

Untitled

I wish I could fly, up into the sky
Where the birds are sing and play
Up there the air, so cold and clean.

The view would be grand,
of the land
that I would see.

The people below,
all aglow,
that are going to and fro.

The current amid,
ride the wind,
that takes me to the snow.

The snow on the top,
of the mountain,
That the wind chose.

The choice before me
here on the earth
that is my home.

This home around the sun,
in this space
that is everything.