

FLIGHT CONTROL

Penelope Gallogly

Her world is not the one it seems.
Aglow in make-believe moonbeams,
Her mind's a whirl of childlike dreams.

To still the chaos of it all,
She steals away when shadows fall
And stares at flowers on the wall.

She loves the song her young heart sings,
Delights in happy, magic things,
And flies on horses—wild, with wings.

Away with easy lift they zoom
Up to the corner of the room
To gaze at far-off, harmless gloom.

For just a while she lingers there
To float where she is light as air,
Then drifts back down without a care.

She follows where the madness runs
And wonders if the little ones
Fly freely after setting suns.

They bask in make-believe moonbeams
To fall asleep with hopes and dreams.
Their world is not the way it seems.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 1 2007