

As Richard Of York
Gave Battle In Vain,
My Very Easy Method
Just Speeds Up Naming Planets.

Astronomers now don't count them all
But every one still matter to me,
Not Kuiper Belt Objects or Plutinos
Vibrant planets loud and bold.

Mercury rising from the East
Wrinkled babe of our solar-system,
Closest yet not hottest
Eighty-eight-day spin-cycle

Named for love and beauty
Hottest through greenhouse effect,
Controversially rotates the wrong way
Evening star, tormented by hurricane winds

Third rock from the sun
Once a cow jumped over our moon,
Seven point five billion people
Screaming blue murder.

Men are from Mars
Red planet – god of war,
Olympus Mons thrice Everest
A million to one – yet they still come.

Jupiter the fattest Gas Giant
Is greedy with seventy-five moons,
It's red spot superstorm
Rages twice the size of the earth.

Cassini probe crashes
After weaving through icy rings,
Its nine, not five-year mission
Returning data from where I would live.

Butt of schoolboy jokes
Titania's shivery Ice Giant,
Spinning sideways to chill blast
Rip Van Winkle length days and nights.

Supersonic windy Neptune
Predicted - not discernible to the eye,
Elliptical orbit carries it closer
Than Earth, sometimes gets to the Sun.

Red snow falls on mountains
As cold as crossing the Styx,
Whose boatman Charon dances a dainty tango
with Pluto perfectly matched