

Phillips Anthony "Pulling Faces"

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Flashing meteors follow
comets climb in startling numbers,
and the saucers slip by upon the Milky Way.
Marking time, counting sheep on Venus,
stranded here in Ether
I couldn't get my feet into a windbreak today.
Pulling Faces and swopping places
grab the Bull by the horns
but still I seem to be torn
from the Plough I have
seen the Earth rise
and the Bear sailed away...
Correlating clusters
destination undecided
as the Virgin Voice cries "Proceed to Orion"
Lighting years with Aurora's Beacon
banished here for treason
they didn't give a reason for this sentence in space
Pulling Faces and swopping places
grab the Bull by the horns
but still I seem to be torn
from the Pole I have
seen the Crab rise
and the Fish flew away...
Pulling Faces in empty places
and now at last we're forewarned
and though the Bull's lost his horns -
After years trekking
through the Starglow,
It's the End of the Universe.

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