

P5 V5 T5 – Part 5 In orbit

Filming 2- Moon Poem

So much of our life on Earth is about the balance between the natural world and the people. Even my mission is about gathering something that people need to live their lives. How would we live without our Smartphones? Now I'm leaving the Moon, the Earth down below me seems more extraordinary but also fragile. So fragile.

I feel very small in the universe. I'm not sure where these words came from but they sum up how I feel.

I'm the Woman on the Moon, looking down at the Earth

No man here, just bits of space kit up ahead

No world of cheese, rice pudding, honeycomb

Only grey and black rock, dusty, dry

And, of course, the Earth hanging in the sky

When I look down, when I see the oceans,

The rivers; the green and blue beauty of Earth

Brown pollution clouds my view

Wish I could gather up our Earth

And hold it to me, safe

A great blue bauble, tarnished by time

So, reaching out my protective gloved hand

Across the black velvet sky

I pluck our planet, like a plum

Dust it off, clean it and hang it back there in the sky

Never to die.

What is this? I don't understand. What am I to do with this?

Don't worry MIC. It's just a poem. It's something humans do.