|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Now Voyager    This is no joke. This is us on crystal girders Above a meltdown.  Voyager, now fired by the adventure, Wire yourself to touch.  The space between us, the Space between our astronaut zoot Suits, our life support cables, our Precarious perch, swings into zing & the zing sings of serenity.  Here’s an abundant focus. Here’s a zone composed only of gazing Intention, of pulses steady &  Watch how close, how the moment Approaching will launch this crystal Girder & throw us straight off towards  The others hands. Watch the catch occur, The parachutes furl open & our arms  Be of sheer knowing that time is of The voyage & that this voyage is  Now |  |