

# 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.