

## A DREAM

ñ

A dream took me back

To the times of 10586 B.C.

The times my ancestors cruised the heavens  
In moon-sized starships  
Carrying with them the cargoes  
Of livestock and plants  
Those that inhabited our world

And they explored the unknown galaxies  
Till in a nodescript and distant star system  
By some misfortune their fuel ran out

These intrepid explorers  
Set the mothership's self destruct  
And fled to a blue planet's surface

Their number is uncertain

Perhaps thirty, forty or some more

The shield of their ship glowed  
Brilliant orange and red  
Till they splashed in an ocean  
Filled with so much salt  
They called it dead

Yet it took them several days  
Of stormy and calm winds  
To finally set upon some sandy shore  
Where they set their camp

Their initial intentions were good

Or so I suspect

For four brothers with their families  
Travelled in different directions  
To the North, South, East and West

Each bore their own insignia  
The eagle, lion and the bear  
Save for one, the leader of the team  
He wore the face of our race  
As his crest

Now the design of their vessels  
Had a purpose in mind  
To be as scary as possible  
And make any inhabitants run in fright

One being could run this on his own  
Witness their power, to awe and destroy  
When their weapons were fully deployed  
Witness their power to create  
For they held within them  
The genetic encoding of our race  
With factories capable of replicating  
Our very DNA

But the brothers found nothing  
Except for some frightening reptiles

"Until these beasts, these devils are gone  
We'll never be safe"

So they argued about the best way  
To make the new world a haven

Nothing will survive a nuclear winter

Save our replicators  
Who will spawn our population  
All over this planet

So the four brothers agreed  
And from each corner of the world  
A massive nuclear missile was launched  
They exploded into great clouds of dust  
Shattering the continents  
And blackening the skies

And a hundred years passed

The dragons now extinct  
My ancestors' ships wakened from hybernation

And began the colonisation  
When six days were finished  
The ark that brought them to this place

Dissolved into oblivion

Nothing left except deeply encoded stories  
Of that time  
Kept by four special creatures

The guardians of the messenger ships

The ones designed to frighten

To control the emerging populace

They would write their own stories  
Over time

But these guardians  
Would always keep watch