

The fast fixed star's a star;
 the fast star passing
 and the faster ones, red and green,
 are a plane, and a closer plane.
 The further star's so far
 and fast away
 I'm amazed you can see it
 although it's vast.
 Where are you? Where are you?
 We swim through the night
 and find no rest
 because you are not here.
 Swim through the night, signalling,
 keeping our distance.
 I'm here, I'm here,
 bravely swimming in this tiny
 thin air.

The Lout's Prank

Our fathers
 who conquered the world,
 hidebound, bent and mean,
 their kingdom queened,
 their will bedunged,
 inert aestheticist heathens,
 give us this day our daily bread
 and fourfold give us their trespasses –
 a sweet thought given those
 who trespass and get sussed.
 Our leaders now test our patience
 by defiling us as people,
 for we are the conscience,
 the poor and the glory
 and our endeavour's
 well-meant.