

“Spatial Moments”

*Spatial moments in time, marking my thoughts as imperfect rhyme.
Celestial music in beats of unknown, marked by measures yet unsown.*

*Galactic harmonies unseen by molecules of thought,
is this music, is this the way of naught?*

*Liftoff marked not by flames of fire,
but by tachion particles catapulted by my desire.*

*Soaring though space on wings of knowing,
impossible to identify by scientific knowing.*

*My hands are on consoles with buttons unknown,
yet the craft soars through stars unbeknown.*

*My words are repetitive I know for sure,
but how else can I describe this unworldly allure?*

*I see planets soaring by me that have yet to be charted
by scientists, astronomers, even psychic seers.*

*Human words can't grasp the sights I feel or the feel of my mind,
humanness can't fathom the mind I feel or this celestial time.*

*Back flips, this craft soars through the blackness of space,
millions of galactic light years seen in a moments grace.*

*To where I go, I know not nor can I guess,
but how I got here is a lifetime's quest.*

*Don't give up questioning, don't quit the desire,
of wanting to go home to be near your home's fire.*