**My Journey in the Sky**

High in the sunlit-sky above all

Higher I go, small buildings become

Watching all the buildings not so tall

I get a sick feeling in my tum

Looking out at the orange sun-spit clouds

Above the big blue infinite ocean

Clouds getting closer to form a crowd

I am getting sick of the motion

I am now back on the normal ground

I am finally free from all of my fears

The wheels of the small plane hit the hot ground

Then all is ok until the clouds give tears

Raindrops are streaming down the small window

Now I really feel them on my wet toes

Sania