

Apollo Sunshine, Fear Of Heights

I'm easing out
of a single file line
possessed by early morning dew.

In rays of light that shine through the tops of trees
the teachers herd us t'wards the bus
with hands like dried up leaves

not like the green so high above and below.

Now I am an airplane! Am an airplane! Ooh-ee-ooh-ee-ooh

A moment's hesitation in the dream
this airplane's tainted by long living
and in this moment I am a child.

With wings spread wide and weaving
through the others
more than simply fearless I
catch the wind and turn cartwheels through the trees
in a halo of light reflecting of the yellow bus.

I catch the glares from on the grass.
The children stare (their knees are scabbed).
Their chance to fly is passing by
and on their knees spread wrinkled lines.

We all must die
like petals wilt
and who am I to stand on stilts,
but still obliged to ask a question, sound
as any for the asking, while floating 'bove the ground.

"Do you children care to join me?"
"No, we're all afraid---afraid of fright."
"I don't wanna be alone---suspended, on parade---
with the fear of heights."