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## From a Gloaming Flight

Jessica L. Leeper

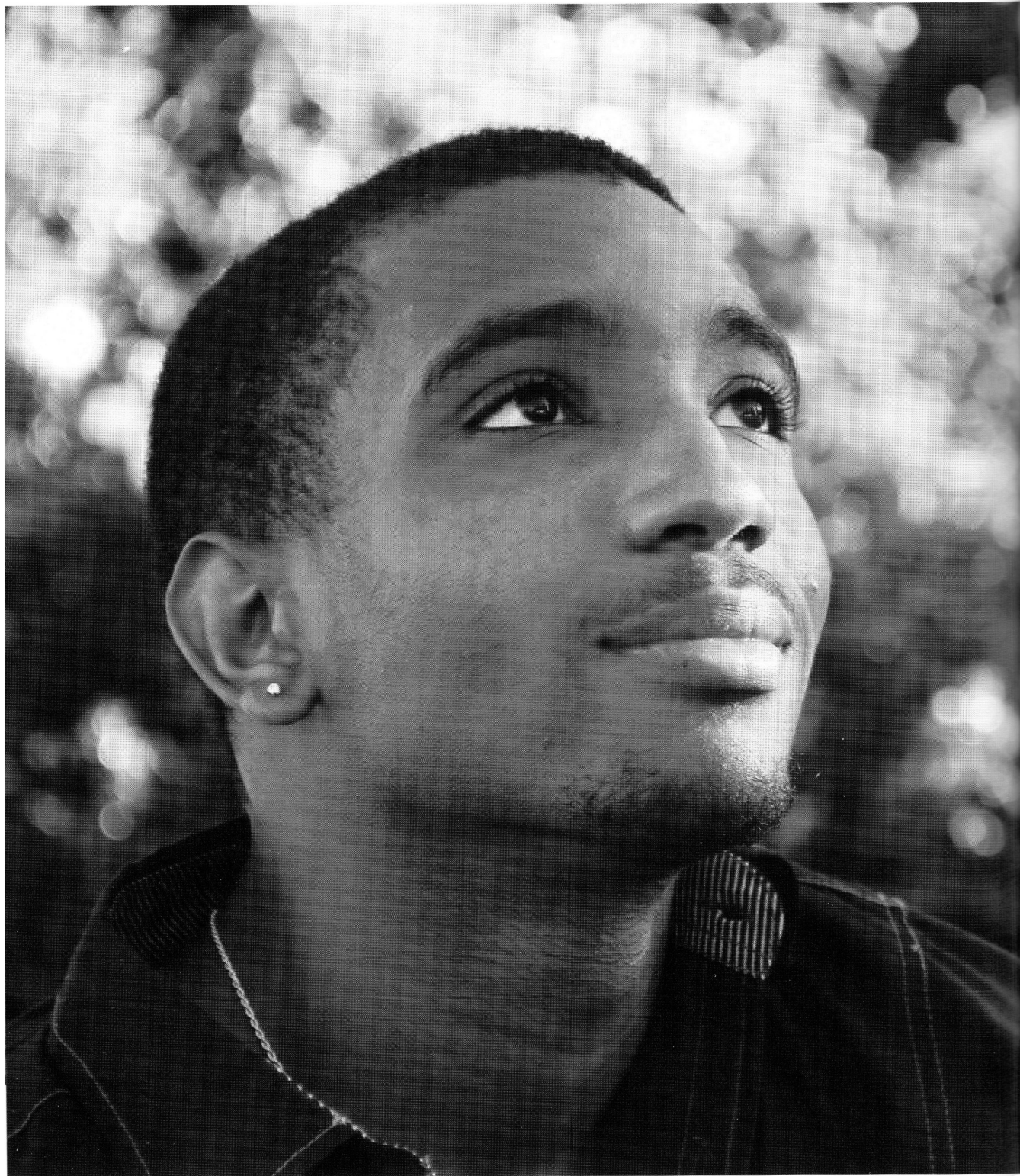
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**HOPE** ALISHA MERRILL**From a Gloaming Flight**

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 starry 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!