THE WIND; FLIGHT

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THE WIND

I am the wind that blows
Over the hills and plains
Bringing the warmth, the frost
The sunshines, the rains.

My breath can be gentle
Tenderly caressing the trees
Or it can be strong
Stirring up the deep blue seas

The path I take is
Everchanging, everflowing.
For no matter which way I go
I am forever growing.

– Gale A. Grubman

FLIGHT

Today as I glanced at the sky
I saw a sea gull soaring by.

With wings outstretched it made its flight
While winds blew hard with all their might.

To the winds the bird paid no heed
But dipped and soared with lightening speed.

Up it climbed and down again
And I, at last came to comprehend,

All the mysteries of life as they unfold
In the flight of a sea gull so brave and bold.

– Gale A. Grubman