

WHAT IF...?

What if... I can smell the rain, see the breeze,
See in the dark, float on water, read any mind,
Compute, crunch numbers with ease,
And perform Rain Man's feats, in kind?

What if, the deaf regain, and succeed,
Through their fingers, they hear again?
Like the blind, who use Braille to read,
And the mute, who 'speak' with signs.

Can I grow limbs, like a lizard does tail,
And make prostheses obsolete and gone?
Or be like all flora, grow without fail,
Be young all over, just trim and prune.

Can I run fast as cheetah, gallop like horses?
If all through my skin I carry chlorophyll,
Could all shopping for food then cease,
And we finally abandon the need to kill?

Will bad memories genetic ills' become?
Will we pick the skin, eyes and hair color,
Or we fancy a certain fact and outcome;
And then change back when we fancy no more?

Where, if I could, do I don an extra eye?
On the forehead or back would I flaunt it?
But how much more fun would it buy,
If, on a fingertip the eye securely sits?

Eight arms will work in ways not imagined,
For those of us who multitask as a routine.
Wouldn't it be fun to feel your partner close-up?
Like sharks sense their prey before they devour.

Humans through ages have fancied flight,
And envied we have, our feathered friends;
Yet, if flight we finally master, will it delight,
Or will the chill be too much to contend?

Can I emulate bats, with my ears see?
Will dreaming in color become commonplace?
Taste the rainbow, through walls I peer,
With light, without a misstep, can I race?

Or better still, ride a neutrino's weightless shell,
From here to infinity to heaven and hell?

Most of all, travel through time I want,
Back through history and across boundaries.
Go back in time with the main intent,
Of erasing our fore fathers' blunders?

Or maybe forward I travel and then find
All the damage our leaders have done.
Travel back then, fellow humans I remind
Action we must take to have the harm gone.

What if ...we humans had the power vested in us,
By the truth of science and its infinite promise,
Most that I penned of the fanciful ruminations,
And much more will the near future dispense?