

# AIRBORN THOUGHTS

Written by Joyce Lewis, 1944

Of what do we think, some people  
ask,  
As we soar through the open sky,  
“Surely you have the feel of might  
Of power and strength as you fly.”

Some may have that feeling  
As they fly over the clouds above  
But I feel so very smallish  
Away from the things I love.

As for me I can easily say,  
While through the sky I roam,  
That all I think of all the time  
Is what I left at home.

I see a calf at his mother’s side-  
A colt by the side of a mare;  
I see a litter of squealing pigs  
Trying for each other’s share.

As I soar over the forests  
And mountains and all the rest,  
I see just a hollow fencepost  
Sheltering a bluebird’s nest.

Then of course there is the family  
That’s on my mind, you know,  
Whether I’m over the desert  
Or in ice and rain or snow.

And when I think of water,  
It’s not the oceans of blue  
But the rose as it sheds its petals-  
Each with a drop of dew.

I think of under the red oak  
On the bank of that shallow brook  
As I feel the pull of a sun perch  
Nibbling on my baited hook.

And, dear reader, since you ask  
Just what I think in the blue,  
It’s the so-called simple things in life  
That are known by so many yet few.