

Renaissance, Past Orbits Of Dust

All of the wind
Floating in time
Dust into life,
Sun stream flowing wide
Adrift in the void
Splintering still,
Great cosmic star
In the cell of dark

Chasing bits of joy
Ghost in through the void
Clouds go whirling by
Hear the cosmic sign
Under glowing moons
Solar afternoons
Fate and love go by
Shooting stars of time

Skeleton soul
Stretching in space
Echoes of night
and shadows of light
Those brittle stars
In orbits of dust
Fragments of sun
From having been one