

And birds with soft wings
 Press past my body & into the dark.
 The pictures grow dim,
 The contrast intense

And the light of the stars seemed to pick me
 sense

I left the place knowing
 That nothing was right;
 And the light of the stars
 Was seen too bright.

Exuberance.

And so we left
 And there were whispers,
 Yes, whispering in the measurable domain.
 They are beneath
 While we are soaring
 The glorious passages of air.

We leap, and twist
 Our brain with noise,
 And spin like a top - dust in an eye,
 And through the mist
 Our heart responds
 Upon the splendor of the air.