

Interstellar Safari Rhyme Royal 🐰

Traverse to star system Alpha Centauri
4.3 light years away to strange tides,
Alien life on an interstellar safari!
Ivory quadrupeds boast large fans on their sides,
Beady black eyes and fuzzy white hides.

We advertise to see these bunnies in space
A trip is available to see their birthplace
On Vulcan-like planet pulled close to its sun,
Tidally locked shores and alluvial sand,
Only 50 years left and it's habitat will be bland.

The bunnies will die unless they come here
Rescue operation is needed- says scientific seer.
Researchers and vets took the challenge by hand,
Import alien flora, import alien sand

A shipment of creatures with bunny like features
Landed in Texas with pomp and fanfare
Humanity's first extraterrestrial visitors- the hare!

Cosmonaut Dogs Clerihew 🐾🐾

Veterok 'Light Breeze' and Ugolyok 'Ember'
Brave orphan doggo ascenders
21 days in space, a record held 5 years
Thank you cosmonauts with fuzzy ears
Belka called Whitey Strelka called Squirrel
Orbit unwinking starlight colored beryl
These strays from Moscow tougher and fitter
Strelka's litter infused with star glitter

Lunar Raceway

On the meridian of the moon's tranquil sea,
The race was about to start.
The speed of Daytona, the vigor of Le Mans,
9 racers driving tech that's state of the art.

A race-car from France and from China,
Russian and German competitors too,
A Canadian, 2 Arabs and 2 Americans,
Staggered on a lunar racetrack queue.

180 minutes to complete the course,
The impact craters now a smoothed out cavity,
A low orbit flier, ambulance rovers ready,
if driver unlikely breaks away from gravity.

The suits were stiff and lacked mobility,
Drivers were locked into place,
Trapped like almonds in chocolate,
But they wanted to race in outer space.

Viewers in the billions watch
The Russian peel out in first,
And ravenous mechanical pack follows
Magnificent lunar race race unrehearsed.

Lunar soil traversed at 250mph
The Arabian crew flanked the group
The Russian held his lead
Going into the banked grey loop

Here an American tried to pass on the inside
They slowed and dropped back
The German held steady
In the eye of the mechanical pack

Chinese pushed the Russian car higher on the curve,
Leaving them both surpassed
When the bend straightened on
And pedals hit the gas

They drove with earth in the backdrop
A distracting sultry blue view
But for racers, raw speed

Was their paramour hungry for risk

Countries represented on car hoods,
Logos like Amazon, Tesla and Baidu,
But a competitor's heart is selfish
They raced for themselves too

In the straightaway the Americans charged
When radio wanted to stop the race
A meteor shower towards them all
But none of them slackened pace

Viewers cheered while mechanic's cried
Communications said, "at least we tried."
Falling rock smashed the Frenchman's tire,
And he cork screwed off the track

The Canadian quit while he was intact
All else ignored commands from lunar base
The show must go on
They still continued the race

The French car floated and crumbled
But drivers don't look back
Weaving and dodging hail from above
They spaced apart as best they could

An Arab tried to pass the American
And was blocked by quick reaction
While his countryman took the newly created corridor
The Arabs were back in the action

The German was in the middle,
Cautious about staying intact
And the Russian passed him
But Chinese driver hit by impact.

The worst of it was over,
The second bank straight ahead,
The Arabs and Americans mixed,
Orange red sun watched overhead

They all held their positions this section
Brave drivers mostly grey with dust

But an Arab hit a rocky projection
And took an American out with thrust.

The last bend nearby over
Finish line was thankfully in view
Last minute bets soared
Mechanic teams ready in lieu
The German broke through caution
Clipping between two drivers to take first
But never count out Russians
To win every race extraterrestrial first.

Russia drove on an inclined ramp
To float at top speed
Above the competitors
Surpassing a great lead

But those on the ground pursued fast
With the help of friction
The American fought on
In a race that's crazy non-fiction

The crowds could be imagined screaming across earth
As the Russian flew overhead
The German now wide berth
And Arab car in bronze trophy's stead

The focus was on two
A dance nearly done
The laser finish ready
Who the hell won?!?

The first Lunar Raceway was quite a bender,
America won by just a fender

Space Station Villanelle ✂

I work the international space station
My collar is made of plastic
I just received a message that's quite fantastic
I heard a communication with trepidation
Our Voyager craft did initiate
An alien ship attacked, a quick altercation
I relayed NASA the news
That's their third ship destroyed to our one

Conflict in the stars is won by none

More than 16 sunrises and sunsets a day
My heart did adjust to wonder and zero G
Although work still sucks without gravity
We discussed with staff the meaning of this
And when to take the necessary risk
Be vulnerable instead and carry on quickly
At the speed of light fear increases
“The mission comes first,” they say
I fear our situation is surely drastic
My collar is only made of plastic

Interspecies Hospital 🏥

Alien scouts were in the Sol System
Injured from electrical flare
Life or death risk they decided to land
In the Texan town of Bel Air
It was a risky move
Landing in barbarian space
But help was necessary
With no other available choice

We waited in line since courtesy
is part of our culture too
However severed was an artery
Our scout passed out past two.
Meanwhile the governor ordered
hospital administration to treat them
as normal guests but “send the best-
this opportunity is a good will test!”

Predictably unable to communicate
A nurse took vitals of both
To compare the one to it's kin
And honor the Hippocratic oath
But venipuncture needless barely penetrated tough skin!
The alien was upset for it's attacked twin.

Physicians were brave to take this patient case
What if they caught a sickness from outer space?
The pulmonologist phoned Texas A&M
To get a veterinarian to help alien gills

He drained excess phlegm
And gave the crew-mate the temperature control.
They upped the 60 degree room to 75
Fogging up face shields with sweat
The burns were addressed and
wrapped with care- here comes the vet!

She repaired the gills as best she could
Close by, the alien's crewmate stood
While talk of aliens was classified by management
The news was all over the neighborhood

Texan militia guided aliens

back to their craft
They left in a blink,
on a powerful upward draft