

Now, Voyager
By Mary Sauve

The young boy looked up at the starry sky,
Staring, dreaming, wishing. Tracing
the constellations, etched in his mind's eye,
Mapping flight paths with his finger.

The boy took comfort in his fiery fears
As a tether to a balloon
For dragons, rocket ships, and planetees
Would prevent him from leaving home.

He wasn't afraid of zero gravity
Of floating, in the dark ether
He'd say to himself, Now Voyager, be
Brave, be one with the milky way.

He readied himself, climbed onto the sill
Tiptoes clinging like sharp talons
The window a portal calling him 'til
He leaned forward, tied to his bed

Coolly, he said: "Now, Voyager", and leapt
The evening breeze caressed his cheeks.
He fell to the sky while his parents slept
Bereft, the rest remains unsaid.

*inspiration prompt is the title of the Bette Davis film *Now, Voyager*