

The Night Sky

Mostly Autumn

Weightlessly you leave the ground
Hanging gently in the breeze,
You lift your head to face the stars
And catch the wind above the trees,
You know you're safe, you know you're there
The night sky rushing through your hair
The shadow cast across the fields
By silver moon that lights the night
Over the mountains over the hills,
The changing horizons, you drift through the valleys
Reaching for distance, floating alone,
Like an eagle at midnight, under the stars.

Through frozen eyes you see the hills
Go rolling by, your spirit fills with wonder
And the freedom to roam the winter sky,
You drift into the fragrance of the forest
Swaying gently down below.

The warm glow of a village sleeping silently,
You rise to meet the bleakness of the mountain
That roll into the distance,
A ghost upon the north wind bound for nowhere,
To meet the rising sun.