

## High Flight

John Gillespie Magee, Jr

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, --and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of --Wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air...  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark or even eagle flew --  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.



John Gillespie Magee Jr. was a World War 2 Anglo-American Royal Canadian Air Force fighter pilot and poet, who wrote the poem High Flight. He was killed in an accidental mid-air collision over England in 1941.

In respectful, testimonial echo:

## My Flight

I have not slipped loose the ties of earth,  
Nor dared the heavens as have you.  
My trek, next yours, shows want and dearth,  
My vista more a common, narrowed view.  
I soar with you on your winged flights,  
I breathe with you your sighs of awe.  
Enthralled am I by your words and sights,  
Engraced am I by images they draw.  
Yet I, too, see shafts of wonder, light and joy  
My earthbound steps though plodding trod:  
My heart's true love, three darling girls and boy.  
Could we both have reached that sacred, holy place  
Where you have felt the sense of God  
And He, by my children's hands, so gently stroked my face?

A handwritten signature in cursive, likely the author's name, written in dark ink on a light blue background.