

Grin

By Robin Lipinski

Smiling man-on-the-Moon, what stories you could tell.
Looking down on Earth,
Watching worlds turn,
Eternal in your stance,
Your smile.

Millions of years is but a burp in the Universal dance,
Yet you don't care,
Just as your name avails.

'Man', who put you there?
It was not God nor elemental cohesion,
Nor was it chance.

Before the apes of this world learned to walk,
And lizards fed on coal,
You pulled the worlds tides.

What name did you have then?
Those timeless days of past.
Today though, humanity can see you smile,
While killing off morality and ideals.

Soon, you will become another name,
And while you circle a dead world,
Only your name of 'Man', will remain.

The End