

STAR RIDER

Michael Fantina

Come with me on the wind and ride
Until the stars to cinders burn,
Through flaming comets veer and glide,
Past star streams will we bank and turn.

Deep in the typhoon's eye we'll rest
Until this sea begins to boil
And then we'll ride the snowy crest
Of novas where the dark stars roil.

Past icy comets through the night
We'll fly until the Sun grows cold
Until we find a star so bright
With rays like streaming molten gold.

Come with me on the wind and ride
Through swirling silver clouds like palls,
On super strings we'll play and slide
Until the stars sing madrigals.

Come with me on the wind and ride
Until the stars to cinders burn,
Through flaming comets veer and glide,
Past star streams we will bank and turn.

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