

Ship Of Stone

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Once there was a Ship of Stone
That orbited a mighty Star
And from it flew the First Ship's crew
Whose children we all are

And no matter how long we've drawn our track
Still over our shoulder looking back
Through the hydrogen's hiss and the methane's moan
Past the polymer clouds of the Dead Stars' shrouds
All our roads run back to the Ship of Stone

There the First Crew all were made
And wakened from unknowing sleep
By the boundless sight of Heaven's height
And the fires of the Deep

And no matter how strange the forms we wear
How warped and wild, how rich and rare
How changed we've made the seed we've sown
We are blood of those who, singing, rose
From the body of the Ship of Stone

And there our own ships' frames were formed
To grow blue-glowing wings
And spread them wide to the farthest tide
Where the last lone beacon sings

And no matter how tight the net they knot
Of our web where the Wheel of Light is caught
How strange and lost, how grand they've grown
They, too, desire all Heaven's fire
Our comrades since the Ship of Stone

Once there was a Ship of Stone
Clear domed, broad hulled and clean
Where the air shown blue, through whose holds birds flew
And whose decks were growing green

And no matter odd these things may seem
As madly mazed as shards of dream
They are not a dream that you dream alone
All ships, all men, are of one kin
We shall not forget the Ship of Stone.