

BEYOND

Michael Fantina

Beyond the solar winds, the moons of cream,
Under the dust clouds of bizarre display,
Past solo comets rough and silver-grey,
There out upon the frozen white extreme,
On sea lapped shores of some stupendous dream
I watched the sunless skies where comes no day,
But just those hurtling stars whose vapors spray
Through this eternal night like jets of steam.

I've walked those shores where no man's foot has set
Beyond the last beyond of frozen planes.
Exiled so long I near forgot regret
And heard the subtlest of silent strains
From lunar violins beyond pale snows,
By tragic lost musicians no man knows.

"Beyond" © 2008 by Michael Fantina

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 5 No. 1 2008