

## The Poem From Outer Space

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Louis Phillips

What strained music  
(Certainly not "Twa Corbies";  
Perhaps something composed by Bernard Hermann  
For a tedious afternoon)  
Signals the landing of  
This poem from Outer Space?  
Its pure white light brands  
Readers' eyes, its alien metal  
Not found in any periodic table.  
Strange powers seep into your braincase,  
Take over your identity.  
Soon you find yourself  
Walking away from yourself,  
Leaving no shadow  
Not even in the strongest sunlight.  
Yes, this poem is such a legacy,  
Speaks a language no one understands,  
But knows English as well.  
If you do not obey,  
Terrible events will befall you,  
Events so terrible  
I cannot even imagine them.  
How ignorant you suddenly become,  
A vegetable smear  
On an untidy landscape.  
Impeccable my manners; impeccable your fear.  
Soon you shall not know  
Whether you wish to live or to die.