

High Flight by Maddison

I have danced in a blue ballroom,
I have climbed a hill of joy and laughter,
Only to touch the face of Heavens,
To see my reflection in the glass stairs,
Higher. Higher I catch a final glimpse,
Of the tall country lights,
Eagerly decorating, the clouds paint,
The bright, blue, sunlit canvas,
I've chased singing azure, iridescent oceans,
But now all I can see,
Is my dreams laying gracefully in front of my ocean,
Soaring and chasing, my plane slows – leaving me a chance to witness the fantasy I am in,
I descend back to war.