Daniel G. Fitch - On Stellar Winds, Writhing Ecstatic

On stellar winds,

writhing ecstatic

bonds of familiar

flavors flowing,

forming and parting

in dances electrical,

we sing together.

(This is a metaphor.

There is no sound

in the spaces

we travel now.)

Having left behind

gravity and all its

well-intended bonds,

having left behind

scarcity and all its

multitudinous scars,

having left behind

humanity and all its

many-faceted ills;

Having left behind

death and all its

fear and uncertainty,

having left behind

family and all its

faulty fractured logic,

having left behind

most of what we

thought we needed;

Having left behind

war, oppression, oaths,

faith, love, hope,

terror, hatred, pain,

memory, bodies, brains;

On stellar winds,

writhing ecstatic,

we sing together.