

## POETRY 2017

Jan 23

### TEAT FOR FEET

Like the body of a supermodel, Mother Earth's biosphere is beautiful and thin. But we are plundering her treasures as would raiders of a great pharaoh, not beautiful, but more thin. Whilst nursing at her teat, we are her greedy AND foolish offspring. Because, though raiding King Tut's tomb is a selfish deed, raping Queen Teat is a self-destructive one, indeed.

Unless there is a curse on Tut's tomb. In which case that would be self-destructive too. Yeah, I guess you might say that Mother Earth (aka Queen Teat) has a curse laid upon her body (biosphere), if you look at it that way.

Oh, and Antarctica would be her tit since it is the continent most round. Especially in the winter when sea ice, like spilled milk, grows 'round. And it's completely south because she's so old and they've even merged into one like glaciers so cold. So maybe she's a former supermodel with teat for feet, and we are like mold as we beat and eat. And if we kill her out of ignorance and greed, as we seem cursed to be, we shall follow our mommy, for mummies will be we.

John Arfstrom of "The Association of Satirical Scientists" ("A.S.S")

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Jan 26

### BOEING BLUES AND SPACE X NEWS

Boeing Blue for a crew of two. Starliner and Dragon are taxis to heaven. To I.S.S. until someone invests in a place to plant your A.S.S.. SpaceX to plant a Gleason on your ex. for good reason. Or, perhaps just a cruise to shed off the blues. For the price of a fare paid by those

who don't care. You'll be breaking new ground where none can be found. And, feeding the dragon of the star-liner wagon.

A.S.S. = astronaut space shit

John Arfstrom

From "ASS' ("Annals of Space Shit")

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Feb 9

BUT YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME

or

I'M SO INFAMOUS

Found what I was seeking like some Indiana Jones. Escaping down the Nile with the jewels and my bones. Like an internet crusader I did no speaking to no phones. Counting what it cost me made me feel like throwing stones. In the future I will look back and then will come my many moans. When I tell them my life's story they won't know how to stop their groans. Then I'll remind them that they are no one and that I am spoken of in so many homes. A Jack Sparrow in my own right I'm so infamous and they're so drones. If you ask if it was worth it I'd say that most people are no more than calzones. And, though Napoleon wound up on Malta he may yet entertain the gods on their thrones. Whereas all the countless meatballs will be as coprolites - that means poo poo turned to stones.

I'm so infamoussssssss

I'm so infamoussssssss

I said!

I'm so infamoussssssss

I'm so infamoussssssss

John Arfstrom

aka

MARTIAN ICE

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Feb 28

SOLAR IN-SITU

or

NASA'S PROBE

Solar in-situ

A hot wind enough to pit you

A probe in the corona

Too hot to fry bologna

Through a wind of ions

That bakes brains like prions

Over little black spots the probe is haul-in

Toasted bagel poppy seeds how they've fallen

Bearing temps hotter than the surface

Up above where the magnetosphere finds its purpose

Prior probes couldn't last that long on Venus

Sunny's hotter than a payload of viagra on your penis

The photosphere is the chief grill of Hell's Kitchen

On which even Chef Ramsey would scorch his chicken

But by the time of the 7-year itch

It'll be so blistered it won't even twitch

NASA's probe will be no longer hard and thick

For it will have shriveled as a candle to the wick

And as every spunky monkey has its day in the sun

Tears are sure to follow when the punk has had its run

John Arfstrom

—  
Mar 9

A YEAR FROM THE DAY

or

SUCH A GORGEOUS KITTY

Such a gorgeous kitty  
So amazing to my eye  
From the moment that we met  
You were the apple of my eye  
The play times that we shared  
Put on display for me  
Your amazing evolution  
The best a cat can be  
Through you I touched the wild  
You brought Mother Earth to me  
My fascination with nature  
You satisfied my need, indeed  
To connect to our origins  
The species that are we  
That grace a planet more wondrous  
Than any that we see  
We shared a life together  
The best twenty that will ever be  
Being more than any brothers  
Of a single species could possibly be  
For twenty years I loved you  
And I know it was the same for thee  
From the way you always greeted me  
And begged me not to leave  
And the special ways we connected  
In so many ways hard to believe

John Arfstrom

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Mar 12

## LONE SURVIVOR'S OPTION FOUR

To kill, to let go, or to tie to a tree  
To decide the fate of civilians of three  
With your mission at hand  
And your lives up to a stand  
You ponder the scenarios  
And the inevitable burials  
If they run down the mountain  
You'll be surrounded by Taliban  
If you tie to a tree  
Wolves might have a spree  
You could be cold and just waste them  
But civilians would just think you hate them  
It's a war against terrorism  
Not of barbaric hedonism  
We've had our Vietnam  
The devil, how he spawns  
Though it is another situation  
In which you must fight for your nation  
When your mission is thus compromised  
And the allies can't seem to be harmonized  
I will present to ye now  
A forth solution, and how  
To avoid all the trouble  
You might think outside the bubble  
To the brave men in camo  
All bristling with ammo  
If all your solutions  
Reek and feel like pollutions  
Why not take them with you?  
On a trek to a rendezvous  
Option four is retreat with catch and release

It'll be less battle and more like police  
But you might not push up clover  
And you might win them over  
So as to yet fight another day  
When you can brutally earn your pay

John Arfstrom  
U.S. ARMY VETERAN

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Mar 15

### NEPTUNE ASUNDER

Neptune's brain on people  
Once strong with deeps  
Is growing quite feeble  
Now the old man weeps  
His old waves are sloshing  
His cloths are growing filthy  
As the hot water tossing  
At the ash of the wealthy  
It makes the corals bleach  
How the polyps do boil  
No place it does not reach  
From the release of oil  
Running fast across the land  
Sucked up from his bed  
To please your greedy hand  
Where he'll settle finally dead  
From his realm did we come  
We betray or Father  
Swaying as if overcome with rum  
And we couldn't even bother  
Unwilling to consider just how foolish  
Like self-absorbed bastards  
Like skeletons we are ghoulish

Ignoring all the hazards  
We would even break his bones  
To steal his sunken treasure  
While beneath he sighs and groans  
Like pirates depraved by pleasure  
We live for short term goals  
Acid dissolves the soul of the planet  
Sinfully chucking in more coals  
A magical realm not made of granite

John Arfstrom

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Mar 17

A MIRACULOUS SYNERGY

or

HIS GLORIOUS RHYME

Rock of ages, rock of ages  
Hammer and saw reveal your hidden pages  
Hill of stone, hill of stone  
Your fossils show you were not alone  
Mountain on high, mountain on high  
Reaching ever upwards as a fountain to the sky  
River ever running, river ever running  
The valleys you grace reveal your patience and cunning  
Lake of salt, lake of salt  
Water is to life and it thus did halt  
Glacier so cold, glacier so cold  
With rivers of ice you carve the land so bold  
Ocean so deep, ocean so deep  
All flows down to the secrets that you keep  
Moon up above, Moon up above  
Waters far below surrender to your heave and shove

Waves and tides, waves and tides  
You forever beat together as the hearts of grooms and brides  
Wind and air, wind and air  
You are the breath of life of a world so fair  
Clouds a'blowing, clouds a'blowing  
The wind carries you afar, bringing rain and snowing  
Water and ice, water and ice  
The blood of our Mother, you make everything so nice  
Winter and summer, winter and summer  
You set the pace of life with the power of a god-like drummer  
Fall and Spring, Fall and Spring  
Nature dances to the life and the plenty that you bring  
Sun and Earth, Sun and Earth  
So you set a stage for the carnage and the mirth  
Planets and stars, planets and stars  
We gaze up and wonder if you form any such as ours  
Galaxies a'whirling, galaxies a'whirling  
Fathoming the scale, you set our minds a'twirling  
Matter and energy, matter and energy  
By the hand of God you are a miraculous synergy  
Space and time, space and time  
And so you are the place of His glorious rhyme

John Arfstrom

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Mar 22

MARS BABY MARS

In 1969 the Moon was quite the boon  
NASA then made real the realm of the loon  
From Kennedy to Armstrong in less than ten years  
Faces wracked by fears became one's of joyful tears  
Out of the dreams of Jules Verne came Hitler's terrible rocket  
Derived from the V2, delivering vengeance in its pocket  
And, as a nuclear implosion, was the pressure of cold war terror

That spawned the Saturn V, and a von Braun, not one of horror  
Before the wall of Stalin had fallen on its face  
As with technology and wars before, it fueled a race to space  
It seems so contradictory how grace is wrought from misery  
So perplexing a mystery is the unfolding of human history

All those engineers earned mankind's greatest cheers  
To put it all together was far more than average clever  
As with Newton and Galileo a scientist may earn a halo  
To discern God's way, suffering, hardly for the pay  
Raising His children on high might have put a twinkle in His eye  
Earning the greatest of feasts, proving we are more than lowly beasts  
Otherwise, He might have snuffed us out with our own deadly fallout

But we've been resting on our laurels, looking down, so many quarrels  
Yet now we dare to dream of lonely Mars, way up against the stars  
Facing environmental dread, perhaps the answer's cloaked in red  
But the ancient God of war, he's many times as far  
Its a far bigger goal, more like leaping with a pole  
Instead of tang and spam, they'll have the latest Tolkien cram  
But it won't really matter if they fall in bloody splatter  
That is unless it evolves and grows an alien Martian rose  
Then mankind will serve some purpose besides destroying Earth's  
precious surface  
So let's hope that God has mercy, for our destiny is looking murky  
It would be an irony of hells to twist Earth's fate of H.G. Wells  
Alas, another way to Mars is to make one of ours

Perhaps if history unfolds an Earthly chorus of "Mars Baby Mars"  
Historians of the future will wonder, thinking how ironic and bizarre  
Was the power of the unison of humanity to colonize Mars  
As Skylab was meant to show that space need not be a race  
How the marriage of astronaut and cosmonauts gave rise to humanaut  
of space  
Then came the International Space Station, an orbital orgy of nations  
Space became a place and a haven, literally a match made in heaven  
And it gave them grand perspective, one aloft and objective

But, even more crucial and transforming was the spinoffs of Mars terraforming  
And so, truly valuing its unique and priceless worth  
Humankind applied Martian science and engineering and saved the precious Earth

John Arfstrom

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Mar 31

### MOZART IMAGINED

Mozart imagined music of harmony and beauty in his mind  
Therein, the sounds of instruments, his wondrous gift combined  
The loveliest of melodies flow through the air across the gulfs of minds  
That sounds may hold such power within seems most divine  
Brains plagued by waves of discord are finely tuned and conducted to accord  
Massaging with grace, it uplifts the conscious to a heavenly place  
Every piano note is true perfection, satisfying the soul with an angelic affection  
Out poured his musical genius, brightening a sullen world with the light of Venus  
A crystal lamp in the night, casting the essence of mental peace and delight  
From a cold world he offered to man both tenderness and pity,  
soothing as the purring of a kitty  
Listening, you may transcend to a better and wonderful place  
As if transported into the pleasing nature of a wild space  
There enjoying the splendid views, composed of myriads of blended hues  
Floating sweetly on a gentle breeze, over his meadow and beneath his trees  
Feeling as if In a waking dream, carried along by a playful stream  
Singing graceful meanders here, humming tranquil ponds there  
As air to feathers, he carries minds along courses of flowers and

heather

Where hearts rejoice at the miraculous splendors of blessed Mozart's  
undying treasures

John Arfstrom

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Apr 2

### LITTLE BLUE LIGHT

Little blue light, you give me hope against the inner blight  
Spouting clouds of magic fumes, carrying nicotine on drifting plumes  
Sinking below with a pleasant scent, in my lungs you are sweetly spent  
Saving me from the dreaded cancer, to the smoke and tar, you are the  
answer

A miraculous alternative to venomous tobacco, to stifle the dreaded  
inner wacko

Blocking the relentlessly surfacing pop-ups, of my eternal case of  
mental hiccups

They distract me from all I try to pursue, as if under the spell of a sea  
hags brew

Redirecting all of my orderly thinking, as if too much coffee I'd been  
drinking

My chaotic mind you settle down, casting adrift my psychotic clown  
So that out of the depths of my brainy blue, the light of imagination  
shines brightly through

Gently liberating my conscious reality, no longer a victim of  
evolutionary causality

Rising free again to make a choice, returning to my soul it's genuine  
voice

Singing up from far below, no longer drowned out by the undertow  
As a whale gracefully rising to the surface, able to inhale and fulfill it's  
purpose

Flying fish, ideas they are, sailing even to red planet Mars

A fighting spirit I have within, but my ghostly pirates make it a battle to  
win

You are a lighthouse of my inner seas, to steer clear a beaching, and  
my pesky sand fleas  
And as a beacon to my strewn reason, my traitorous enemies scatter  
and weaken  
Spirited away from haunted seas of chaotic illogic, to blessed seas of  
harmonious logic  
Harkening thoughts of the phial of Galadriel, you are a luminous vial  
I'm so glad is real!

John Arfstrom

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May 2

## A BIRTH OF MOTHER EARTH

Fluid oozing salty and red, like the blood of birth it is said  
Releasing heat as it freezes, melting ice as it pleases  
Tunneling up from far below, to the surface does it flow  
From a lake at the base, beneath a glacier in a space  
Leaching minerals from the rock, over the turning of the clock  
Warmed by the heat of Mother Earth, of her radiation and her birth  
Thick glaciers flowing overhead, like the covers of her bed  
Ice forever pressing down, such a burden is her crown  
Without a route to escape, the lake is prisoner to her cape  
Melting upwards it does try, but it freezes on the fly  
Freshwater would freeze too fast, its breakout could not last  
The staying power of saltwater, like antifreeze it does not falter  
Finally gushing at the surface, iron red as if from her furnace  
The deep lake slowly draining, the glacier fills her womb by the straining  
The heat and pressure readjusts, a balance of forces as she must  
Ebbing and flowing with the seasons, her icy moods are the reasons  
Under the power of the Sun, the blood of Mother Earth does yet run

John Arfstrom

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May 11

## MARS NUTS

Boiling blood oozing out of holes like grizzly sud  
Washing down the dust coating throats in a rusty red crust  
Eyeball freezing into a red shot Mars while gazing at the heavenly stars  
Suffocating on air that brings wheezing and sneezing  
Hair falling out means death is near without a doubt  
Sheltering in lava tubes so they won't lose wanderings space pubes  
Tunneling into to ice to make hobbit holes oh so nice  
Unexpected adventures will make necessary wicked red dentures  
Forgetting pocket handkerchiefs makes for unlucky holiday stiffs  
Without the flames of Dragon fire the doom to wood is a funeral pyre  
Carry ample rebreather scrubbers or return in body bag rubbers  
Pondering life expectancy leads to considerable reluctance and hesitancy  
Yet there are many tempting wonders in spite of the inevitable lurking  
blunders  
If the orb of red dust beckons irresistibly like a bucket-list must  
Then just give all to whacking it as if lust-fueled Martians were attacking it

John Arfstrom

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May 25

## BIG BONES

Will the whales go the way of the Ice Age mammoths when the acid hits the fan?  
Will the biggest animals ever meet their premature end in a calamity of man?  
Will the dolphins also follow by the fulfillment of our greatest mindless plan?  
Will then the legacies of the oceans most perfected mammals see the end of their great evolutionary span?

Will every living miracle that swims in the seas be only thought of in terms of the contents of a can?

Will we be wise enough to set aside seas despite the need to feed and enforce a crucial hunting ban?

Will the oceans of our future have no purpose but to provide a sandy beach on which to play and tan?

Will the starving human masses turn every last one of them into a blubbery kind of Spam?

Will it be so oily that it can be used as fuel to fry and broil it without even a single spray of Pam?

Will it be agreed that to save them they will not turn up their noses at corpse-fed ham?

Will they capture and care for a variety of cetaceans in the artificial sea of a fjord with a dam?

Will the whales and dolphins finally recover when the great famine is over like a tragic tale of Tolkien cram.

Will humanity rise above the dreadful precedent of the dinosaurs mortal nemesis, an asteroid's mighty wham?

Will humanity be smarter than a giant block of rock, having brains adding up to more than a single, solitary gram?

John Arfstrom

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June 3

HUMTY DUMTY DUMPED

Humpty Dumpty took a mighty dump  
His dump was white as snow  
Wherever he would pop a squat  
The ice was sure to flow  
It began along a mighty crack  
For many miles it did grow  
Until at last it ripped away  
Humpty shuddering from head to toe  
The cork was popped and out it burst

A logjam through which no man could row  
The whales took wind and fled the scene  
The penguin inhaled and squawked oh no!  
The seals and walruses felt relieved  
From Killer Whales, on icy rafts they'd go  
From deep inside the bowels of Humpty  
A thousand meals, downward it did blow  
Yet Humpty is a great big fellow  
For eons and eons he did grow  
Now global warming is his castor oil  
As everyone on coasts are soon to know  
When he takes a laxative and overdoses  
Humpty's toilet is sure to overflow

John Arfstrom