

Smalltown Poets, Inside The Bubble

flying high with the crowd at night
we float on unseen fuel
each one sails, a gossamer sphere
our course unwinds like a thread from a spool
"what's it like inside the bubble"
say the souls who'd like to try
cut your tether; come and join me
we can swim across the sky
look at me with childlike eye
and understand who's bound
why are those who are on the ground
afraid of falling down?
love has killed our fear
and when we're done we'll disappear
draws you out inside the ring
comes a holy breath of truth
setting free and sealing you
in eternal youth