

THRILLING

Wonder

STORIES

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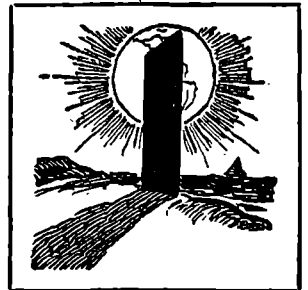
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IMAGINATION

Can imagination act
 Perpendicular to fact?
 Can it be a kite that flies
 Till the Earth, umbrella-wise,
 Folds and drops away from sight?

Miles above the Earth we know,
 Fancy's rocket roars. Below,
 Here and Now are needles which
 Sew a pattern black as pitch,
 Waiting for the rocket's light.

Poet, steer your rocket down.
 Lights are useless, though they crown
 Half of space with glory, yet
 Leave this hard old globe in jet.
 Earth's the start, the end of flight.



By PHILIP JOSE FARMER
