

ADELPHOR AND MORE

We reached its orbit late November,
Ten galactic quantum leaps,
Departing early in December,
Specimens in storage keeps.

The captain would not log our story—
What we vowed we saw and heard.
He warned us in the laboratory,
“Better not to breathe a word. . . .”

Adelphor was no common planet,
Much like Earth . . . as old, at least.
Our life-scans made us take for granted
It supported plant and beast.

The atmosphere proved so conducive,
Tanks and suits were left behind.
On hover probes, in quests elusive,
Off we sped to search and find.

When I felt drawn to steer toward mountains,
Sally veered to follow too.
On hearing sounds like distant fountains,
Waterfalls came into view.

Before us lay a fertile valley,
Fragrant . . . forested . . . sublime.
Entranced, we slowed, as I and Sally
Grew more spellbound all the time.

At last we met them . . . lovely creatures,
Tinted with flamboyant hues,
With leafy limbs, soft plant-like features,
Naked skin, light greens and blues.

“How charming . . .” quietly I muttered.
“Thank you!” echoed back in kind.
Our ears heard nothing verbal uttered,
Words resounding in our mind.

“May we not also see your beauty?”
Dressed, we felt obscene and rude.
Aware that stripping was our duty,
Soon we stood there, shy and nude.

They grabbed our hands—we were outnumbered—
Heard them laughing, “Let’s go swim!”
I thought, ‘Unclad and unencumbered,
Wow! Is Sally’s body trim!’

As we approached a gentle river,
Flowing through the forest floor,
Her sculptured figure made me quiver:
I’d not seen her so before. . . .

“The Maker means for mates to marry.”
“Yes, but she’s not mine,” I said.
To know my thoughts exposed was scary:
Sally’s image filled my head!

Arriving there, I posed a question,
“Where’d you learn to think our words?”
“Within your world, by observation,
Quantum-casting mental birds.”

“Why haven’t you built ships, to visit?
Minds like yours surpass our own.”
“A calling isn’t chosen, is it?
We anticipate a Throne.”

For hours, we frolicked naked, swimming,
Basking in that paradise.
Until, we heard, with daylight dimming,
Blaring blasts from probe-device.

Though taking samples was our mission,
We surpassed our task by far . . .
On leaving, made this last petition:
“Tell us, new friends, who you are.”

“You haven’t guessed? We are but flowers,
Servants . . . students in a school,
Expanding in our Maker’s powers,
While awaiting Human rule.

“Investigation of creation,
Finding facts . . . that’s your concern.
The Maker, through His Incarnation,
Sought your race at every turn.

“Till He begins that Day of reigning
Over every world that is,
Prepare, as we, without refraining:
Study to be wholly His!”

We hurried back to where we started.
Garments gone! They’d disappeared!
So mounting probes, still bare, we parted.
Back at ship, the crewmen jeered!

The teams they launched next day and after
Failed to find that mountain vale.
Surrounded by their doubts and laughter,
We no longer told our tale.

But during leaves, we often dated,
Finding spots to skinny-dip,
And later left the service, mated,
Blessed by our Adelphor trip.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/7/2016*