Soliciting the Universe, A Prose/Poem 4/1/2014

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We've ambled from the wild merely
several thousand years ago,
only been able to radio and receive signals
from outer space for a few decades.

It's hardly likely that who answers
will occupy our primitive level.
Time's relative in the universe
and cultural evolution quick.

A more likely contact will be aliens
millions of years more advanced.
We humans will appear to them
as sea squirts and urchins seem
to us, surely not as equals,
but fit only to be fed to pets,
vivisectioned in laboratories,
or pickled in museums.

Our most advanced scientists,
writers, artists and musicians will seem insipid.
All young mammals and adult humans
Crave attention, but that's not always wise.

Aliens being kind is uncertain.
For aliens are unlikely to have evolved as we,
from young playful primates,
and even we can be conquistadors.

Space is huge and for millions of years,
our signals may be lost. Here's hoping!
Curiosity, another youthful
proclivity, can be a liability.

Perhaps from some remote galaxy,
space ships are already on their way.
We'll know in millions of light-years or so.
Meanwhile, we'd best mind our own business
rather than solicit contact
with who knows what. Maybe,
improving life on earth
is the ultimate adventure.