**We’ll Meet Again**

Hopping aboard the aeroplane with fear

Flying high up like an owls new prey

The ground is too far away, the sky is near

When I get there, it will be a new day

I am amidst the ocean infinite

Forty-five hundred miles above the ground

I don’t know why I wanted to commit

Oh, how I want to go back down homebound

I looked up at the big phoenix sun

Whilst going through the cotton-candy clouds

The small plane made me ill from being spun

This is still better than the airport crowds

The bullets of rain were ricocheting

Hopping off the plane whilst it was raining

Malachi Hodgkins