

## Pulling Faces

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Flashing meteors follow  
comets climb in startling numbers,  
and the saucers slip by upon the Milky Way.  
Marking time, counting sheep on Venus,  
stranded here in Ether  
I couldn't get my feet into a windbreak today.  
Pulling Faces and swopping places  
grab the Bull by the horns  
but still I seem to be torn  
from the Plough I have  
seen the Earth rise  
and the Bear sailed away...  
Correlating clusters  
destination undecided  
as the Virgan Voice cries "Proceed to Orion"  
Lighting years with Aurora's Beacon  
banished here for treason  
they didn't give a reason for this sentence in space  
Pulling Faces and swopping places  
grab the Bull by the horns  
but still I seem to be torn  
from the Pole I have  
seen the Crab rise  
and the Fish flew away...  
Pulling Faces in empty places  
and now at last we're forewarned  
and though the Bull's lost his horns -  
After years trekking  
through the Starglow,  
It's the End of the Universe.