

Alien Poems

Strangers

Strange one, who are you
with your face like a cartoon
red horns on your head
and your lips like a rainbow?

You are like no one I ever saw
standing there,
such a strange visitor
at my ordinary door.

And yet I welcome you
as I see you thinking.
Who is this strange one
with the fur on top of a bowl?

Iain Crichton Smith

The Undistinguished Visitor

'But I'm nothing unusual,' he said,
'My life is utterly undistinguished.
I've invented nothing, composed no symphonies,
Designed no temples, bridges or palaces.
Until today, I've hardly travelled -
Only to planets less than twenty light years distant.'
Said the anthropoid with scarlet fur and telescopic eyes.
Who could hear a bat squeak from a mile away.
Outcalculate our largest computer,
And run forty miles in an hour on his seven-toed feet.
'To be frank,' he continued, 'they chose me
As being especially stupid.
And therefore suitable for leaving behind from the real
expedition
To investigate this planet of yours
Which we call Garbage-Bucket.'

Leo Aylen

Alien goes Shopping

He went into the shop and sat down,
'Can I help you?' asked the girl,
trying not to notice his rainbow eyes,
his one green spiral curl.

'Shoes, Eight,' he said. She brought
a shiny brown pair. 'Much too wide,
too long, and not enough of them.'
he cried; and then he threw aside

his cloak and showed her his four pairs
of shoeless feet, with claws bright blue
and nicely trimmed. 'Certainly, sir,' she said
and measured them. Four pairs. Size two.

Pamela Gillian

Alien at the Zoo

The monkeys looked from their cages
and saw him, with his many-coloured eyes
and high green curl, dressed in a long
cloak, grey as winter skies.

They knew he wasn't a man,
'Be like us,' they called. 'Leap and swing,
throw off your grey cloak.' And he did!
He began to jump and spring

and run faster than horses can
on his eight legs. But the people ran away.
They thought he was the most gigantic
spider in the world. The zoo was shut all day.

Pamela Gillian