

# Space Tourist

Part 1

by Clive Evans

As you escaped our mother earth's embrace  
leaving compassion on the launching pad  
No roulette wheel or casino chip  
But theme park space became your Ego Trip.  
Did you not stop to think what you might do  
To help those not as fortunate as you?

You had a fortune, spent it like small change.  
Held in your hand you watched it slip away.  
Like finely sifted sand where harvests fail  
As weeping mothers watch their children die.  
Countless as the stars in outer space  
And still invisible to naked eye.

While waiting in the supermarket queue  
to sing our Sunday praises to fine food,  
I watch the tv set inside my head  
As queues with empty bowls wait to be fed.  
I see the hopelessness and the despair.  
For "check out" has a different meaning there.

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Part 2

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A mother lifts her gaze up to the sky  
White striped vapour trails on cobalt blue  
That slowly melt and fade without a trace  
As life and hope ebb slowly from her face.  
She looks down at the child that's by her side  
Asks how his right to life can be denied.

Our politicians write Man's epitaph  
In letters high across the void of space.  
How Man could strut the moon with so much pride  
While back on earth his children starved and died.  
Could learn "how life ticks," unravel DNA,  
As millions sit and wait to fade away.

I search behind the mask to find your face.  
Humanity stares back with soulless eye.  
Reflected in your visor now I find  
The face so full of hate I see is mine.  
What right do I have my friend to judge you?  
Each day don't I see children dying too?