High Flight

Yes! I have spread my wings,

Filling the shining sapphire sky

As the balmy breeze blows on my feathers,

Drying droplets from the cool lake below.

I swoop and soar up - up through the candy-floss clouds

High in the bright silence. I dive by my nest

And chase the whistling wind away,

Wheeling through the footless paths of air…

As I fly above, the shining grass waves at me,

And I drift and dart through the warm air.

Below me, bright butter-cups glisten,

Snow-drops and blue-bells whisper,

While the sea shimmers with waves

Of memories.

Ffion P