

## The Third World

And the third world that horizoned  
At twenty seconds of arc, on our passage to Tlon,  
It too possessed atmosphere,  
Unbreathable, as its spectrum of elements  
Showed us; but the green patches  
And the obvious polar caps so attracted us  
That we entered an orbit, and thus to our doom  
Fell. (I Jangr am charged with this log,  
To keep it until the end.)  
And we are fallen, into a landscape  
Not unlike our own Uqbar, but without life:  
None have come out to see or to see to us,  
Assuming that they see, or see to —  
For it appears inhabitable, this landscape,  
And may be inhabited, assuming  
That they breathe this unbreathable  
Already by rapid displacement suffuming our craft.  
Communication having failed with Tlon, we cannot be  
accurate  
As to forms our dissolution may take:  
Predictably chemical deaths, and not other.  
I would like to say, for ours, that we face with courage  
Absorption into the bands of this third world  
That has no name; but this noise out-ratios these signals,  
And there is no signal, no name for us  
Among green squares of what grows on the third world,  
Amid noise that is the signaling  
Of creatures that moonrise everywhere and circle us,  
Who know courage, color, number, all which we know,  
In whose unbreathable fall now their word and our peace.

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