

Migration

Ray Thomas

On and on they journey southward
To the land of warmer summers
On the way they shed their feathers
For the poet's hand to write love letters

Flying high in straight formation
Seeking out their destination
Over seas and windswept forest
Frost and snow they're soon forgotten

Trees are bare snowflakes are falling
You can hear their leaders calling
Follow me fly strong my brother
Be strong of heart and help each other home

And here I am I'm just a man
And there you are among the stars flying high
Searching for a new tomorrow
I wish I could follow

Nearer still to new horizons
Chill winds blow so far behind them
Endless days and sleepless nights
A borrowed gift navigates their flight

Still and pure this morning air
So tired now but almost there
The mysteries of nature's calling
Some will climb while others return back home