



STAR-BOUND

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By

LITTERIO FARSACI

*Dedicated to the wonderful dream
of youth, and its promising
world to be.*

But where in living may I see your face,
When such delight appears in dreams alone,
And I crave love that I have never known,
As perfect ally of a beauty's grace.

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P R E F A C E

With "Star-Bound" the reader is invited to grasp the effective realization of the favorable stimuli in life . . . to catch the same exuberance of spirit a man finds when lost in an all-encompassing interest, be it an absorbing game, a beautiful companionship, or an allied enthusiasm.

Here is poetry to stir the reader with a clearer vision of reality through an expression of those magical intangibilities of living, which are so priceless . . . sometimes at the expense of a more polished technique, if necessary for the sake of the original inspiration.

—Robert E. Lane

CAPTIVE

My heart is dancing in the restless air;

Although your head and mine in rain are bare,

A radiant warmth is strangely everywhere.

Across the park in youthful gayety,

The winds of May sing through the heart of me,

For here is love I never knew could be.

Your gentle presence lifts my spirit high,

Oh, Love! My thoughts are glowing in the sky,

Caught in a dream of you that will not die.

THESE THINGS I LOVE

These things I love: soft wind through grass,
White clouds on high that swiftly pass,
Flying moments I wish would hold,
Until in song they could be told!

The happy twinkle of youth's star,
A light in space, enchanting, far,
The thrill of mind when crystal clear,
A maid whose love I treasure dear.

STAR-MAIDEN

Her life was all unshadowed flame,
From starry realms with sadness flown;
And when she passed, her soul sped on,
To brighten worlds afar, unknown.

SPELL OF SILENCE

Beside the friendly, ticking clock, we groped,
Through gardens, built of silence, lost in dream,
Until it seemed that earth was far away . . .
But mortal doubting came, and what we hoped
Fell from the lyric height, with frosty gleam,
And never lived to see the fleeting day.

Henceforth, we'll let these spells of freedom run,
Unhindered more by any mundane thought,
In deeper knowledge of all time in store,
Each second lighted by a fairy sun
That blossoms fiery there, and strangely wrought,
The seed of happiness within its core.

TO A STAR

O, Great, Flaming Sun of a mammoth race,
How modest you seem, belittled by space!

What hopes do you bring with your scintillant
beam,
To numberless worlds over which you gleam?

Speak! Light ray from the distant past,
Tell us your secrets of the great and vast!

O, SILVERY, CRESCENT MOON

O, Silvery, Crescent Moon,
Why do you wander so?
Lone and drear, your riven lands
Echo wide their soul-sad tune,
While shedding pleasant glow
O'er all the yellow sea-side sands.

Calmly sailing through the night,
'Til at the last you seem
A mariner's slow-setting bark,
See, your crescent deeps of light,
As in a fairy's dream,
Wonder, too, your dim skylark.

SORROW IN THE PASSING WIND

The sky is pale,
The sea is gray,
The heart feels strange
And far away;
Your hopes seem shattered,
One by one,
And dreams lie faded,
As if done.
You have such pain,
Deep inside,
You want to cry,
And run and hide
But still you see
Beyond the cloud
The gleam of stars
That distant crowd;
For there may be
Your secret heart,
With all that joy
Of worlds apart,
Your dream of youth
Which throbs away
In brighter light
Than shines this day.

TIME WILL TELL

The time will come when heavenward,
Some great race will rise in glory . . .
But will it be man, our dream of dreams,
Or strange entities beyond the star-streams?

A BIT OF RELATIVITY

I'm sure that man is pleased to learn
Of mysteries that slumber on . . .
Especially if they proclaim
Our heritage of skies ago . . .
"Foolish man! If he only knew
How vaster the realm a fly
goes through—!"

THE HEART WITHIN

What worlds I see in your starlit eyes;

What lighted deeps they hold!

There is sunlight in their happy skies,

And mysteries untold.

There, Arcadian worlds of pale-red rose

Circle a fairer star,

With a honey-caverned moon that glows

As sweet nearby—as far!

But all their light matches not the flame

Burning in your heart's deeps,

The loveliness that cries for name,

From which the sun-world leaps!

SPIRAEA

Like distant stars that form the Milky Way,
Spiraea, in wild profusion, catch the eye,
These symbols of the night through brightest day,
That linger like a starry patch of sky,
In myriad clusters they illumine space,
Till all creation seems to Beauty hurt—
Each tiny bloom a flaming star of grace,
A sun, to light the darkness of the world.

Sometimes, in stellar moments such as these,
My heart could take the world, so petalled white,
A jewel no creation would rescind:
For knowing days to gleam like sparkling seas,
With flowers lovely to my farthest sight,
And stars as soft flames in a smiling wind.

TO A NURSE

She is the kindly touch of spring,
Which casts a light on everything;
She holds the future in her hand,
The truest progress of the land.

Her work is what all work should be,
A comfort both to her and me,
The healing breath of springtime rain,
That brings new hope to earth again.

GRACE OF LIVING

I think the height of living is a grace that meets the soul,
A motion of the body with the spirit as its goal,
A clean and splendid rhythm which pervades the very air
With joy to be remembered when the days are filled with care.

SWIMMER'S DELIGHT

I dove into the sparkling, laughing sea;
Who could resist its magic spell?
The waters rose above my head in glee,
And sang an anthem, like a bell
With notes athrill.

Then up I swept through crystal water,
To cut the surface, warm with air;
And like the sea's awakened daughter,
I felt my soul, in blueness there,
With gladness fill.

A BASKET OF FRUIT

A bit of health from nature is a pleasing fare:
The sunny flavor of one yellow, mellowed pear,
Some apples, pure, inviting with their prised
light,
Aglow, from ruddy skin to last remembered bite.

The golden delicacy of a tangerine
Whose ardor lingers sharply, with a taste that's keen,
A sliced pineapple, ripened sweet with summer rain,
And cool, white grapes that have refreshed a southern lane.

OUR LADY OF MAY

Our lady walks the fields of May,

Where noontide falls in silver light;

About her flowers, in bright array,

Bewilder and amuse the sight.

She breathes an air of gladness out

That blends in with the perfect view,

Where late spring notes and echoes shout

From hill and dale, the May anew.

While all around her, like a song,

The whispers grow to charm the ear,

To breathe above all ancient wrong,

And herald fresh the summer year.

DREAM OF LIGHT

You tell me you are frightened; rightly so,

For all the golden years have passed us by,

And there is nothing left but vacant sky.

You say you are afraid: all faces go,

And there is nothing in the world to know

But dreams and hopes that vanish down the years,

Life's loveliness, in overcasting fears,

And scudding clouds beneath the moon's dull glow.

Awaken, Slumbering Soul, and claim your wings!

Your shining strand of life is yet to be;

You've yet to feel the pulse of melody

Which lights the face of all surrounding things;

You've yet to know the keener, deeper breath,

Which drives ahead, and triumphs over death!

ELIXIR TO SAPPHO

He dreamed she was all loveliness,
Her beauty breathless as a silver dart,
Her mind a flame—Ah, this to kiss,
And in its heaven once to pour his heart!

The maiden beamed—she laughed and smiled,
Ah! would she knew the tears and joy she gave
To him whose meekness long beguiled,
A cup of awe that he might ever crave!

I HAVE SEEN THE SUNLIGHT TURN TO GOLD

I have seen the sunlight turn to gold,
And gloried alone in star-worlds spread above;
That was before I knew that time could hold
Such transcendent mystery as this—our love!

I have watched the driven snow,
For its whiteness, knowing not the lacking there:
The purer white and radiant glow
To be found in the heart of my lady fair.

BELLS IN THE WIND

Have you heard those bells in the wind—
Silver notes in the crystalline air?
I sometimes have, when the aching, weeping sky
Opens to show its heart, so blue and fair!

Its calm delight is like the dawn, which lights up
blossoms
Sparkling wet with rain, and gay
As a hunger that has vanished in the glad surprise
Of a wind that blows to play.

SOFTLY IN THE MAGIC BREATH OF DUSK

You know not how joyful is peaceful sleep
Until it has caressed you, deep on deep,
Softly, sweetly,
Motherly.

'Tis heaven on earth when, with work well done,
Your eyes droop to rest with the setting sun,
And silent
Contentment.

AS FROM ANOTHER WORLD

I followed them through the riverside park,
Over the bridge in the fast growing dark,
Enchanted by their personalities,
Which soon had my spirit in ecstasies,
 And they wondered why.

One was a dream, with wide, placid, blue eyes,
Who enraptured with her hint of gay skies;
Her soft golden hair and attractive way
Seemed to make it all a perfect day!
The other, a rose, fascinated me
 By her rich tones and laughing modesty,
As if amused at her own pretensions
To conform outwardly with conventions,
When anyone could see that heaven-sent
Were her rippling bubbles of merriment!
The third was fair, as a setting frost-star,
And came like a breeze, refreshing, from afar,
With some of the breath subdued, of the first,
(Three gems that satisfied a poet's thirst),
 And they wondered why.

As from another world, I caught their spell.
They liked my look, and knew that all was well, . . .
 And they wondered why.

ETERNAL SPRING OF ALTAIR

One summer's night I caught your glance: the sight

Was like a shining jewel, too bright to wear,

I knew you were a paradise, Altair,

Of worlds athril in smiling seas of light,

Entranced I stood, and then I saw: your might

Was slow result of force thrown everywhere,

In wisdom supernal, beyond compare,

Emancipation from all inner blight.

Your haunting melody forever new

Was grandeur piercing through the misty sky,

A spring of magic that was timeless grace.

Amid your joyous power, dreams came true,

As if you found time's heart no latent sigh,

In sweet fulfillment reaching ends of space.

FRIEDA

Your eyes that dream unuttered peace
Are a strange power to me;
And your slimness, I'd vow,
Is but stronger femininity!

In your frailness I see
The lying told by eager common sense:
I know, since your eyes
Hold eternal and quiet suspense!

COLD CRYSTAL EYES

Cold Crystal Eyes, with thoughts of gladness,
Keep shining faith in all your dreams;
And though I beg to have you near,
Give, coldly, no thought unless it beams!

It is not strange you love another;
We've just now met: you've known him years.
But why, Cold Crystal Eyes, your hint of sighing,
And why, this thought of tears?

TRUE LOVE

Like one is healed by kindly, joyful friends,
True love invigorates the mind with power.

With lasting loveliness its wealth transcends
The flaming passion of some little hour—

And makes of ecstasy a beam that wends
Its way into a God-enchanted bower.

True love is like a light that e'er ascends,
And makes of life a perfect, growing flower.

RAPTURE

I think the sweetest things are light with air,
A breeze that kisses ladies' hair,
A breath which gives keen taste to fruit,
And skies of sparkling blue—too mute!

The rapture winds have in a tree
When they have sped the world in glee,
With flying clouds above the ground,
And melodies of lighted sound.

FINAL VICTORY

A wild, abounding gladness fills my heart;
I never knew that life could hold such wealth!
Oh, see it bound and thrill me with a start,
A sense of power, youth, abiding health!

For living might is mine and yours,
This dream of life which grasps the sky with
 kindly strength,
This dream which lives and breathes, and thus endures
Across the timeless years, through reason's clearest length.

For, see, we breathe again the flame of stars,
A paeon of victory, alive, ablaze with song,
That man regains his ancient might—and wars
Recall a time when peace was fearful, filled with wrong.

LYRIC OF THE ORB

Effulgently enclosed in winged rays,
Radiantly beautifying the earth-born days,
Pouring energetically through stellar space,
Sanctifying our planet with solar grace. •

Glory of the heavens, a star like others,
Dazzling by proximity, great with its brothers;
Your motion commanding an orderly tune,
Apparently brightest at the time of June. . .

So true and firm on your path divine,
Following you my heart is thine.

CASTLE CHILLON

Unleash the hounds!—the darkness falls;
The wind—it slips about.
The beat of sea from distant crags
Sweeps up with savage shout.

The night is tense, and presses close:
Its weirdest heart abounds.
A chill creeps up the castle walls.
They must—unleash the hounds!

A MEMORY OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Away to west the heather danced,

All-golden in the sun,

As from the sky, the merry wind

Enriched all with its fun.

Oh, never bluer laughing space,

Nor air with life so thrilled,

Oh, never gladder two wild hearts,

Nor with such mad love filled.

For the world was wide, with brimming joy—

True hearts were together

When Cathy cried: "Oh, Heathcliff!

Fill my arms with heather."

EVERYTHING ENDS TOO SOON

Everything ends too soon,
The wise men say,
But what of dreams
That never end each day?

The years are passing,
Passing by, too fleet;
And yet I look for one
I hope to meet.

With souls untrue,
Sweet promise goes to waste;
At best,
Another person's life is graced.

Everything ends too soon,
But what of hearts
That wait a brighter day,
Which never starts?

PROSPECTIVE GLORY

My love-to-be is home in pearly dew,
Awake and eager-footed in the sun,
Her every pore alive, and filled with fun,
And every bit of raiment sparkling new.
Her nature's rare and sweet, and yearning too!
I felt her heart beat high—with glory spun
Beneath my touch—and secret raptures run
About her lovely form when first she knew.

Whenever she is present, smiling nigh,
Her graceful liquid lines to mind will cling—
My soul expands: she is so pleasant shy,
My wildest fancies, breathing, take to wing!
I wander through the light years of the sky,
For she sees only joy in everything.

SKY-WORLDS

My gaze goes out nightly to the stars on high,
Peering down through eyes of soft flame,
Flickering orbs that haunt the vast depths of sky,
And seem to call to me by name.

How entrancingly aloof the distant orbs seem,
Gleaming o'er the bleak silent lands;
Their lights, still as fairy as in lakes of dream,
Imprison me with cosmic bands.

Giving me such longings for sublimer sight,
My love has gone out, irrecoverably,
Out with the pure, intangible, starry light—
World on high, how you beckon me!

ABOUT "STAR-BOUND" AND THE AUTHOR



"Star-Bound" is a privately-printed brochure, issued through the Advertising, Printing, and Supply Company of Jacksonville, Florida. The author is at present stationed in the 7th ASFTR, Camp Lee, Virginia.

The poem, "Sky-Worlds," is being reprinted from the May-June, 1940, issue of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, with the kind permission of Popular Publications, New York City. An illustration for "O, Silvery, Crescent Moon", drawn by Jean Finlay, decorated the cover of the semi-anniversary issue of *Golden Atom*, in 1940.

"Spell of Silence", "Everything Ends Too Soon", "Spiraea", "Cold Crystal Eyes", "Dream of Light", "Rapture", "Swimmer's Delight", "Elixir to Sappho", "Sorrow in the Passing Wind", "Castle Chillon", and "Final Victory", (under the title, "Across the Timeless Years"), are reprinted from *Fleeting Moments*, a small brochure of verse published in Jacksonville, Florida. "Time Will Tell" is a reprint from the May, 1939, issue of *Scenes of Fantasy*, a colorful publication issued by Francis J. Litz, of Rochester, N. Y. "Prospective Glory", "Star-Maiden", and "A Memory of Wuthering Heights" originally appeared in the tenth issue of *Golden Atom*, while "To a Star", written about 1934, when the writer was a member of the Astronomy Club of the University of Rochester, first appeared in *Imagination!*, a science-fiction fan magazine, published in Los Angeles.

Most of the poems were written in Rochester. "These Things I Love" came into being on January 12, 1941. Lyric of the Orb" (the sun), written on May 3, 1933, one of the earliest, was preserved by Mrs. Bessie Jeffrey, of No. 31 School. "Eternal Spring of Altair" has somewhat of a history, since the first stanza was written about August 3, 1940, but it lay uncompleted until April 12, of this year, on Governors Island, New York City. Altair is a white, first-magnitude star, its name being derived from ancient Greek mythology.

"Everything Ends Too Soon" and "Cold Crystal Eyes" were written in Jacksonville, Florida, this New Year's Day. "Final Victory" was composed in Alabama, during the winter of last year. "Sorrow in the Passing Wind" and "Grace of Living" literally spoke themselves out by the sea, in Newport News, Virginia, last summer. "To a Nurse" was written as a result of visiting a sick friend at a hospital in Geneva, New York, in civilian days, while "Captive", the newest of the lyrics, began spinning around in the writer's mind during the last days of May, on Governors Island, this spring.

Yours truly, "Larry" ("Far-sah-chi"), 23, birthday, February 11, a Plc in the Army, has lived in Geneva, Ithaca, New York City, and, of course, his home town, Rochester, N. Y. Since entering the service, December 11, 1942, he has been stationed in different cities and camps in Virginia, Alabama, Florida, and New York, twice on Governors Island, and once at Fort Niagara.

Vital interests include people, plays, sports, travel, photography, astronomy, music and literature. Sincerest wish is for a successful postwar peace which will not be a mockery hut, rather, the realization of living in a truly "Star-Bound" world.