

## **Man Was Not Vapor Kindled**

by Brandon M. Dennis

I looked to the sky and saw the clouds sailing.  
Soft was that evening, with the sun on the horizon,  
when I gazed at the void and saw through the vapor.  
For the first time ever, my eyes rested in space,  
and looked about blankly, searching for reason  
in that infinite place where we were first kindled.

I saw many things as proof of life kindled:  
the comets with tails through deep space fast sailing,  
and couldn't believe this was without reason.  
I stretched my sight further, to void's vast horizon,  
and noticed where energy took up space,  
and laughed at the thought that this formed via vapor.

For all was matter, particle and vapor  
they say, and this is how we were kindled,  
but fail to say how kindled was space.  
These things I thought, as sight fast was sailing,  
and saw something gleam on void's vast horizon.  
I blinked several times as sight killed my reason,

For there was a globe, resting for some reason,  
many miles away, in seas of space vapor;  
there it was at the end of the horizon.  
My eyes went wide with curiosity newly kindled,  
and I entered the globe with my sight done sailing,  
detached from my body, separated by space.

A world it was like ours, and I saw every space,  
where their man-folk walked and exercised reason,  
where their boats and carts and air-ships were sailing,  
and their air was clogged with ill-smelling vapor,  
and the rumors of battles and wars long kindled,  
stretched over their globe and reached their horizon.

I saw their numbers, from sunrise to horizon,  
and over their lands was no empty space.  
They had nations and politics and laws war-kindled,  
and exercised all for no better reason  
than to spew ill words into air-vapor,  
and penetrate minds with rotting thoughts sailing.

I brought my sight back from sailing through space,

for there were no horizons that used unbiased reason,  
and wished it were true that man was vapor-kindled.