

## Kevin's Telescope

### The Gathering

His hands hide inside a sleeve  
And little feet play with the ground beneath him  
While up in the sky is where he wants to be

Time will fly  
And the wind plays with him  
The night will give him its charm

While he walks home  
His head's up in a cloud  
He feels his pores fill up with fresh air  
And there is no doubt  
That one day he will be  
Where the eye of his telescope has already been

And the wind plays with him  
Night will give him its charm

Night will pass  
But he's a lot faster  
No one can do him any harm