He bets on a scheme to evade the slammer  
He chisels away at veins of pure ice  
To satisfy the fancies of the upper slice  
Happy Martian, made on Mars  
Served with ancient ice, filled their jars  
Green vodka made from algae, it was the craze  
Screwing with the oxygen could amplify the haze  
But back to the wonderful icy remnants  
As important to the Martians as the Ten Commandments  
Whether put there by God, or a wobbly planet  
The Martians were glad, though it was as hard as granite  
If mixed with dust, it was unbreakable  
Only solar or nuclear heating could make it drinkable  
But a vein of pure ice could crack like glass  
It gave our hero an angle to save his crazy ass  
Shipping coolers of supercooled Martian ice  
Around the planet at an exorbitant price  
He bled out a fortune and built a palace of ice  
They called him the Ice Martian, so good with the dice  
He travelled about with an entourage and a mount  
It was a steam-powered motorcycle designed to flaunt  
That Ice Martian Ice Chips were the best  
It was icy remnant pure, as established by test  
When the Ice Man comes to deliver  
Even the light drinker will uncontrollably shiver  
Nothing but a quick fix will do the trick  
So, drink like a kingpin, but don't be a prick  
Think like a new breed of Russian  
And that it was too cold for the Prussian  
Mars is not Siberia, or even Antarctica  
Put anti-freeze in the blood for soul stamina  
You might not live as long in such a condition  
But, believe me, the faster killer is radiation  
If only vodka could stop the mutations  
Martians would have better reputations  
Instead, they tunnel into the icy remnants  
To shield themselves from the worst of the elements  
They limit their time doing things on the surface  
And spend their underground time looking for purpose  
Feeling good is one popular endeavor  
Especially for those with minds no one would treasure  
Just like back on Earth  
Your mind is what you are worth  
So, happy Martian, drink to your content  
Believing that your money is well spent

### Sprintly the Cheeman

Sprintly the Cheeman  
When it came to sprinting, was a he-man  
He'd purr softly, if he liked you

Or hiss if he wanted you to chew  
Having the wits of an average man  
We don't have to worry about a grand dastardly plan  
But if you piss him off, I wouldn't run  
Chasing down his prey, he does for fun  
He prefers to be a speedy quadruped  
It's lack of perspective that makes an arrogant biped  
If you could hunt like a professional  
You would not have to walk like a professional  
Anyway, your goofy and clumsy up so high  
And prone to falling down, broken you lie  
So, don't laugh at my plight  
It gives me the speed of flight  
And I can jump over a fellow  
And land as soft as a pillow  
With his custom all-terrain sneakers  
He can chase down all those tweekers  
Yes, he's part of the space force  
Keeping control of the workforce  
For some, vodka isn't enough  
But you'll find that military prison is really tough  
I'll tell you, you won't sit idle  
It's like boot camp, and you'll earn the title  
Inducted into the force  
It may be your preferred choice  
Otherwise forever seen as a looser  
Destined to be a boozier  
Sprintly knows the tale  
Once, it was his tail

## John

John was the worst criminal of humanity  
Fleeing the past with what was left of his sanity  
He nearly forsook the Earth  
To his satisfaction and mirth  
He stood high atop Rome  
The Great Conqueror, he knew, alone  
Atop the great dome, he basked in the glory  
It would be some time before he tired of this story  
The people thought him a savior  
But unguided intelligence, was God's only favor  
In time the elation  
Gave way to lamentation  
He came then to Mars  
Still with the goal of the czars  
He would alter the planet  
You could then be outside and stand it  
It would take like an eon  
But for now, he would live like no peon  
How the money rolled in  
Banked by dream and by sin

To have a great adventure  
To be a part of the future  
To dig in the sand  
To put money in your hand  
To rule a new territory  
To think that it's hereditary  
He lived in Nicholson Crater  
It was right on the equator  
There was a big mountain of ice  
Enough to make a crater so nice  
His plan is to seal it like a greenhouse  
And make the ice into the White House  
Living in a crystal palace  
Drinking from his bloody chalice  
The rusty-red tint  
It seems like a hint  
Mars is the god of War  
But John means to be more

### iCleo

iCleo was a sex robot for hire  
But this one was lucky to retire  
She was modeled after John's old fire  
I guy who wasn't turned on, for sure was a liar  
He gave her semi-intelligence  
Enough for due diligence  
She could do quite a lot  
From cleaning the house to frying the pot  
She only did what you wanted  
Time and again, if you wanted  
She could download the latest of tricks  
To satisfy the most demanding of pricks  
She could be summoned from anywhere in the house  
Though conversational, she could be made quiet as a mouse  
The most perfect of mates  
And you can still go on dates  
Jealousy isn't part of her make up  
And she's immune from being stuck up  
Isn't it about time we all had one?  
I, for one, would not be such a sad one.  
Well, it sounds good on paper  
In time, my interest might taper  
I might then feel like a creep  
Like some weirdo that likes to peep  
I guess there is no harm done  
But what of the real woman, and daughter and son?  
But then I've gone off on a tangent  
Did I tell ya she could win a beauty pageant?

## Nicholson

Nicholson is running for President  
He's noticed the Martians have a new sentiment  
Being swamped by wonton immigration  
Or making Mars a sovereign nation  
Being smothered by old relations  
At the feet of corporations  
Do the pioneers have a right to draw the line?  
Nicholson will make it the question of the time  
He'll want to conjure an upheaval  
One just short of pure evil  
Then the fires will be nicely stoked  
He will seem a godsend to the folk  
They'll shout "Mars for the Martians"  
And they'll fight like bloody Spartans  
A once in a long time situation  
That could be lost with undue hesitation  
But this will take some planning  
And many positions will need the manning  
He'd like to have John in his plans  
His money means it matters where he stands  
Nicholson's not afraid to sell it  
It's a matter of options, and how you deal it  
Behind the scenes, it's about rationality  
In front of the cameras, it's about personality  
By profession, an actor  
By nature, a dreamer  
He wants to be a founding father  
So his name will extend still farther  
Some will claim he's a Reagan or a Trump  
Personalities you need to stick out your chest and thump  
Tear down or build the wall  
But there's no way to make one so tall  
The answers lie in naked heaven  
A cloak defending Martian brethren  
John certainly has the knowhow  
What will it take to make him play ball now?

## Mason

Mason is a researcher and a writer  
Amongst his colleagues, there is no one brighter  
The Holy War and the Great Culling, he covered  
And won a Pulitzer prize for the dirt that he discovered  
Hot on the heels of leaders and the powerful  
Putting together bread crumbs by the mouthful  
He digests all of the information  
And regurgitates news fit for a nation  
Writing that is informative and insightful  
His work is both satisfying and delightful  
He then set off to revolutionary Mars

To cover a story of independence and the stars  
How will it play out in the Solar System?  
Will every world eventually run a similar stratagem?  
And who are the major players?  
There's John, Nicholson, and the Slayers  
These are the questions he means to answer  
With a fine toothed comb, he'll tease out the dander  
Mars could be the precedent  
For future aliens of the same sentiment  
In the mean time, he's got a lead and a hunch  
He see's a dirty angle that will be someone's lunch  
He ponders why people can't be better  
Knowing it's not just to avoid being a debtor  
It's partly for self-gratification, realizes Mason  
But they must satisfy another selfish temptation  
So they take it a step further  
Even willing to commit mass murder  
This puts Mason in a delicate spot  
Ask the wrong questions, and he could be shot  
Better to come on to them as a fan  
As a biographer to put on a pedestal, the Man  
They will slip up and reveal their dirt  
In something akin to pillow talk, but it doesn't hurt  
He will be their drinking buddy  
To his questions, they will respond like putty  
In exchange for their confidence  
His stories will invite providence  
They just have to play along  
Until Mason sings another song

## Martian Bubbles

Martian bubbles, two for survival, one for troubles  
Algae for breathing, domes for breeding  
The light is there focused, a biological hocus pocus  
The rest is inevitable, after all, they're not vegetable  
You might think about it, a condom to not start it  
Radiation is a threat, you might give birth to a pet  
You could only import, domestic, you could abort  
A controversial solution, to genetic pollution  
But the Martians are still human, and emotionally prone to union  
Then there's the instinct to raise, little people you can praise

High in the palace, John sips Champaign from a chalice  
Hot tubs for conjuring, steamy war mongering  
iCleo is there, she waterproof, with nothing to wear  
John humps like a younger fellow, iCleo's realistic jello  
Jumping in the adjacent pool, to cool his horny tool  
He ponders on the speedy cat, and his role as a dirty rat  
Plans stemming from resentment, and dastardly amusement  
He'll replace the ape master, with a mammal that's faster  
There is no real good reason, it's only a product of his gray season

In his waning days, twisted is the way John plays

He invites Nicholson and Mason over, for a steamy stay over  
To play the clever game, and win greater fame  
It's about manipulation, to achieve the instigation  
They'll do what he asks, like robots on task  
The Martians will follow suit, their evolution is the root  
Organic robots are all that they are, without the brilliant, they would not go far  
And it's time for a reality check, you think that your are worthy, what the heck  
Look at all that you've done, destroying everything in the name of the Son  
Now it's time for another, you'll be in the back seat to this brother  
No longer the great ape, a cheeman will wear the royal cape

## The Slayers

The rebels of Mars underground  
Their signature is a deadly sound  
They call themselves the Slayers  
The strong arm of the major players  
Specializing in small explosions  
Disrupting the everyday motions  
They cause Earthlings great pause  
Up against the Martian cause  
Is it worth it to adventure?  
To the forefront of the future  
The Slayers make it a sticky affair  
Sucking out the life giving air  
It's wise to have a backup plan  
Storing air in a survival can  
Wearing bulletproof spacesuits  
To Mars comes Space Force recruits  
They aim to put a stop to the chaos  
Undermining the rebels with golden payoffs  
The money is of no consequence  
Mars is the first of the inevitable sequence  
A giant leap in Man's expansion  
But to achieve it, there is a ransom  
Money is the skeleton key  
For humans, it will always be  
With greedy mouths and hands  
As important to them as taking stands  
With honey, they mean to sway the populous  
Building on Mars a marvelous metropolis  
Why be a troublesome rebel?  
You will only find yourself in rusty rubble  
It's better to play a sweeter tune  
The alternative is to live in ruin  
The Earth has so much to offer  
It arrives in a golden coffer  
Then there's all the technology to boot  
Even more important than the loot  
The Slayers are indeed the bad guys

Rooting them out is the work of good spies  
They'll pay you for the information  
And you'll be listed on the friendly registration  
But the Slayers wish to discourage the trend  
To make examples of traitors, they rend  
It's not just death you will risk  
The punishment is a clawed fist  
You'll ponder as you're bleeding out  
What on Mars is this all about?  
It's the root of the story, after all  
A chance at glory, or a disastrous fall

John Arfstrom