

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. Hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air

Up, up the long, delicious, burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high un-trespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God!

- Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., RCAF, 9-3-1941, (1922-1941)



Rest in Peace Good Friend Dennis, may you soar as never before

