

Port Author

Reeboks play

Click Clack on

Cables that

Scallop from

Tower to tower over an unblemished land.

Trees sing with

Unbridled tongues

and Drop leaves in

Pirouettes to the

Lush green beneath.

Passerines Peck and Perch

Romp and Rustle

Authority afresh atop an arable acreage

That is

No longer suffocated by Greenhouse gasses,

The entire world is a Greenhouse.

Begonias bow beneath billows

and Find themselves stronger with every bend.

Crystal clear waters await the parched

Prepared to quench

Us All

When We descend.

Our Souls rival the Sun:

Emitting edifying energy as

Our Soles graze the Summits of Sequoias.

With a view so Pristine

It's hard to Believe

We'd ever have to come

Back Down.

How did We neglect

Our Mother's Beauty

For so long?

How were we so deaf to this

Cosmic Choral Song?

How did we allow

Cacophony to

Mimic Melody

And appease Us?

So thankful this

Insidious Oubliette has

Released Us.

We spread Our arms and the

Troposphere

Parts the Clouds to

Greet Us.

We knot Our laces and
Drape Our
Tennies on the
Power Lines below.
We'll be back to get them
Someday,
But Today,
We Fly.