Civil War

Extended

Hrishi Mukherjee

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The bravest of souls, with hearts of steel,

Are venturing to the moon, to feel

The thrill of exploration anew,

As they journey to this world askew.

Astronauts trained in science and flight,

Ready to brave the lunar night.

With courage and determination strong,

They'll venture forth where few belong.

They'll pave the way for us to follow,

As we reach for the stars tomorrow.

A new chapter in human history,

As we explore this lunar mystery.

On the moon, where resources are scarce,

And the environment is harsh and fierce,

A car factory may seem out of place,

In this barren and desolate space.

But who knows what the future may hold,

As we explore and our presence unfold.

Perhaps one day we'll see cars made,

On the moon, in a lunar glade.

With advanced technology and skill,

We could build cars that fit the bill.

Designed for lunar terrain and air,

A new breed of cars, beyond compare.

In a rocket ship, we'll soar through space,

To reach the moon, our new travel base.

We'll don our suits and step outside,

To explore the lunar surface wide.

We'll bounce and hop in low gravity,

And marvel at the sights we see.

We'll visit craters and ancient seas,

And perhaps even plant some trees.

Our journey will be one of wonder,

As we explore this new world yonder.

A trip to the moon, a dream come true,

A journey for me, and for you.

On the moon, where the air is thin,

And the landscape is barren and grim,

The laws of Earth may not apply,

And crime could take a different guise.

Perhaps a theft of oxygen tanks,

Or sabotage of lunar rovers' ranks,

Or maybe even a lunar heist,

Of precious minerals, rare and nice.

But fear not, for justice will prevail,

As nations work to extend their veil,

Of law and order to this new frontier,

To keep us safe, both far and near.

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Which somehow has human-like answers to all my formal questions.