

## GHOSTS, UFOS AND MONSTERS

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

Patterns of descriptions witnesses paint,  
Are souls, who departed at certain places,  
And repeated through many centuries past,  
Then enacted frequently as in familiar plays.

Images reinforced often in descriptions,  
In literature, myths, movies and stage shows,  
Are surreal appearances dubbed 'apparitions'  
Instilling fear in audiences, even pros.

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.

Depictions in myth of these spirits, are vile;  
Vested in them are also powers special,  
Like with ease they go through doors and walls,  
Before their powers, are we mere mortals!?

This obsession with ghosts the public shows,  
Spawned many TV programs, promising proof;  
Shows with smart electronic stuff and crew,  
Endless series then tease us, and to spook.

As witnesses there abound, the world over,  
But investigations fail to capture, for certain,  
A measly image on screen did they ever;  
Skeptics then question this, souls that return.

Has new conversation ever a ghost make?  
Have new scenes ever they create?  
Have ghosts appeared ever without clothes?  
Do clothes, like their owners, carry souls?

These arguments prompt me to suspect,  
 Are these not images captured of “ghosts”,  
 And in low fidelity, recorded on silicates,  
 Replayed at times as familiar shows?

Conditioned persons with perceptive senses,  
 Then to ghostly shows, they bear witness?

UFOs, have long confounded human conscience,  
 With many a ‘sighting’ around the globe.  
 As with ghosts, the stories that defy science,  
 Of saucer-like objects that fly among clouds.

Discarded have been sightings many,  
 As deceptive accounts and as being flaky.  
 There remain stories of abduction and scrutiny,  
 Aboard ships hovering or moored in the sky.

Believers have long blamed governments,  
 Covering up and hiding as “classified documents”,  
 Such “true” sightings are many, but ‘unidentified’,  
 And form vast literature over many a decade.

Roswell in New Mexico holds the record,  
 With more sightings than most in the world.  
 And folks from far and wide make the trek,  
 From hearsay of UFO encounters in the past.

The global visitors who come in droves,  
 Help boost commerce, and Roswell wins;  
 Yet, scant is proof they take back of UFOs;  
 But memorabilia they do buy with their coins.

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

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, saucers or pans,  
 To sail from afar, needs knowledge of science,  
 A degree of knowledge that's more advanced,  
 Than what we humans have so far amassed.

So, which corner of our solar system will garner,  
 Then deploy these objects of high-tech gear?  
 A quick survey of planets will make it clear,  
 They couldn't possibly be from any neighbor.

Closest to our system is a binary star,  
 At four and odd light years, moored secure.  
 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 muster travel faster than light,  
 Thus reach earth and materialize with ease,  
 With proof, that scenario I can believe.

Mysteries surround sightings of another kind.  
 Usually brisk encounters, with elusive beasts.  
 Descriptions of footsteps and beings oft remind,  
 One of hairy primates, walking on two feet.

“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 even occasional movies,  
 On film captured, sightings, brief and ephemeral;  
 Proof beyond those evanescent encounters,  
 Never have witnesses offered experiences.

Fake sightings have sometimes appeared,  
 Made up proof with photographs that feign;  
 Scruple-less pranksters, who exploit fear,  
 Bona fide concern thus misused for fun.

“Monsters” of another flavor at times flock,  
 In deep inland waters of Scotland, the Lochs;  
 “Loch ness monster”, locals have christened,  
 Long-standing debate has this ignited.

Stories of another kind have been planted,  
Concocted with cunning by folks uncouth.  
Contrived photos created but then recanted,  
Such fakes skim credibility from many accounts.

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

Could this, and our deep-water cousins,  
Be vestiges of evolution that defied extinction?  
Events that banished from earth most species,  
Allowing mammals spread and find ascension?

Well, examples exist in history and science,  
Like, per chance Gorillas the Europeans sight;  
Or 'extinct' Coelacanths' recent appearance,  
Ne'er would one have believed they existed.

Proofs 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 my considered, common sense take,  
And it is an exception I beg to make....