

THE DAILY PLANET

Malcolm Guite

All day the noise of battle rolls,
The skirmishes and wars,
What peace or treaty can there be
Between two worlds like ours?

Could I be lost in Venus,
Could you be found in Mars,
Then I might search your tender wounds
And you my battle scars,
Then you might pull me from my sphere
Or fall to me from yours,
Were I, perchance, in Venus
And you, perhaps, in Mars.

What wary orbits we must keep
Around our dying sun,
Falling towards the verge of sleep
When all our wars are done,
Falling towards the verge of sleep
Where, lying side by side,
The angels of our planets weep
To see two worlds collide.¹

¹ Malcolm Guite *The Singing Bowl*, (Canterbury Press 2013), p.36.