

Disease

I read a book once
when I was a little girl.
A group of teenagers
were chosen to go around
the world and pick out
the best qualities of humanity.

They had to find those who
were kind, merciful, honest,
creative, patient, loving.

They were to find these
people and take their findings
back to the aliens waiting
above the earth.

Waiting to destroy
humans once and for all.

The teenagers came back
disappointed. Discouraged.
Hopeless but searching for
hope anyway.

They did not find their
evidence. They found a
history of death and mass
murder.

The alien council showed
all of these images and more
to them. War, death, violence,
murder, child abuse, on and on
until all the images blurred
together.

Because to them humans
were a disease. A parasite.
A vile creature that needed
to be stopped before it could
spread out to the stars.

Mankind had to be killed
off before they became
smart enough to discover
life on other planets.

Because if they spread
out among the stars they
would take their lust for
violence and death along
with them.

Their murderous nature
would infect every alien
species they came across
until nothing was left but
more death, more hatred
and more war.

So the teenagers countered
by saying that humans
were still young. Didn't all
civilizations fight while they
were young? Hadn't all of theirs?

Humans were at a tipping point
and amid all the violence and
death they spread were brief
shining moments of love and
affection. Empathy and kindness.

Humans didn't need to be
exterminated. They needed to
be guided and taught. Someone
had to take the time to show them
the way. They could change if only
they were given the chance.

I read a book once.

And when I finished I couldn't
help but feel that they had
gotten the ending wrong.

—Written May 18, 2014