

Poems from Space

I play a game called AstroBotany (where I'm known as ew0k). A feature of the game is the purchase of badges. These are a daily Unicode emoticon sold for the in-game currency, which can be sent to other users.

I enjoy doing so, and usually write a poem fitting for the badge in question. This is a collection of those poems, and some greetings which may not qualify as such.

By Björn Wärmedal, CC0.

Play at <gemini://astrobotany.mozz.us/>



The weary astronaut's reprieve

To float through space in tiny tin
the endless black outside, bleak light
within

In passing is a beauty sighted
Planet, rings, and moons united.



Aim is never off

The story goes of one young boy
who'd always place his arrows right
By wisdom of his own limitations,
for he draw the circles after the shot.



Greed and generosity

'Tis not greed if you want it but do not pursue it.

'Tis not generosity if you give it grudgingly.

But in community and mutual kindness, the wants and needs are fulfilled by others glad to do so. Have some cash!



Blowfish!

I was going to write a poem here, but I
really couldn't think of anything :D

(The following was sent to a new member, with a bottle of fertilizer attached instead of a badge.)

Welcome Fellow Gardener!

Another geminaut passes the rings of
Saturn
Finding there beyond a garden of
unearthly beauty
Amidst plants and pond stride friendly
figures
The kind people watering our communal
garden



Ice cold, summer sweet

In the midst of winter, snow abound
the cold outside can chill the bones
Inside, a different cold, warms the soul
Brings memories and hopes of summer



Money Rain

You can't eat it
Neither does it nurture the plants
Yet we covet it, for it has value
But the value of friendship is
immeasurable.



My garden is my castle

Without walls, to welcome visitors
With colour and tranquility, that
travelers may find rest

With my flag on top of the highest
tower, leading them here from the
distance

Visitors bring joy, water, and
nourishment for the plants and soul



Fluttering in the garden

The butterfly worships our plants
Pollinating, it gives back to us
the beauty of our efforts
If but for a season at a time



Rings around a sphere

Spherical bodies in vacuum,
A physicist's dream; predictable,
simplified by assumptions
Yet these real bodies hold mysteries
unobservable

We marvel at their beauty. Ponder their
existence; and ours in their relation



Blooming friendships

Roses are red, violets are blue
(space plants are all sorts of cool
colours, of course)
I'm a space garden gnome
And so are you!



A thorny issue

Life is like a dance on cacti;
sometimes painful, other times just plain
weird
but the spikes eventually wear down
and you stand there, on a flower in a
desert. And I have no idea what that
means.



in orbit!

beep beep
transmitting...



Here you go! :D



As requested :)

The real adventure
was the flowers we grew
and the friendships that blossomed
along the way.



Happy Saturday!

Have a cactus! :D
Cheers, ew0k



Welcome, fellow gardener!

Today's badge seems particularly fitting
for Astrobotany, so I bought a bunch.

And you get one, for no special
reason

Cheers, ew0k