"I am the very loneliest of all creatures in the universe Indeed I am an epitaph to man For having witnessed mass destruction like you've never dreamed

and worse
I fear I shall bear witness once again."

So said the lighthouse keeper
As he struggled up the spiral stairs
Which led him to the laser flare which spanned the cosmic void
Where keeping constant vigil
He'd forewarn this gallant guard of guards
Beware all ships the space graveyard and its stones of asteroid
s

"For though my race was thought immune
Themselves they did consume
So be warned or be mourned tomorrow
And from your deafness do desist
And pray take heed of this
For your present course can only end in sorrow..."

So said the lighthouse keeper
As he wiped a teardrop from his nose
Upon which his spectacles rose and gazed out to the stars
And like a portrait still he stared
And sighing to himself declared
"I must invent the perfect prayer
Not yours, not mine, but ours

Which in the name of charity
Might lead us to eternal peace
The ultimate philosophy
Some simple, single phrase." The old and much encumbered man
Then came to rest with head in hand
He thought
and thought
and thought away
His last remaining day