

GHOSTS, UFOS AND MONSTERS

Universal it seems is belief in ghosts,
 In far-flung cultures East and West.
 The usual image the term conjures,
 Is hazy, misty, scary, floating figures.

Patterns of descriptions witnesses paint,
 And repeated through many centuries past,
 Of a soul who departed at a certain place,
 Then enacted frequently as in a familiar play.

Images in descriptions are oft reinforced,
 In literature, myths, movies and stage shows.
 This surreal appearance dubbed 'apparitions',
 Often instills fear in witnesses and audiences.

A woman in hazy, white, flowing robe,
 Walking down an olde country roade.
 Often the ghost makes loud footsteps,
 Or it's a figure gliding down old steps.

Evil are these spirits' depictions in myth,
 Vested in them are also powers vast,
 Like with ease they go through doors and walls,
 Before their powers, are we mere mortals!?

This obsession public has with ghosts,
 Spawned many TV programs, promising proof;
 Shows with crew and smart electronic gadgets,
 Endless series then tease us, and disappoint.

As witnesses there abound, the world over,
 But investigations fail to even capture,
 A measly image on screen did ever they manage.
 Skepticism has crept in and we cannot maintain,
 This notion of spirits, of souls that return.

Has new conversation ever a ghost make?
 Have new scenes and situations ever they create?
 Have ghosts appeared ever without clothes?
 Do clothes, like their owners, carry souls?
 If not, how do we explain clothed ghosts?

These arguments prompt me to conjecture,
 Is it not the ghosts are images captured,
 And in low fidelity, recorded on surfaces,
 Replayed then as the familiar shows?

Conditioned persons with perceptive senses,
 Bear witness then to unfolding ghostly shows.

UFOs, those high-sounding, mysterious objects,
 Once again witnesses, with their tales exist.
 As with ghosts, stereotyped are descriptions,
 Of flying objects in sky that simulate saucers.

Some sightings have been discounted,
 As fakes and deliberate deceptive accounts.
 Then there remain stories told and retold,
 Believable tales of abduction and scrutiny,
 Aboard ships hovering or moored in sky.

Believers have long blamed own governments,
 Of cover-up and hiding as “classified documents”,
 Reports of crafts unidentified but bona fide,
 Form vast literature gathered over many decades.

There exists a town known for sighting UFOs,
 Roswell is this place, in East New Mexico;
 Folks from far and wide make the trek here,
 From hearsay of UFO sightings in past years.

Certain boost this brings to local commerce,
 That the global visitors who come in droves.
 Memorabilia that they buy with their currency,
 But scant is evidence they take back of UFOs.

“Yours truly” was lured with fascination once,
 To Roswell of Time and Life magazines’ fame;
 But proof I desperately searched for never came,
 Thus deflated, hands empty did I return home.

But some quick analysis and contemplation,
 Reasoning applied to known scientific notions,
 Brought me to my conclusion and me to reject,
 Blind belief in tales and to deny UFOs exist.

For flying crafts of any sort, pans or saucers,
 To come from afar, needs knowledge of science,
 A degree of knowledge that's much advanced,
 Than what we humans have so far amassed.

So, which corner of our solar system will garner,
 Then deploy these objects of high scientific gear?
 A quick survey of planets will make us conclude,
 They couldn't possibly be from our neighborhood.

Nearest to our system is a binary star,
 Moored secure at four and odd light years.
 Crafts careening at speeds half that of light,
 Fifty thousand years will they need in flight!

If far advanced beings in universe exist,
 Those who perfected travel faster than light,
 Thus reach earth and materialize at will,
 With proof, that's a scenario I can believe.

Many unusual sightings and myth exist,
 Usually brisk, of lumbering large beasts.
 Often its just huge footsteps left deep,
 Too large for known primates and people.

"Big foot" is one name it often goes by,
 "Sasquatch" in wilds of our Northern neighbor;
 "Yeti" of folklore in Himalayan terrain,
 Yet some prefer the name "Snow man".

Photographs exist and occasional movies even,
 On film captured, sightings, brief and ephemeral;
 Proof beyond those evanescent encounters,
 Never have witnesses experienced or offered.

Fear and concern for safety is indeed common,
 To blind believers is this reaction expected.
 To skeptics these sightings are manufactured,
 Proof positive they demand for good reason.

Fake sightings have sometimes appeared,
 With made up proof that create confusion.

Scruple-less pranksters, who exploit fear,
Bona fide concern thus misused for fun.

“Monsters” of a different flavor at times flock,
In deep inland waters of Scotland, the Lochs;
“Loch ness monster”, locals have christened,
Stories of sightings then spread with great speed.

Stories of another kind have also surfaced,
From uncouth folks with great cunning,
Contrived photos created and then recanted,
Such fakes skim credibility from many accounts.

Could there in wilderness exist, primates,
Never known to science, wholly new species?
Primates who inhabit with some secrecy,
Woodland habitat, simply by own choice?

Could this, and the matter of deep water creatures,
Be vestiges of evolution that defied extinction?
Events that banished from earth most creatures,
Allowing spread and thus flourish of mammals?

Well, examples exist in history and science,
Like when Europeans stumbled on Gorillas;
Or recent finding of ‘extinct’ Coelacanths,
Absent valid proof that folks have offered,
Ne’er would one have believed they existed.

But proofs there abound for these products of lore
So much so, myths they are not any more.
In deep wilderness as in very deep waters,
Mysterious creatures might well loiter;
This is an exception I beg to make....
And one I choose to believe.