

The Martian Man

By Isabella Cory

The Martian man reached out his hand and brushed the plentiful land
He wandered to the waters so in awe of their colors he began to gather the sand
He frolicked in the fields of fruit and feasted like a gourmand
He tried and took from every nook until it resembled his homeland

The plentiful land now all dried up from rivers polluted with dirt
All because of the Martian man the sanctuary's now burnt
For none to see but all to mourn now dead is the planet they deemed reborn
A distant memory now faded and torn
The world that drew awe is no longer adorned

The world began to grow again when no footprints disturbed the sand
A single glove hung from a branch is now all that remains of the Martian man
And finally, after years go by he lends a helping hand

The glistening waters run wild and all the trunks grow strong
The universe brought harmony and righted all of its wrongs
Now all of the birds soar over the land and carry the tune of its song

The animals graze under the sun's gaze
as it peers through the morning dew-filled haze
And along with the balance being restored
The world grows resplendent, more than ever before