Brave Saint Saturn, Prologue (The Light Of Thing

In perfect orbit they have circled
As the light of many worlds falls softly on their skin
And days here pass like minutes
One moment of brilliant daylight will shift into the next
A flash of dark behind some distant lost moon
And then it is over
Like the pause before waking
Sleep is replaced by light, and life and hope
It is the light of one far away sun that has beckoned them to leave
And the hope of home that has lifted them from slumber
The hope that though the dark may come
The sun also rises