

Kaleidoscope of feelings
 Life would never be the same.
 No floor but endless ceilings
 Strange emotions with no name.

New world spun all around me
 Nothing like this but in dreams.
 Unfolding, spiral myst'ry
 Childrens' joy-filled echoed screams.

That rush that fills a nightmare but
 the dark part's stripped away.
 A dream cut loose from fright, care of
 a swoon thoughts can't convey.

Flung free from its own mooring
 my body lost on a trip.
 Its heart drifting and soaring
 opposite each rise and dip.

Life's classic airplane ride for me,
 young caged bird flying wild.
 My first real taste of liberty
 When I was just a child.

END

Commentary: Poem laid out in a nocturnal dream of my first airplane ride when I was a lad. Compliments of our friend and pilot, Ron shoebridge, Salem Airport, our back yard, Michigan. Written in my sleep, in part, and continued upon waking, 4-15-95. Has its beginnings in the childhood days when I was sure that airplanes had to be somewhere between the size of a June bug and a robin.

MARKET: Poetry, general and specialized

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