

Our Celestial Neighbors

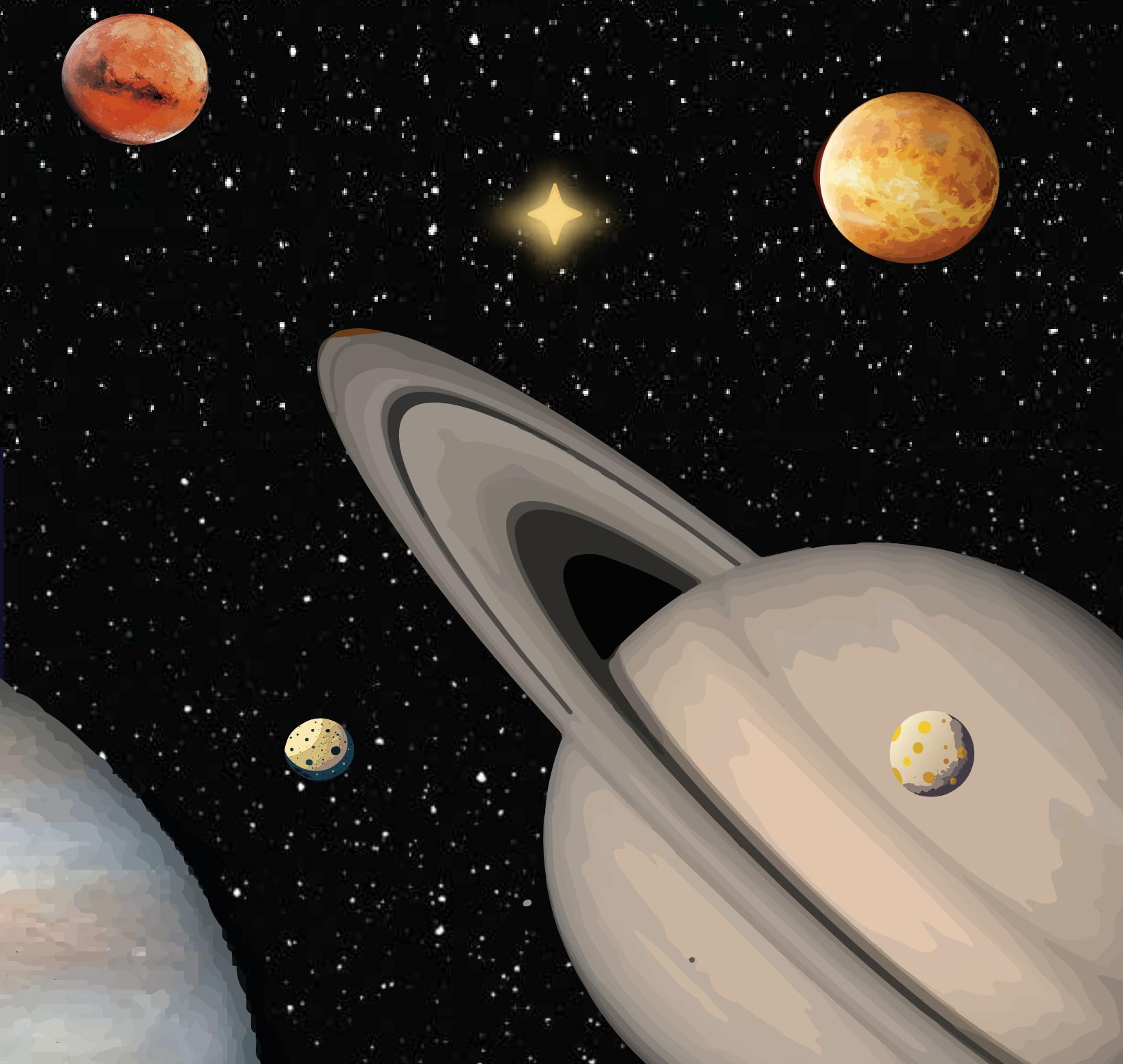


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Preamble

The theme in my poem is our solar system. I was inspired by Holst's The Planets Orchestral Suite, so I decided to make a similar concept in a literary fashion, albeit with the moon, Sun, and Pluto, necessitating the name change from The Planets. Personification is used throughout the poems as I try to assign unique identities to all planets, which is also reflected in the colour, font, and size I use in the book, and I never used a planet's name in a poem. The specific personalities are listed at the back of the book. I also tried to incorporate some stories into the planets, for example, Mars' desire to continue war and expand and Saturn's desire to be the most prominent once again. I think these stories and motivations fit nicely with their personalities. Hence, metaphors are also used throughout to portray these personalities, such as lions, and to portray authority. Each stanza usually only has one main idea. The rhyme scheme is typically in either ABAB or AABB, though this can be broken usually in the last paragraph to provide contrast and attention to the final message. This rhyme scheme is chosen because it shows the ordered and stable nature of the planets, which orbit in predictable fashions, while also feeling elegant and graceful while still leaving room for creativity and for the features in each of the planets. Full stops and commas are used sparingly as I also wanted to show the continuous motion of the plants and, in other cases, to increase flow. This is Our Celestial Neighbors, and now, we will fly past every one of them.

I. The Sun

Lets start with our best friend
A fiery orb, so bright
Trustworthy and reliable that everybody commends
An infinite source of light in your life.

Each dawn it rises with grace
Ever so cheerful and warm
The darkness is erased
The world is transformed

His artworks are masterpieces.
The impeccable combinations of color.
The radiance only increases
Its never blue

Though he has occasional outbursts
Under the facade lies a fuming storm
The absolute worst
When it bloats and lashes out, it takes an entirely
different form.
And when we feel its wrath, we won't be the first.

II. Mercury

He dances around ever so free
Like a nimble sprite
Constantly full of glee
Causing everyone to dance with delight

He has a lightning mind
In his court, there's no care
Nobody is declined
It's a joyful air.

He's the friend that knows all the secrets
Always up and sleepless
The bringer of news
Race him and you will always lose

He's the explorer, curious, inquisitive, and always
eager.

Assisted by his vault of knowledge, he never
trembles.

In that, he's an unique leader.
Search the entire cosmos and you will never find
anything else that resembles.

III. Venus

Her beauty is rare
A sweet scent fills the air
Elegant, graceful
An angel

She paints the sky a bright tangerine,
With an enchanting twinkle in her eye
that's so serene

She composes a symphony of joy
For everyone to enjoy

She's the first to arrive the moment
darkness sets.

Always there for her sister
For love, she never forgets

Come too close however,
You'll find that she's too hot for anyone.

IV. Earth

The mother, the cradle of life.
She spins in harmony, without strife

From the mountains to the oceans wide
The wonders of the world resides.

Waves swell,
Mysteries dwell,
The sights cast spells
The orchestration of all this rivals
Ravel's

She sings the tune of nature
Her heartbeat is steady
She's ready
Though in reality, she's becoming
increasingly unsteady.

The leaves wither
The ice splinter
The previous vigor
Had all simmered

She's having a fever
If we want her to recover
Then we should diminish our hunger

V. The Moon

The silent guardian gleams,
A mystical orb in a dark velvet cloak
The next step in humanity's dreams.



VI. Mars

The rocks are scarred
Stains of red coats the ground
Abandoned swords and the
destruction of the reargaurd
The artillery pounds all around

The cries in the wind,
the storms that rage across the
plain,

the beating on the drums,
are not enough
For he still has flame in his
eyes

Craving the thrill
Such is his will

Eventually silence reigns,
The tempest calms
All that are left are remains
And the reminiscence of the
Somme.

He gazes at the pale blue dot
It's never enough.

