

Forget:

the lunar space station, space rocks, moon water,
the mysterious dark side of the moon,
when the dark side of our impact
on Earth we also quite easily forget.

Should then we be granted the gracious opportunity
to view Earth from the porous moon,
with oxygen strapped on our backs?

It's finite, but it's enough for that significant thought:
"I am here. Over there is Earth. That is my home.
What have we done to her?"
Gaea. Terra. Bhumi. Damaged is our Motherland.
Plastics adorn her neck; smoke, her new perfume.

From the dusty moon, I pray, we hear her cries,
and we all see our home from the remorseful eyes
of the lone man on the moon who sees what most ignore,
and we take our busy lives and pride and protest
and forget them. Then let's take a moment,
take a step for mankind, take a leap to reflect,
from the quiet perspective on the moon and remember.