



**D r e a m s**  
**o f**  
**F l i g h t**



## Ode to an Airship

There you rise,  
Against that endless blue.  
With which the worlds' eyes,  
Can't help but view.

Your long and slender shape,  
That paints the sky.  
Is much like a grape,  
That an Emperor would hold high.

Your cloudlike picture,  
And graceful motion.  
Is the scripture,  
I read by the ocean.

One day I'll be up there,  
Flying high as you do now.  
My wings soaring through the air,  
As I tell the land below "Ciao!"

Through the air with you I'll twirl!  
My woes eternally unfurled!

## **Clouds**

Once, long ago my hands were shaken,  
My ankles quaked,  
My heart had not yet been taken,  
And my body always ached.

Every time I experienced you,  
My soul could only see the worst.  
So bad was it that I could only stew,  
On how you had been cursed.

After long enough,  
I finally had seen through,  
All the gruff,  
And all the dew.

Now my body is still,  
My heart leaps in joy,  
My tremors have gone chill,  
And my mind is no longer coy.

Let us go back to those clouds,  
Those beautiful, beautiful clouds.

## Wanderer

Come by and sit here thou who traveled!  
Let an old man tell thee of woe.  
How I let my hubris unraveled,  
Life that was worth flowing.

I know you are weary,  
On that long road you have been.  
But if you only listen to my tragedy,  
Then all the heartier will thou say  
“thankfully!”

Long ago, I had wandered,  
Up the Mountains I meditated,  
The rivers I pondered,  
The towns I weighted.



None came close to that blue ocean above,  
Where I was safe even blindfolded!  
How Serene that Sea is!  
How Calm and Melodic it is!


I was safe there.  
I was free there.  
There was no verdict,  
For it was perfect.

Up there I could see the Great Father!  
Smiling down on me!

Below I could see my mother!  
And where my apple had fallen from the  
tree!

Around me were my siblings,  
Strong, Proud, and Vibrant were they.  
Void of killings,  
With greens, blues, whites and no greys!





Then I learned that fabled lesson,  
That Icarus had learned,  
And Daedalus had sought to lessen,  
Only for his son to have spurned.

Back down to Earth I fell,  
My spirit released my last gasp,  
My life ran from its swell,  
As all I could think of was my last  
rasp.

Soon I stood on this pale Earth.  
The wonder of my Youth gone.  
Many tried to comfort me with mirth,  
But all I could do was burn at dawn.

Soon in my sorrowed throes,  
I became locked to this burrow.  
Even with the many shows,  
I shall always maintain my sorrow.

So dear Wanderer.  
There is but one last  
query,  
Shall you become a  
squanderer?  
Or will you go back to  
wandering?



*-Jakob Stanton*