

Skipping The Distance

The Tangent

Waiting in the afterglow.
An aurora fading quickly in the sky
Bearing magnetic north
As the distance unfold and time ticks by
Nutmeg my heading remains constant,
As the Tropics and the latitudes spin round.

Not held down by gravity,
Surfing radio waves like breakers on the tide,
I'm in touch with my A.M. pulse,
Long after all the rest of me expires,
And I become new modulation
As the skip distance grows wilder on every bound

Yes it's some life I'm living!
A hundred miles up there!

Through aethers, on the tired ground
It's a modest life here tied down to the Earth
But I'm thinking head up in the clouds,
Forgetting where I came from in rebirth
And I'm scot-free, in the atmosphere,
There's no-one who can ever hold me down

And it's some life we're living!
A hundred miles up there!
The pull's already caught us,
We're at home in the upper air