

A Pilot and a Poet

A pilot and a poet so carefully placed apart
with careful precision
mastering each their own art
so clear in front of them, a vision.

With careful precision,
finding the freedom of the letters and the sky,
so clear in front of them, a vision
and you could almost hear the earth cry.

Finding the freedom of the letters and the sky,
seeking and soaring with so many miles away,
and you could almost hear the earth cry
when the slow pen hit the paper as soft as clay.

Seeking and soaring with so many miles away,
so far away with nothing but clouds taking shape,
when the slow pen hit the paper as soft as clay
and the sky consuming everything with the shape of a cape.

So far away with nothing but clouds taking shape,
a pilot and a poet mastering the same art,
but so carefully in different shape,
the change is only near their heart.

A pilot and a poet mastering the same art,
the distance nothing but a length in the sky,
the change is only near their heart

with dreams flying so high.

—*Morgan DeWitt*