

A Fear of Flying

There is something magical about flying
Through and above the clouds and spying
The cities, lakes and mountains below.
Giving it up would be like part of us dying.

That part of us which has known freedom
Would rebel inside us - and then some!
We can no longer accept a life
Bound strictly to our earthly kingdom.

So what of the time ahead when we learn
That those earthly gods with eyes oh so stern
Tell us "No more gadding about the skies,
To a life on the ground you must return!"

Those of the future will look skywards and dream
Of that boundless freedom and how it must seem
To defy gravity and float on the air
And dance in the fire of an evening sunbeam.

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