

SCOWBOYS

By Richard Tornello © 2011

INTRODUCTION:

*Unsung heroes of civilizations, societies' triangular base
shelping trash and waste,
to one far away sun, and there erased.
The death/smell/bow-shock of one small planet,
a place where no sane inhabit.
Occasional vaporization here and there,
life is short, gritty and bare.*

*Flying through the deep continuum,
safety's always at a minimum.
Ships' a wreck,
the social contract plays,
the hauling constant, with never ending days.*

Scowboys,

Flying high, flying low
stinky ships on the go.
Relieve our planets of our waste
Dump it some uncharted place.

Scowboys,
Flying high; flying low.
Flying fast, never slow.
Paid by the load,
not on the clock,
pulse jets throbbing @ the docks.

Scowboys,
Flying high, flying low,
airlock barely holding own,
shaky craft, let maintenance go,
until the danger red line tilts
from gravity's pull, the ships can't lift.

Scowboys,
Was once a bright and shiny craft,
a high end ship, the pride, and fast,
is now foul, abused, and trashed.

Scowboys,
No one plans for this career.
For careless captains that can't fly true,
or in arrears and payments due.
Bow thrusters smashed, running lights too.

Scowboys
The galley's broken, no grub to fill,
so empty stomachs fly on pills.

Scowboys,
Their ships are rank and stink to hell.
Ten orbits out, the sensors tell,
their odor, that stench, oh that smell,
toxic waste, in space-time hell.

Scowboys,
Flying high, flying home,
refueling for the crews, alone.
The stench hangs thick on the airlock doors,
the uniforms, and in their pores.
Refueling job takes no skill
so human factors fill the bill.

Scowboys
Convicts seeking a reprieve
gladly from their confinement leave
and,
volunteer this tour
and,
If they make it one full year,
then
sentences lifted, to home and cheer.

Scowboys,
Flying high, flying....
What's all this we now do see?
A new black fleet, so nice and neat.

Scowboys
flying in formation?
Ships are clean, no radiation?

Scowboys,
These ships are quick and lightening fast
The stink of old is something past.
How'd they learn to do that trick?
A secret sauce, a magician's stick?

Scowboys,
A new boss is in this space
With rules and facilities all in place.
Take the contract or fly no more.
The black fleet's golden garbage galore.
Learn their way and methodology
Dumping loads so profit-ability.

Scowboys,
Many ships too wrecked to join
Purchase new ones? short of coin?
New and special legislation.
Money buys the next election,
and puts the weight on generations.

Debt to generations future:
*"No more worries, just sign here sir.
Live a life, pay through time, sir.
And what you can't your progeny will find, sir
upon their life,
will work your job, sir."*

(And whispering in no ones ear)
"To the generations, chains that hob, sir"

Scowboys,
Flying high and flying fine.
The rules are tight with laws that bind
Just don't screw up
or you're off line.

Scowboys,
Flying high and flying proud.
Actions speak, need not be loud.
Take no guff, they're hard and mean,
in uniforms so bright, so clean.

Scowboys,
No stops for joy, no stops for breaks
Crews are doubled, constant wakes.
Dump your loads, about the face
back for more,
the clean ship's race.

Scowboys,
Flying high and flying fast.
New bosses concept from self made test,
he put his ship and him to best.
To the sun's corona, a chance, a bet,
burned the bow shock's stench and left.
A ship turned black,
but no more stink.
He had a concept and made it stick.

A sun proof, slide-off, for his boat.
And no more skunky ships a-floated.

Scowboys,
No more scorn, no derision,
Pilots want to join division.
First to come were first to serve,
all the rest held in reserve

SCOWBOYS
All the planets, they have to pay.
There just isn't another way.
High called living, for all who play
Scowboys® ratings are AAA.

THE END