

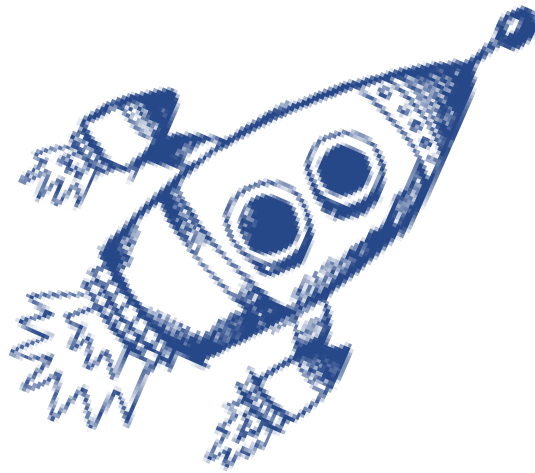
# *The Voyage of the Argo*

An Epic Tale of the Future

By

W. Steve Wilson

(With abject apologies to my Greco-Roman antecedents)



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## ***The Voyage of the Argo\****

From ancient stories by our elders told,  
I call upon their eloquence of old,  
To tell the tale of humans' massive chore,  
Like Aeneas expelled from Trojan shore.

The angry, blazing sun—an Earth scorched brown;  
Forests burnt, taint the air with blackened down;  
Deserts blaze, acrid smoke and creatures gone,  
And streams and lakes destroyed fish's final spawn.

Exhausted silence of abandoned towns,  
The heated ocean—coasts' cities it drowns.  
O pain of blistered skin, and blinded eye,  
Can they save some favored few—most will die?

Did Earth's great peoples in the end unite,  
To cast a valiant group into the night?  
They built their grand ark from what wealth was left,  
And sacrificed comfort for hulk and heft.

A great and powerful ship held our race,  
To sail the starlit, Stygian dark of space.  
The cold and unforgiving points of light  
Offered false hope, tested their steel-clad kite.

The Argo ventured on through barren realms,  
An infinite expanse that overwhelms.  
They brought music, foods, and rich diversion,  
To honor cultures of every version.

The sleepers spared the silence of the spheres;  
Those awake, buoyed by feasts and comrades' cheers.  
The days were long and seemingly endless;  
The crew struggled forward, ever ceaseless.

The cosmos—uncaring and indifferent—  
Cast hazards and dangers in the current.  
With damaged pods and valued members lost,  
The ship upon the sea of space was tossed.

Repairs and mending maintained the star-drive;  
Unending course against success contrived.  
Argo sailed on through the celestial tide;  
Survival prime, failing did not abide.

When hope seemed gone, and all were in despair,  
A wormhole found, but of danger beware.  
A chance was taken, and the ship dove in.  
Amidst violent twisting and shrieking din

Our Argonauts escaped the clashing rocks  
To find their way now clear and free of blocks.  
The planet in view, sleepers awaken.  
The die was cast; the decision taken.

Now smooth voyaging on to Proxima b,  
A new home and flaxen pastures to see.  
In orbit above the rocky marble  
Albus clouds, azure sea, sights to marvel.

The landing crew finds a featureless land;  
But a place for new roots on sparkling strand.  
The ocean is clear, and the air is pure;  
The colony settles down to endure.

All awed that massive trees in fruitful ground,  
Reach tall to drink from argent clouds, abound.  
Crimson leaves, scarlet blooms, and stripe-ed boles,  
Frame swaths of gilded grass that please the souls,

Cast piquant, curried scents upon the breeze,  
And warming sun heralds a summer tease.  
Pink, blue, and yellow fur on flying wings,  
Augments the rainbow cast at burbling springs.

The tale now ends with our seed arriving.  
Our performance tonight proves our thriving.  
Share in this saga of our forebears' quest,  
As from your willing lives, we'll write the rest.

And on some distant, cool forever night,  
Clear skies and our five moons all shining bright,  
We'll add to those of yore, your epic deeds,  
For our life goes on and ever proceeds.

\*[Written in decasyllabic, double couplet quatrains 😊]