

Starlight and Dinosaurs // Brooke Lunderville
TTTO: Starlight and Saxophone, © Tom Smith 1989

Persephone or Whitefall, Earth-that-was -
It doesn't matter where
From the core to the borderlands, there's no
Man can fill this empty chair

River is our pilot now, and
I'm trying to move ahead
But when I look across at her
There's a ghost I see instead

There ought to be a dinosaur, above the console lights
A prehistoric battle scene, to make me feel all right
But the plastic palm tree's gone, with the only one who might
With dinos play
My pilot's Washed away

He pulled off our escape, so
Close, it seemed a miracle to land
One moment of relief until we
Learned the cruel trick fate had planned

We all knew it was risky
The Alliance to defy
And it's nothing I can't handle
You know I've seen men die

Still there really ought to be a dinosaur, right there in easy reach
Whimsical fake reptiles on a wee Jurassic beach
But they're gone and silent now, with the one who used to teach
Us all to smile
Across the black miles

Zoe steps in the control room
Still dressed in mourning white
Her face tells as little as ever
Her hands hold a small box tight

She opens it slowly and takes out
A set of plastic figurines
“We both know these belong here,” she says,
And sets them on the radar screen

I pick up the tyrannosaur I haven't seen since his last day
“Mine is an evil laugh!” I can almost hear him say
I look up to meet her stare, and I find we both are wearing
A sad grin – maybe we can begin
Without our leaf on the wind