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 then. 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
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
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.