

THE LAST MARTIAN

A Poem

PASS, hours and vanish. When I die, you die —
All hours and years for these are fantasy
Lacking the Mind that ticks them as they fly
To unreal past from vain futility.
All knowledge, Space and Time exist for me,
Born in my mind, my Slaves, my instruments,
Tools of my thought, and somewhat more sublime
In that it soon must perish and go hence
Taking all concepts with it. Ages ago
When our young race knew hate, and love and lust,
This brain of mine should flow away to dust
A grey streak on the ruddy sands of Mars,
A broken flash of knowledge, contents spilled
Beyond recovery.

Going from tree to seed and seed to tree.
Unthinking plants surviving in my place,
Not individual mortality
Lives on, but immortality of race.