



"High Flight"

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;*

*Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred
things you have not dreamed of, wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.*

*Hov'ring there, I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung my eager craft through footless
halls of air.*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
where never lark, or even eagle flew.*

And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod the high untrespassed sanctity of space,

Put out my hand,..... and touched the face of God.

*John Gillespie Magee, Jr.
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