

# Freedom Flight

Feelings rising, mixing, churning  
Hands are trembling, stomach clenches  
Plane is whistling, winds are gusting  
Waiting on the lonely tarmac

Rolling slowly, props are spinning  
Roar of engines vibrates through me  
Throttle held with expectation  
Radio crackles like a robot

Windsock guiding, lights are flashing  
Swiftly moving forces pressing  
Eating up the precious runway  
Nose starts lifting, hope is surging

Leave behind anxiety, and  
Find my voice, my joy, my freedom  
Problems dot the land beneath us  
Can't invade this peaceful space

Flying high above the chaos  
Every input has an output  
Controls blinking little soldiers  
Plane responds like a well-trained mount

Soar above the distant landscape  
Rivers silver ribbons twisting  
Towns are tiny LEGO buildings  
Patchwork quilt of fields and forests

Charting courses to explore  
Turning into blinding sunlight  
Catch my breath as far below me  
Lake is shining like a gemstone

Time is running through my fingers  
Like the sand of an hourglass falling  
Fuel gauge warning, life is calling  
Never want to end this flight