

Flying Home

Ann Winschel

You met me when
My wings were clipped,
I thought I couldn't fly.
Then feathers flew,
Next thing I knew
I was soaring high.

I loved the view
From up above,
Stretched my wings out wide.
Saw mountains and
The desert sands,
Learned to turn and glide

You brought me down
To earth again,
A place I'd never known.
I found you there
With love to share,
I was finally home.