

Help From Afar

Evan C. Lewis

Once at wit's end, no chance to mend, could do no more but cry.

Without a friend, at life's dead-end, I screamed out to the sky,

“Dost thou intend to ever send an angel from up high,

To come attend and finally mend this man you left awry?

Are we in Nod, a punished squad of sinners that pervert...

The rules of God, and now must trod a planet full of hurt.

You like the rod, you like to prod, you heavenly brownshirt!

So, this poor sod, even if odd, shall now at once convert.

With no faith left, spirit bereft, I call out to afar.

So come here deft, all life that's left upon some distant star.

This planet's *effed*, and all that's left is misery. We are...

Of heart with cleft and heavy heft. Please, come to mend our scar.”

On May the third, with no prior word, the alien arrived,

He said he'd heard from far my word, of how I was deprived,

So he had spurred his xeno herd, and thus they had contrived,

A plan preferred and well-referred to make my life revived

“You seem upset, I shall abet, I listen and am learning.

I heard your set and do regret your issues so concerning.
But do not fret, for we have met to fix your planet's yearning,
And so have set your Earth to get a healthy dose of burning.

None of mankind would be inclined to frown if they were dead.
No one could find their hopes resigned while decomposed in bed.
See, you've outlined an Earth declined and we propose instead,
To leave behind your world outlined in bright, eternal red.

Yes, that is right, we shall delight in setting you on fire,
A flash of light, sky burning white, and all of you'll expire,
For that will smite, all fear and blight, all longing and desire.
Then, no more plight, just the delight of void or heaven's choir.

So, please just bear while we prepare our planetary laser.
Smash chinaware, have an affair, become a drunk hellraiser,
blow up times square, no one will care, tomorrow we will blaze her.
Your ground and air will be nowhere, your moon: a new stargazer."

"Um... If I may, to your dismay, this plan I must protest.
I really pray another way you choose. That would be best.
Of course, I say, fiery doomsday, will leave grief dispossessed,
But on the way, will do away with... well, all the rest.
You see, although, as I did show, it's true, I don't like pain,

If you do go and make aglow this Earth, 'twould be in vain,
For you must know that, yes, although no sadness would remain,
I'd go also, and would have no more joy ever again."

"Aha, I see, your second plea, you'd like some happiness.
Leave that with me. I do decree our answer will be 'Yes!'
So, presently, you shall be free of all your Earthly stress,
But *also* we can guarantee pleasure to the excess.

My will be thine, by your design, I'll send for all the jugs...
Of Neptunes wine with taste divine you'll gorge on it like drugs.
And Vega Nine has beer so fine I'll bring ten billion mugs,
Just one warm stein I do opine can feel like heaven's hugs."

"Err.. Just before you go to your far planets and acquire...
Your wondrous store of beer. I'm sure there's more that I require.
I underscore I can't ignore the profits of desire,
But I impore that I need more. I yearn for something higher.

It is not news that many blues and sadness disappear,
When one man whose life's with his brews continues beer to beer.
I can't refuse, that to abuse the drink is fun all year.
But what is booze, if we can't choose to drink it with a peer.

To drink alone, it's widely known, would boost my poor morale,
But its been shown that on my own that it cannot corral...
The deeper tone that life has thrown upon my heart and shall...
Grind this man's throne, down to the bone without a rationale.”

“Aha! Of course, we see the source of why your spirit's dropped,
Why in remorse you plead out hoarse that pain of yours be stopped.
Your life is coarse but we'll divorce your pain and you'll adopt...
Chance to endorse and reinforce a joy that can't be topped.

You have no friends, and that extends to family as well,
And to what ends? Loneliness rends a heart. Oh, I can tell...
That truth intends and recommends an alien magic spell,
To make amends. It heals, it mends the lack of personnel.

Your friendship suite is obsolete it cannot be disguised,
Fame incomplete, clique disrepute, coterie minimised.
It is concrete you shall defeat your repute stigmatised.
For on the street each soul you meet shall soon be hypnotised.

There'll be no dame that will not claim you. All men will despair.
But they won't blame you or defame you if you only stare.
A look of aim will henceforth tame each person then and there,

To then proclaim your very name the fairest of the fair.”

“I’m sorry, What? It’s surely not the right thing that I heard.

Did you just plot that if I shot a look and spoke the word,

That all I spot would at once trot to my demand? Absurd!

You have forgot that man is not a spineless zebra herd.

You are naive to then perceive to any small degree,

That I conceive that to receive this power dreamed by thee,

That aims to weave and then deceive the mind of each I see.

I do believe that to achieve achieve true joy, man must be free.”

My alien mate, at rapid rate was ready to reply,

But still was late as I would state before he spoke that I...

Would not abate any debate from now on. “Instead, fly...

To space, don’t wait. Please now go straight back to your home. Goodbye!”

It seems I gave above a wave a little bit too fast.

Seems, as a knave, I did behave with folly unsurpassed.

’Twas a close shave. Near did enslave all mankind to the last,

But I still crave someone to save me from my sorrowed past.

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