

## Poems about Comets

"I have realized; it is during the times I am far outside my element that I experience myself the most. That I see and feel who I really am, the most! I think that's what a comet is like, you see, a comet is born in the outer realms of the universe! But it's only when it ventures too close to our sun or to other stars that it releases the blazing "tail" behind it and shoots brazen through the heavens! And meteors become sucked into our atmosphere before they burst like firecrackers and realize that they're shooting stars! That's why I enjoy taking myself out of my own element, my own comfort zone, and hurling myself out into the unknown. Because it's during those scary moments, those unsure steps taken, that I am able to see that I'm like a comet hitting a new atmosphere: suddenly I illuminate magnificently and fire dusts begin to fall off of me! I discover a smile I didn't know I had, I uncover a feeling that I didn't know existed in me... I see myself. I'm a shooting star. A meteor shower. But I'm not going to die out. I guess I'm more like a comet than. I'm just going to keep on coming back."

— C. JoyBell C.

The sire of men and monarch of the sky  
The advice approved, and bade Minerva fly,  
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ  
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.  
Fired with the charge, she headlong urged her flight,  
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.  
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent  
To fright the nations with a dire portent,  
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main,)  
With sweeping glories glides along in air,  
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:(129)  
Between both armies thus, in open sight  
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light,  
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire  
The power descending, and the heavens on fire!  
"The gods (they cried), the gods this signal sent,  
And fate now labours with some vast event:  
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;  
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars."

- Passage from the Iliad, Homer, 762 B.C.

## Halley's Comet

By Stanley Kunitz

Miss Murphy in first grade

wrote its name in chalk

across the board and told us  
it was roaring down the stormtracks  
of the Milky Way at frightful speed  
and if it wandered off its course  
and smashed into the earth  
there'd be no school tomorrow.  
A red-bearded preacher from the hills  
with a wild look in his eyes  
stood in the public square  
at the playground's edge  
proclaiming he was sent by God  
to save every one of us,  
even the little children.  
"Repent, ye sinners!" he shouted,  
waving his hand-lettered sign.  
At supper I felt sad to think  
that it was probably  
the last meal I'd share  
with my mother and my sisters;  
but I felt excited too  
and scarcely touched my plate.  
So mother scolded me  
and sent me early to my room.  
The whole family's asleep  
except for me. They never heard me steal  
into the stairwell hall and climb  
the ladder to the fresh night air.  
Look for me, Father, on the roof  
of the red brick building  
at the foot of Green Street—  
that's where we live, you know, on the top floor.  
I'm the boy in the white flannel gown  
sprawled on this coarse gravel bed  
searching the starry sky,  
waiting for the world to end.

## **A Naughty Little Comet**

There was a little comet who lived near the Milky Way!  
She loved to wander out at night and jump about and play.

The mother of the comet was a very good old star;  
She used to scold her reckless child for venturing out too far.

She told her of the ogre, Sun, who loved on stars to sup,  
And who asked no better pastime than in gobbling comets up.

But instead of growing cautious and of showing proper fear,  
The foolish little comet edged up nearer, and more near.

She switched her saucy tail along right where the Sun could see,  
And flirted with old Mars, and was as bold as bold could be.

She laughed to scorn the quiet stars who never frisked about;  
She said there was no fun in life unless you ventured out.

She liked to make the planets stare, and wished no better mirth  
Than just to see the telescopes aimed at her from the Earth.

She wondered how so many stars could mope through nights and days,  
And let the sickly faced old Moon get all the love and praise.

And as she talked and tossed her head and switched her shining trail  
The staid old mother star grew sad, her cheek grew wan and pale.

For she had lived there in the skies a million years or more,  
And she had heard gay comets talk in just this way before.

And by and by there came an end to this gay comet's fun.  
She went a tiny bit too far—and vanished in the Sun!

No more she swings her shining trail before the whole world's sight,  
But quiet stars she laughed to scorn are twinkling every night.

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## Comets

by admin on Tuesday, June 14th, 2011 | 2 Comments

<http://www.sacredpoems.com/comets/>

Stars at night they twinkle  
Afar and burning bright  
Each a source of wonder  
Standing bright amidst the night

We pay them small attention  
For they are always there  
We go about our business  
With but a single care

But then there are the comets  
Bright and racing past  
Everyone takes notice  
Even if they do not last

It's what people remember  
The dramatic burning light  
That stands out on the landscape  
And brightens up the night

### **C/2011 L4 (Panstarrs)**

<http://allpoetry.com/poem/10594455-C-2011--L4--Panstarrs--by-Cynewulf>  
Oh, C/2011 L4 (PANSTARRS) as you fly into the infinite void  
One and a half times the distance of the Earth from the Sun  
At some unimaginable velocity.

(37.3 kilometres per second actually)

Voyaging ever further away somewhere between Cepheus and Cassiopeia  
Your refulgent coma streaming into space  
At some unimaginable length.

(0.06 astronomical units actually)

I have ceased to care  
As the weather has been so bad recently I will never see you.

### **Comet Souls**

<http://allpoetry.com/poem/3492582-Comet-Souls-by-HaleyMary>  
Chorus:  
From the dark regions of outer space.  
Around the Oort Cloud, another place.  
Streaming across the sky in a whitish gold.  
Living as comet souls.

Comets have a nucleus, coma and a tail.  
Breaking apart in the atmosphere, some objects can seem so frail.  
Scattering the building blocks of life.  
Streaking across the sky at night.

And, when it comes into sight.  
We realize we are the light.

Chorus

The Greeks referred to them as long haired stars.  
Brighter than planets Venus and Mars.  
Bringing life to a lonely planet Earth.  
Took away death, replaced with rebirth.

And, when it comes into sight.  
We realize we are the light.

Chorus

In comet Halley, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon were found.  
The same elements here on Earth where we are bound.  
Comet Halley and humans have an atomic difference  
in elemental makeup of 3.5 percent.  
Making life comet sent.

And, when it comes into sight.  
We realize we are the light.

Chorus

And, when it comes into sight.  
We realize we are the light.

Chorus

Streaming. Streaming.  
Streaming across the sky in whitish gold.  
Living as comet souls.

## **The Cosmic Cosmopolitan**

Flying in this ship, we stop for a dip,

On Saturn or Jupiter's moon.  
Been searching for space,  
Out of a galactic suitcase,  
And we're hoping we'll find that place soon.

We land on a ring, and hear a voice sing,  
Its tune keeps on calling our name.  
The planets and stars,  
All feel like ours,  
And everything's one in the same.

Trip tropping away, we shake and we sway,  
To the outer space beat we keep hearing.  
Above us stars die,  
While others race by,  
And some of them just get their bearing.

The yellows and blues of the stars as we cruise,  
Seem to light up our path as we fly.  
Though we know there's a border,  
That lingers past order,  
We carelessly hit overdrive.

And as we both race, through the big box of space,  
We know that this moment is ours.  
The comets trust not,  
Their head's: vacant lots.  
They live their life hour by hour.

Forever they burn, without great concern,  
Till the day that their glow starts to dim.  
Without getting mad,  
They accept what they had,  
And go into infinite spin.

So let us relax, without any tax.  
Let's swallow the beauty of all.  
Life's just a drink,  
That goes down the sink,  
But not till we've had the last call.

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## **Nightrider**

She slices the night skies in it's destination yet unknown  
glides thru space like a nightrider,  
Where has she been to, to what other worlds has she flown  
and who's hand really guides her?

Is she a time traveler or just a wayward frozen lost soul  
whose cold heart seeks a home.  
Slicing those darkened skies like a silver knife we behold  
or is she a messenger that roams?

She leaves a tail that glows until she's made her rounds  
visiting the cosmos in her silent trek.  
Will she die out or run out of flames that surrounds  
her in cold space and never come back?

Yes, she's that lonesome nightrider we know as the comet Halley  
seen about every 76 years by the naked eye.  
And I used to gaze up and stare at her but now I'm now ailing  
but I hope to see her once again just before I die.

### Author Notes

Prompt: Pix provided by contest host  
user name; poetofda21stcentury  
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## **Comet**

By P.H. Davies

A comet left behind it a trail ablaze of dust  
and light, a great tail that seared the night sky.

All could but marvel at it, a thing quite rarely  
seen, a life lived always too close to the sun.

How it was so illuminated by the intensity  
of the heat, the glow of alcohol, the speed

Of the descent. A body is made up of solar  
dust, of lunar ice, of millennium old carbon -

That cannot stand the impact of a great fall.

Such a beautiful blonde fire would only turn

To red, a coma to help blind it from its course.  
It mistook a noose for a catapult that might

Have sent it back into orbit, to avert the ground.  
All comets should streak through space like

Celestial tears, not find themselves on earth,  
to be placed in museum cabinets, or coffins.

The crater she left was six foot by three, piece  
of another universe buried in a cemetery.

## **Chasing Comets**

(Specifically, 67P/Churyumov-Gerasimenko)  
by Laurie Smilan

Hello!

Thanks for checking in!

We are

Still here. Spinning. Stuck.

Worried.

“Are you still out there?”

“Are you

“Well? Alone, but safe?

OK?”

You were

Our heart’s creation,

Our best

Imagination’s

Hope. Our

Boldest, dare- to -dream

Dreams, just

Dreams. Except for you.

For you.

Then you,

(We, vicarious)

Flew! Off

Propelled in space-time

On your

So long, so solo,  
Journey.  
Far, forever far  
From us.

We are  
Wondering in wonder,  
Earth-bound,  
Of your wandering.  
You soar  
Into silence.  
Then, Silent.  
Silence. Cold. Distance.  
Distant.  
Were you misguided?  
Or lost?

Silence.  
At first, endured.  
But then.  
After years of it,  
Silence.  
Seconds, minutes, more  
We wait.  
We cannot bear it.  
We wail.

Our sun's  
Light finally finds you.  
Warmth stirs  
Some thing, reminds you  
It sparks  
Some deep embedded  
Memory  
Chip, hard-wired inside  
You, Probe!

We fret  
Have you forgotten?  
You call!  
You are still out there!  
We probe.  
You give no answers.  
You turn,

You are still searching.  
You go.

You know  
You're on our mission  
You probe  
The outer limits,  
The depths.  
The Limitlessness  
Of our  
Beginnings. And End  
Despair?

We hope.  
Wakened tin-can probe  
You can  
Out in the cosmos  
Fulfill  
Our mortal yearnings,  
Our dreams  
(Stuff you are made of).  
Perchance.

Thank you.  
For chasing comets  
(Stuff we are made of).  
Thank you.  
For checking in.

## **Ode to Rosetta**

by Max Pudney

As you wake from hibernation,  
stir up your instrumentation,

With every Watt of solar power  
go find the truths for which we scour.

Keep in light out of the shadow,  
orbits finely poised and narrow.

What memory does this comet keep,  
locked up in rock in space so deep.

Land Philae on its frozen ground,  
search elements that are around.

Discern the different isotopes  
on which we now pin all our hopes.

Watch plasma and magnetic field  
to see what secrets they might yield.

And when the Sun awakes a coma,  
your sense will taste its strange aroma.

Please be our eyes and ears and nose,  
and follow where the comet goes.

Go on Rosetta – help us see  
our proto-genealogy.