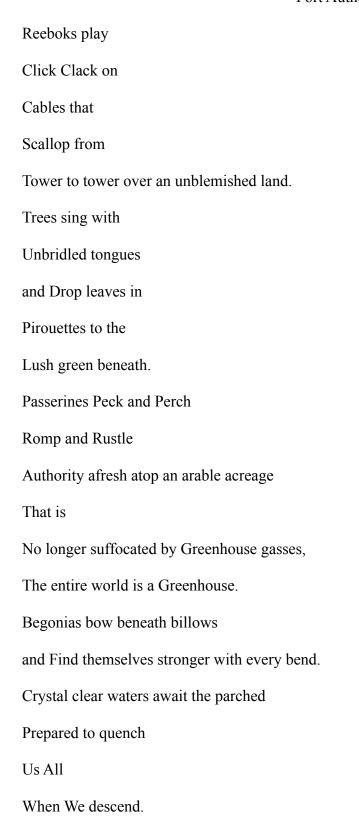
Port Author



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.