

THOUGHT AND SPACE
BY RAY D* BRADBURY

Space--thy boundaries are.
Time and time alone.
No earth-born rocket,
seedling skyward sown,
Will ever reach your cold,
Infinite end,
This power is not Men's to
build or send.
Great deities laugh down,
venting their mirth,
At struggling bipeds on
a cloud-wrapped Earth,
Chained solid on a war-swept,
wening globe,
For FATE, who witnesses,
to pry and probe.
BUT LIST! One weapon have
I stronger yet!
Prepare Infinity! And
Gods-regret!
Thought, quick as light,
shall pierce the veil,
To reach the lost be-
ginnings Holy Groll.
Across the sullen void on
soundless trail,
Where new spawned suns and
chilling planets wail,
One thought shall travel
midst the gods' playthings,
Past cindered globes where
choking flame still sings.
No wall of force yet have ye
firmly wrought,
That chains the supreme
strength of purest thought.
Uncashed, without a body's
slacking hold,
Thought leaves the ancient
EARTH behind to mold.
And when the galaxies have
headed DEATH,
And welcomed lastly SPACE'S
poisoned breath,
Still shall thought travel
as an arrow flown.
SPACE--thy boundaries are
TIME---AND TIME ALONE!
