

"World Made For War"

By Robin B Lipinski

Apelike creatures trading screams and throwing fruit, tearing flesh for mating, eating flesh for dominance of tribe.

Centuries rolled over the surface until one day- the day- one threw a stick.

Pointed by chance, aided by strength, gravity did the rest,

He died.

A turning point of power as now the weak could defeat the strong, passing genetic seed of knowledge,

An Adam and Eve.

A beginning.

A Alpha.

Me...

The ball of time grew smaller, faster; the monkeys left the leaves of the tree,

Seeking armor of fire and cave,

Screams became words,

Words became fighting,

Sex was power,

It became more and more about me.

Countless oceans of blood were spilled in conflict,

For any reason one could choose,

Politics,

Power,

Pleasure,

Pain,

Pursuit of religious confusion...

In short, it was all about me.

Soon, ships of metal plowed the sea,

Ships of metal flew the sky,

Metal, plastic, nano-technology, all this and more, such a far cry from living in a tree.

And like the stick of chance, those who stood in the way had no chance of winning as we destroyed those we wanted, in other words, me.

Yes, brief glimpses of wonder, of art, poetry, music, and science, but look closer at that beauty and still you see me.

It is almost over, as time now is flat.

The world destroyed all life.

There remains nothing to strive for as now it is perfect, by this, I mean my machines.

Hovering in the atmosphere, there came new life from the stars.
Wonderful creatures, so full of knowledge, so full of life, they came to see me.
With wide-open arms they came, wondering how this dead planet could be.

They could not hear my servo's clicking, my robots stirring, my computer speeding on line,
Nor my armory glistening,
And why should they?

They come from planet peace,
Whereas,
WAR, that is me.

The End