

The Engines Sang

Upon the pad the engines sang "At last we are free". Ignition burns and super thrust; sky bound and gravity bust. With a thunderous shout the machine thrusts fourth clear of tower and shackled frame, rattling, clanking, banging and more heading off for a faraway shore.

Its passengers sit in tight array, emotions high; they are on their way. Teeth and bones are all a chatter not time for any natter. Dials to check, commands to give; tower clear! Is heard to shout; one other obstacle gone no doubt.

The engines sang and roared with might, much to the watching crowd's delight. Soaring up into a bright lit sky, this bird swiftly going on high. A momentary pause! What; What is the cause? Not fret, a change that's all, the second stage begins its punch to power the beast to further height. Now again a little pause as stage three lights its cause, the last of the singing thrusters powers its way to orbital muster.

At 18 thousand MPH the engines cease and become a quiet place, gravity is zero now; the engines duty has done; but the adventure has only just begun!

Ho Humm

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