

## ***On Some Other Planet***

On some other planet  
near some other star,  
there's a music-loving alien  
with a 4x4 car.

On some other planet  
on some far distant world,  
there's a bright sunny garden  
where a cat lies curled.

On some other planet  
a trillion miles away,  
there are parks and beaches  
where the young aliens play.

On some other planet  
in another time zone,  
there are intelligent beings  
who feel very much alone.

On some other planet  
one that we can't see,  
there must be one person  
who's a duplicate of me.

***John Rice***

## ***Stargazing***

If the sun was made of birthday cake

I'd eat at least six slices.

If the moon was made of marmalade

ah, sweet oranges and spices.

If space was made of lemonade

to swim would be amazing.

If stars were tiny lollipops

I'd spend my nights stargazing!

***John Rice***

## ***The Machine of the Three Big Ears***

*(LISA, the Laser Interferometer Space Antenna, will, as its primary objective, attempt to directly detect the existence of gravitational waves to prove the existence of 'sounds in space')*

Only part of me is metal,  
only part of me is fibreglass,  
for I am nothing but  
a triangle of ears.

And high in the heavens,  
motionless and steady,  
my Three Big Ears will listen  
for the waterless waves that rise and fall  
across the oceans of space.

By star, by day, throughout the years  
of your childhood, your adulthood,  
I shall be listening for those waves  
with my Three Big Ears,  
my no head, my no body, my no legs,  
millions of miles apart,  
connected by laser beam.  
My nothing but Three Big Ears connected  
as you grow in body and brain.

What shall I listen for  
with my Three Big Ears?

For the singing of the supernova,  
for the ringing of runaway stars,  
for the plug-hole suck of black holes,  
for the chirrup of galaxies colliding.

And reader, in your old age,  
you will think of my Three Big Ears  
catching the tiny tinkling sounds of space  
and catapulting them to Earth,  
to the Two Small Ears  
on your curious body machine.

***John Rice***

## ***The Moon is Lost***

### ***Chorus:***

*The moon is lost,  
the moon is lost.  
Where's the moon?  
No-one knows for the moon is lost.*

Is it hiding behind houses, hiding in the trees?  
Is it sleeping under bushes or colouring the breeze?

*The moon is lost,  
the moon is lost.  
Where's the moon?  
No-one knows for the moon is lost.*

Is it caught up in the curtains, tucked behind the door?  
Is it hiding in the kitchen, painting silver on the floor?

*The moon is lost,  
the moon is lost.  
Where's the moon?  
No-one knows for the moon is lost.*

All in a blue sky, the sun walks across the day,  
but the moon is not here, for the moon is far away.

*The moon is lost,  
the moon is lost.  
Where's the moon?  
No-one cares for the moon is lost.*

***John Rice***

## ***The Poet Interviews a Far Planet***

Q. *First of all, are you really far?*

A. Oh yes. I am really far away. It would take you, Little Earthlet, septillions of years to reach me – maybe octillions of years.

Q. *Actually we're called 'Earthlings', but tell me, what kind of atmosphere do you have?*

A. I'm sorry, my Earthish is rusty. My landmass – ice mountains, dry seas, crevices and sand craters – is surrounded by a thick smog-soup of gas that's as yellow as an onion's outer skin.

Q. *Can you support any kind of life-form?*

A. No, not yet. However, I have the key components for life; nitrogen and carbon compounds. I also have water, with radioactive energy and organic molecules present. I just don't know how to make little bugs out of all this stuff!

Q. *Does this mean you are lonely?*

A. I am so very lonely. I don't have moons to talk to and no one visits me except space's rocky rubble that bombards me occasionally. They strike and leave me nothing but mess. For over 25 billion years I have beamed a single piano note deep into the cosmos. You Earthlets, sorry Earthlings, entered The Room of Emptiness as we call it, only 50 years ago. You are nothing but newcomers.

Q. *Would you like to say hello to anyone?*

A. Yes, please give my regards to the spiral galaxy Andromeda. She's a Princess you know. Indeed, I was once very much in love with her.

***John Rice***

## ***Welcome to the Moon***

*(Publicity song of the Moon Tourist Board)*

*Welcome to the moon,*  
is the Tourist Board's tune.  
No crime and no depravity,  
it's "fun without the gravity!"

*Welcome to the moon,*  
bright as a silver spoon.  
There's ice in every crater,  
fine if you're a skater!

*Welcome to the moon,*  
Hope you'll come quite soon.  
Silver in every mountain,  
so much it's not worth countin'!

*Welcome to the moon,*  
perhaps you'll come in June.  
The seas are flat and dusty  
and spaceships don't turn rusty!

*Welcome to the moon,*  
we'd love to see you soon.  
Our selling points to get you here  
are silveriness and atmosphere.\*

*\*Please note that the Moon Tourist Board  
cannot accept any responsibility for there  
being reduced levels of atmosphere (indeed  
no atmosphere!) on the moon.*

**John Rice**