

Leslie Fish

"Neutral Zone, Romulan View"

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Gods of my ancestors guide my hands
Here on the borders of our sky.
Guarding the young on our homelands
Give me the strength to fight and die.

Somewhere beyond these ranks of stars
Fly great ships of our alien foe.
Armed with knowledge that is not ours,
Steered by ethics we do not know.

Many the years since first we met
And clashed in the normal ways of lore.
They could have conquered, they might yet;
We still don't know what they spared us for.

Fiercely their strongest beat us back,
Yet all that they asked was that war should cease.
Cunning and courage, they do not lack;
Look, they have power but sued for peace.

And so we watch on the border here
For unknown dangers beyond our skies.
In not admitted, but constant, fear.
Please, gods, why did they spare us? Why?

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