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|  Now VoyagerThis is no joke.This is us on crystal girdersAbove a meltdown.Voyager, now fired by the adventure,Wire yourself to touch.The space between us, theSpace between our astronaut zootSuits, our life support cables, ourPrecarious perch, swings into zing& the zing sings of serenity.Here’s an abundant focus.Here’s a zone composed only of gazingIntention, of pulses steady &Watch how close, how the momentApproaching will launch this crystalGirder & throw us straight off towardsThe others hands. Watch the catch occur,The parachutes furl open & our armsBe of sheer knowing that time is ofThe voyage & that this voyage isNow |  |