

High Flight by Ava

Flowing higher and higher, getting closer and closer,
The blue blanket forces me into its reach,
Finally leaving the bonds of Earth,
Tossing and turning – there's no going back,
I'm reaching the places where no birds can go,
Through the cotton cosy clouds up and down,
The jade wings dance like there's no tomorrow,
Smoothly the khaki nose of my plane descends,
I finally reached the tarmac track,
This is good!