

The Silver Lady

Sitting in my ready room, hearing her soft hum,
I'm beginning to wonder what this lady's done
to men like Pike, James Kirk and to me
and others whom she never set free.

The Fleet's finest ship cast a magical spell,
carrying her crew through heaven and hell;
many have died and were born in her care,
and a common feeling they always share.

She gives them work and a comfortable home,
rarely did anyone have to be alone;
the beings aboard under her protection
return the care with deep affection.

As difficult as it may sometimes be
they maintain and improve her constantly;
working together in symbiotic harmony,
they always refer to the vessel as "she".

But the Captain's chair of the Enterprise
always demands a very high price,
because in the infinity of space
this must be the lonliest place.

To perform this duty to the highest degree
one must take up full responsibility;
deciding each day over life and death,
ever so cautious with every breath.

Never permitting to grow too attached
to a place, a person - even well - matched;
no spouse, no children, no family at all,
being her Captain takes its toll.

Home is the ship and family its crew
and even among them are only a few,
one allows himself to call a good friend,
for still they are under one's command.

And when it comes to making decisions,
a Captain always feels the division;
but even though the loneliness grows
one's happy when steady she goes.

To be her Captain is a lifetime commitment,
you give your life for her in content,
and the greatest comfort she can provide
is the steady humming of her warp -drive.