

Gliding

Graham Nicholson

I was once dreaming of release
Literally gliding through the air
Above the world hedgehopping at peace
Thinking, to do is to dare.

Oblivious to all boundaries
No curbing there to clear
Air surfing with reveries
Thinking, put away your fear.

But what does it all mean
Such feelings to be translated
From the vapours of a dream
Thinking, dreams = parable complicated.

Viewed in retrospection
From a senescent venerability
But with measured circumspection
Thinking, long life brings understandability.

Past experiences come to mind
Travelling fortunately to many parts
Humanity diverse there to find
Thinking, there are many pure hearts.

Was it destiny to go gliding
Life peripatetically defined
Seeing many boundaries dividing
Thinking, yet so easily outclimbed.

May each dream the journey above
Leaving intolerance tied to the ground
Daisy-clipping life like a dove
Thinking, oneness is deeply profound.