



High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered
wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling
mirth
Of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred
things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and
soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy
grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew —
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

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