Towards the Stars

They slept as they set off for the stars
in their refrigerated beds.

They slept as they passed the planets
and headed for outer space.

The stars watched without moving.
Nothing seemed to move anywhere.

They dreamed no dreams
as the stars kept their endless watch.

Then on a fine morning
they opened like blossoms,

they rose still young from their beds
after a hundred years.

Iain Crichton Smith

Towards the Stars, Iain Crichton Smith *by permission of the author's Estate*

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