

NEXT FLIGHT OUT

- by -

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What made you believe I was not
Already primed and packed to go,
So certain, instead, that I could remain
Acquiescent with your status quo?
In my mind boarding the next flight out,
I wave goodbye to reticence and doubt,
No longer encaged by just going along,
Finally free to find where it is I belong.

Thrusting aside all I let stand in my way,
Hurling down the runway in the invigorating
Embrace in the the light of a new day.
Safely secured against absurd affectation,
I lift off letting loose flights of imagination,
Into a world where ideas are the fuel,
Finding a home in a place where truth
Is not merely for fools but something cool.

Gazing about at the cloudless blue sky,
Able at last to see all that was disguised,
Each day so many souls wither as they cry,
But mine's taken wing, caressed mile high.
Seeking, soaring, roaming, exploring,
The journey neither quotidian nor boring,
So much to see, too much still to discover,
Alighting in a life where all is uncovered.