

## **The Song of the Light people**

The last dreams he had were in transit  
Fleeing for something new  
A strange new world where everything was possible  
The last fundamental dream  
People had long ago viewed a sunset  
Travelled through the darkness of night  
With the star and moon as their companions  
There silent friends and confidants  
Now there they were  
Out of a thick piece of dented glass he saw the heavens and the stream of milk  
beside them that flowed since man first had dreams offering him solace from the  
primordial night.  
The ship was small and held families.  
Those whom we simply could not depart from.  
Who would share the brief and long jaunt into the cosmic oceans?  
Ships flowing and sailing on the breezes of heaven and crewed by those unafraid  
of the distance of the cosmic ocean.  
A dreamer had long ago dreamed those words repeated by others  
Kepler and the harmony of the universe.  
But now his dream was reality and now a new dream would be dropped in the  
ground and see if would grow.  
Like their ancestors so long before off to the unknown horizon  
Lined like a trillion candles lit by the cosmic fire.  
They were heading off.  
His folk were travelling people  
Speaking their ancient tongue and carrying in their minds the songs that made  
them  
Now was start of new songs  
No longer of merely earth but all of creation  
He wondered if that's what the first people felt.  
Standing on the edge of all creation with their creator behind them  
Watching creation and life being breathed into the world they would all share  
He wondered at the first sunrise.  
The light shooting off from all directions meeting the hills at the center of the  
universe  
Men from long ago woke and greeted the sun  
The motor of the cosmos  
The stuff we are all made from  
Forged in the greatest explosions ever known  
The beginning of miracles started at the beginning of the world.  
Life is the miracle of the universe and its quiet maker.  
To acknowledge the long story of the people and its place in the universe was  
not yet finished.  
The world would continue on maybe to its long set conclusion.

When at last in a desolate sacred place where the last stitch will be thread  
The dog long gone to be fed  
But life until the end was meant to be lived as it being a supreme gift.  
The jump into a great river and cross it fold and beckon others the come on over.  
They would always be followed by tricksters wherever he went they would go but  
at the final totality the same rules would apply.  
The great truth was everywhere and where life would go it would follow. A new  
beginning sought after always available. They set their sights  
They would go.  
They would be remembered and their journey in the cosmic sunset  
Through the darkness of the journey through the night  
To at long last there final waypoint  
Their fearsome journey ends  
To begin once more  
And do it all again.  
But at last the drawing of the sky would open and they would all follow.  
The universe of God's face and its silence the music  
They at last long last had broken free to journey to the heavens and walk the  
road long before  
Dreamed of and though madness  
Or impossible.  
But they had begun.  
Walking the ship he saw their fear, hope and aspirations in their faces as they  
looked at them  
He saw the small divine in all of them  
He prayed that would prevail.  
That this was the turn  
Of the great page of history.  
So long the history of sacrifices  
That now they headed off till the end came  
They would make their dreams and leaves their bones on the new worlds that  
were to be found.  
As those they left behind urged them forward  
And passing the dream that would never die and the dreams of beauty  
That would never fade.

-Courtland Hopkins