



‘New Gold’ by Dom Conlon

Our message is not written
in gold to be collected by aliens

It is written
in autumn leaves for children to
scatter

Our message is not written in
gold to die in the cosmos

It is written
in honey for bees to be born in

Our message is not written
in gold to be fought over by
people

It is written
in daffodils so that friends can
make peace

Our message is not written
in gold to be stored in quiet
vaults

It is written
in the vocal cords for everyone
to hear

Our message is not written
in gold to be aimed at by
asteroids

It is written
in sand for the oceans to reach

Our message is not written in
gold to be lost in space

It is written
in candlelight for the lost to be
found

Our message is not written
in gold to be forgotten by history

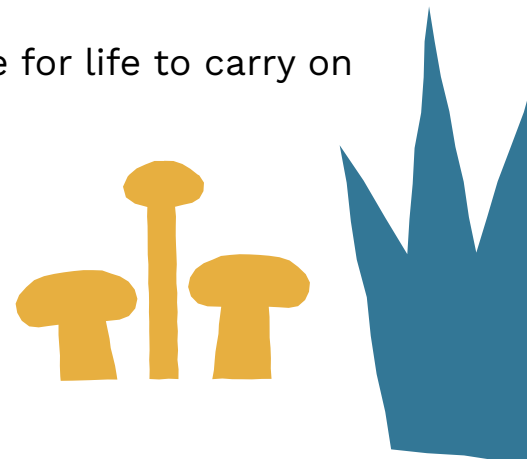
It is written
in rings to be remembered

Our message is not written
in gold to be swallowed by
infinity

It is written
in the summer rain for the thirsty
to drink

Our message is not written
in gold for spaceships to carry

It is written
in the sunrise for life to carry on





The poem above was written as a response to thinking about the gold discs sent out with Voyager 1 and 2. Those spaceships carried messages intended to be read by aliens.

The gold discs included pictures of scientific discoveries and maths, of different people young and old, of sporting achievements and life in cities, of astronauts in space and of food. There were also sounds of nature, selections of music from different cultures, and greetings from people in fifty-five of the languages spoken on Earth.

The idea was to show whoever discovered the discs that the people of Earth came from a beautiful and peaceful planet.

