

*SCI FI AND OTHER POEM*

By Louis Kasatkin

Twinkle twinkle distant star  
how I wonder where you are;  
  
..the Delta-ships stopped,  
our transmitters failed  
though they had brought our  
words back to us as palimpsest,  
from long lost millennia ago,  
distorted and disfigured  
rendered alien  
by countless doppler-shifts;  
our own broadcasts came back  
to haunt us,  
to betray the illusion  
that we were reaching out  
and yet we never were;  
leaving us bereft,  
we commodified them,

all of our ancestors,  
the patina of their vaunted  
golden age ages old by now,  
were bought and sold  
and kept us all so amused,  
that was in the time of the  
Delta-ships and their last flight;  
Somehow the Epsilon-points  
became shrouded in mystery,  
lacking knowledge  
still we search for them,  
but the apparatus is gone too,  
Magellan without astrolabe  
Galileo without plans,  
seared into our racial unconscious  
we yearn for the path  
outward and home for  
an end to cosmic labyrinths;  
the failed gleaming,  
the sputtering glimmer of  
candles that burned so bright,

yet for so brief a span;

hierarchies perpetuate themselves,

vaunt their traditions

and call them "ours"

yet "we" no longer remember;

Our own images haunt us

deep deep into the night,

we awaken to the cadence

of our own scream,

we cling to driftwood

in a shipwrecked sea;

the Delta-ships are gone,

tumbled long long ago

into a memory hole,

and where are those

pinpoints of transfiguration?

the Epsilon-points,

that took us, always,

outward and home;

Amid the chaos of ages,

redolent with anguish and fear,

a haunted face peers  
into the looking glass  
and beholds darkly,  
a trembling trembling hand,  
in its tenuous grasp  
an ancient artefact,  
its sleek barrel  
caressing his temple.  
twinkle, twinkle...

***WE ARE SIMULACRUM***

We are not ourselves,  
Stranded amid the nowhere  
And nowhere else;  
left to wander between  
nothing and nothing else,  
wondering what became of those  
bright lights in the sky,  
the ones Galileo saw after sundown;  
maybe they were only there in his imagination,

and we misconstrued our extant pseudo-histories  
as to what those lights might have been  
had they ever existed in the first place;  
So we stumble over the inconsequential,  
we fall or we think we fall out  
of the nowhere into a somewhere,  
and stare vainly into the expectant mirror  
which alone adjudicates,  
we are not ourselves  
We are Simulacrum.

**Bio**

**Louis** is editorial administrator at [www.DestinyPoets.co.uk](http://www.DestinyPoets.co.uk) and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time is a civic, community, political activist, blogger and general nuisance to the status quo!