

5-1-2014

Hope

Alisha Merrill

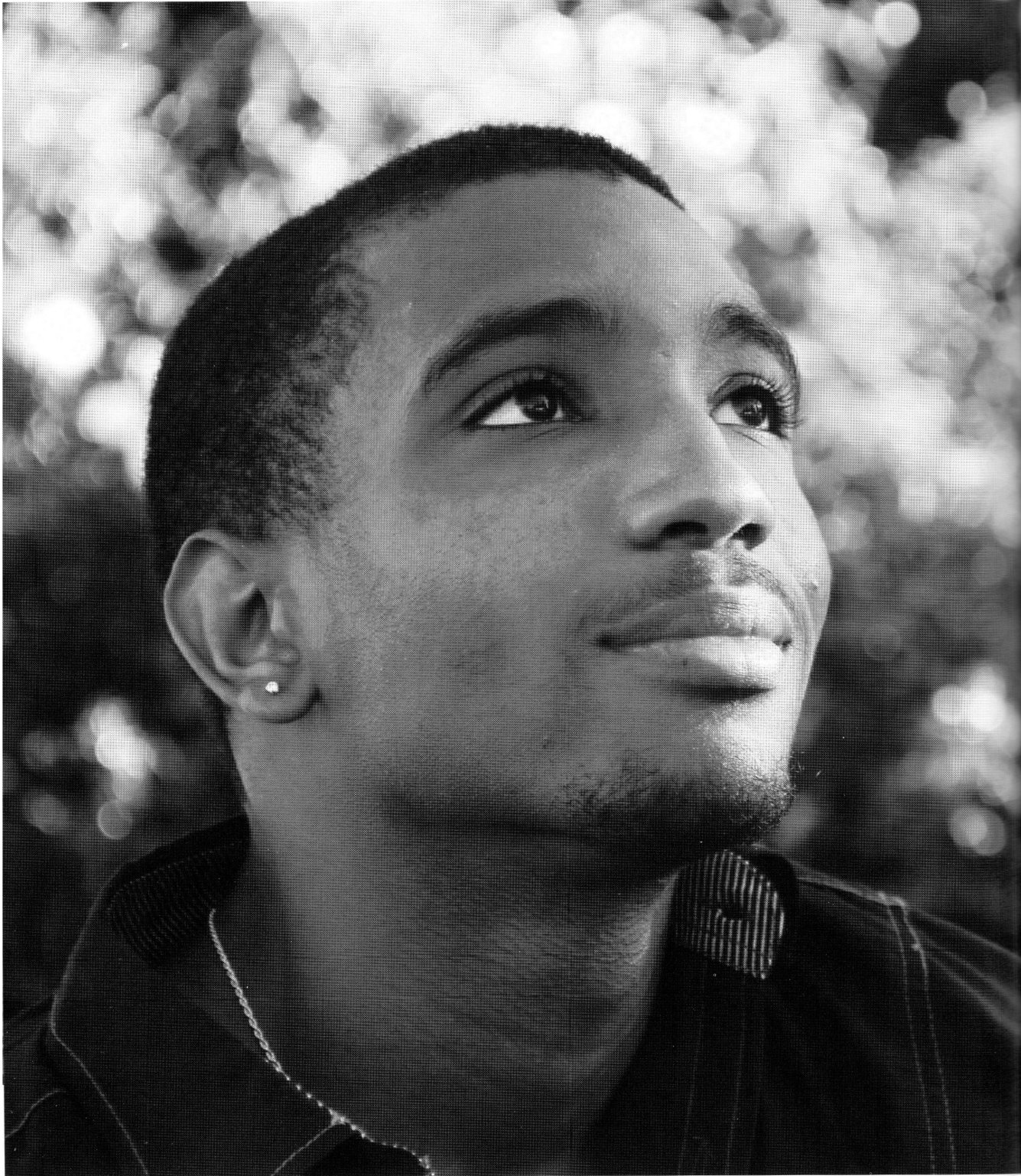
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From a Gloaming Flight

JESSICA L. LEEPER

Yes, this is why we live.
 To watch the fading hues of sunset
 At breathless high altitudes
 Over seas of Antarctic blues.
 To be above the oceans
 Peering down, freer than the eagles,
 For they cannot fly so high and see
 The airy Himalayas
 Beckoning to be explored.
 Oh if I could!
 Displaying their stary kingdoms
 In pastels of Paris afternoons,
 But so still, vast snowy deserts.
 Oh, to peer down towards earth
 Within that drifting cloud.
 We are journeymen
 In her diaphanous realm,
 Sailing through passing ice sheets,
 Never to melt nor dry.
 Oh what an ineffable paradise!
 We roam to conquer celestial skies.
 Ah, there is no wall, no end,
 Descent is only one option.
 Why settle for known lands?
 For the clouds are ever changing,
 And there is never a claim by man.
 Silver stars reveal a frosty night,
 The orange veins of sunset
 Blazing gold within the ice.
 Is it not a wonder?
 To be free, and thus alive!

HOPE ALISHA MERRILL