

Whatever you think, it's fine

Calling out to sailors of the skies

I captain oh captain for thee

What will you find across the pines?

The story book romances and the vines?

Where does your spigot take you?

And sextant lead?

Will you follow willingly, or fight the feelings within?

Are we all aboreal?

Or do we search for a foreign coast?

A new plane of being.

A new way of seeing.

Beyond the seas we know.

I wish to catch some stardust.

Hold it in my hand.

And run my fingers through it.

And become a better man.