

## Chaucer Aboard a Spaceship

Through the erephone in my helmeet  
I koude here the countedoun  
Neering zeero, "fyve-foure-thre-"  
Whyles I helde my breeth ful tense.

Thanne, as soone as I herde  
The word, "Ignitiun!" the whool spaceship shooke  
Roarynge sodeyn, and gan to sar faste  
Up and up to the zeenith of the skye.

Through the peryscope I koude espie  
The horisonte of the Atlanyk tornynge  
Round and rounde, as up soared the rockete  
Muche faste than a fastest bullete.

I have now gon into grande orbyt  
Withinne fyve minutes after blaste-off,  
Now dryvyng the ship with myn owne honde,  
Lookynge doun upon the blew earthe ronde.

Oh, ful wonder is this space flighte,  
Circlynge ronde the grete earthe,  
Saylynge among the sterres brighte  
Of the universe that hath no ende.

- Naoshi Koriyama

Collected Poems (1996, Hokuseido) p. 213

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