

Christopher M Cannon

as)

Dr.J

First line,

“Gone”

Is

A choppy synopsis of astronaut echoes

Darkness. The deep eternal silence of space.. A ring of fire looms against the void..

(Ci)

“But Why? & How.”

(Now turning the shuttle. Mars fades out of view of the window directly behind where Captain. Orwell and I are now floating around the bay. Camera rolling as we address and asses our current psychological status.)

(Thinking out loud; we're reviewing our feelings about the mission, and concerns about the current state of things on earth.)

“How could something so vast, so empty contain so much information. So much light & color?”

Orwell’s reluctant to land our shuttle, being that our video logs have changed his opinions about me and why we left earth in the first place.

“Were seeking sounds. Sounds, and emotion?”

These beings we’ve now identified, so alien to us, so new.

The thought is, that were driven mad with this need to find them. This itching desire to merge with something beyond us,

The possibilities seem boundless,

“Were watchmen, what of the night?”

Surely, for our days are much longer in space.

(Ci)

“Jimmy’s body dangles from a nylon rope,
a note tacked to his chest, says questions for hope...”

(Ying (Su)

We may never know what he saw, from what they could gather, they seemed cold, dark.

(Ci)

“Bug eyes, snake eyes, 3 dollar tris.
The horrors he’s seen, corresponding with the blackouts.” Man’s best friend should rest in peace..

(Pubu (Tiao)

In a nutshell, our friends from the east notice changing tides.
For here, our concerns are with the flooding of tears of the soul of the earth.

“Now let us turn to more pleasant reflections.”
All war is over!
Between what’s East & what’s west, & peace is finally known.

(wei^ (Ge)

Look! Its Yoda guiding us home..

Were lost as our spaceship webs throughout the gravitational pulls of mars, Jupiter, Saturn.

This being our habitable zone, where humans do grow... Searching,

on the phone,
We question to know...

“Were Live”

(Wei^ (Ge)

(Orwell Turns from the shuttle bay window, auroras of Saturn’s southern pole seem just out of reach.)

(Now looking towards the camera he says with a chuckle ;)

“Astronauts; gaining perspective,
As seen on tv, something reflective...”

“In the wake of a loss, your eternal sunshine promises us something more, something true, something to hope for..”

“An unsanctified dream, surely couldn’t last, Nor ever reveal what goes unseen.”

“Our brothers past will surely vogue, A unity of effort, was proven this day.”

They were able to pivot.
They were able to shine.
As we leapt off the moon in 1969.

(Ci)

“But now, there’s so much to see I can hardly wait, through these precious moments, surely, I’m tempting fate.”

(A voice, From behind the camera) “For Jimmy”

(Orwell responds) “For Jimmy”

(Zooming in on the window, lighting up with a blue haze as we are now approaching Neptune.)

(There’s a sudden tremor, like a wave, or a sonic boom, as another ship swept by without us knowing. It could have been only a few feet from colliding with us.)

(Static to begins to fade in, distorting the video quality. Causing a brief pause as Orwell and I make eye contact, not sure what to think or do.)

(Suddenly the ring of a phone call in the background shifts our focus.)

(Wei^ (Ge)

(We’re now in a hurry to end the transmission)

He says: You earn your stripes, your stars were given... & so we wobble throughout these heavens,

Exponentially,
We seem motivated.
To keep moving forward.

(fades to static)