

The Last Soul On Earth

By : **aruntp**

â The Last Soul On Earthâ is a poem written in future time that investigates the lost paradise, and manâ s curiosity to invent and discover the lost elements in the past. Can he build an earth that is greenish and full of bio-diversity through his Scientific and Technological Inventions? Man always goes behind selfish monetary gains, not considering his own existence. The poet is an alien creature who visited our Mother Earth in a point of Time and Space.

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Call of blue planet;

Made a journey towards the beauty;

Near it came dark and dark;

Peeped inside, the wall of horror.

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

Dark and yellowish, reddish to the darkest;

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

The roots of dark heavy mass spread deep inside;

The air was rottened, dark and filthy;

Vision was blurred, eyes was burned;

The sun was grey, sometimes yellow, and sometimes dark.

Seems the planet is a cofferdam;

Ravaged the wind of terror a moment;

Fearful silence echoed the other moment;

Hope of pleasantness vanished for ever.

Explored the sticky water;

Once the blue Ocean, now dead or transformed;

Smelly, dark and waste of past centuries;

Gush violently all around madly.

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Scratched! Scratched! Scratched!

Skin was torn and loosed in seconds;

Scratched! Scratched! Scratched!

Scratched! Scratched! Scratched!

No soul ever exists;

The past was dissolved in toxic currents;

No bone left behind;

Never a chance, left to visualize the past.

Swam hardily towards the land;

Barren, with concrete waste;

Hard and Solid, never seen a soft thing;

No life I found there at all.

Leaped! Jumped! Leaped!

Hard to move through sharp and toxic filthy wastes;

Jumped! Leaped! Jumped!

Leaped! Jumped! Leaped!

Found a man on a concrete wall;

Seems last soul on earth;

Schizophrenic he is;

Counting thousands of Discoveries and Inventions generations created.

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Discovered to protect the world;

Invented to protect the world;

All for worldly pleasures;

Forgot the world itself is a pleasure.

Everything was illusion, he cried;

There was a land with full of life;

Water fresh, trees and birds;

Ocean was blue with Fishes, tortoises.

Music of birds, insects and all life;

Lost everything in generations, because of him!

Greedy and Greedy he became, once;

Until the earth was still with no voice;

Tired of Inventions and Discoveries;

Never imagined, ever;

Those were tools of destruction;

Carried with proud for centuries.

Looking the horizon he sat, nude;

On the concrete wall, he made;

Alone in the world of hallucination;

With reddish eyes, to invent something to create the past.

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