

Verse

Voyager Spaceprobe

And when the world sleeps below
When cries and laughter drown in time
And busy cities turn off their lights—
Think of my trek, my steady heart
Set in paced repeat and song.
My job is not a form of science,
Not a wrought work of cold machines
Although you calculated my strength.
My task and motion are a faith:
A starlit moment when in your hearts
You imagined touching both space and sky
At one with age and this universe.
Turn as I turn. Distant Earth,
Mother of my metal and my shield
The power of the Father sky
Drives me on to journeyless depths.
I carry the message of your dreams.

—*Bruce Meyer*