

The Dot

I Declare War

We are alone on this stage in a vast cosmic arena.
Think of all the rivers of blood spilled by the generals
and emperors,
So that in glory and triumph they could become momentary
masters of a dot.
Think of the endless men fighting and dying for a God
they're not sure exists.
War and famine at what price?
We tell ourselves what we're doing is right,
But we're so fucking wrong.
How frequent our misunderstandings,
How eager we are to kill.
Look back at the pale blue dot,
And try to convince yourself God created the universe for
a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam.