

Time Travel

(By I Forgot What Time I'm In)

By Robin B Lipinski

May, June... 1611, 1711, 1811, 1911, 2011, where does it start, where does it end.
Crashed to this planet, my language forgotten, my species did end.
Crashed to this planet, is this where I'll end?

Learning your language, learning your customs, learning to pretend.
Watching you develop from stone carving to nuclear explosion, or to say it your way, wow.
My species were different; they forged technical science to conquer the stars.

Learned a lesson though: Pride, we were proud; we never thought we would ever fall. Yet to this planet we ended, this is where we ended it all.

Sole survivor, I survived, redundant in writing? Your language not mine.

Tools of my ancestors destroyed, along with the storage of science. I only have my memories to guide what I am.

Tools I have fashioned, aged to perfection, as I travel in time.

Soon, very soon, I will have enough power, enough knowledge to break the barrier of what you consider ancient time.

Soon, very soon, I will be able to go farther back where I came from.

It is only a moment for me, for you it is called time.

Soon, very soon, I will be there to warn them, warn them of pride.

Warn those I call family, those I call mine.

The End