

Out of our element

Sailors chafe at land's grubby complications
They joy returning to their water element of grace.
Airmen too fly to flee their worldly muddy stations
And soar above the clouds to cloudless space.

Dolphin-like, out of our element,
Here, now, this project has let us fly,
Away from pestilence and covid pain,
Find solace in creation's concave sky,
The beckoning blue and clearness after rain,
The infinite and light-drenched firmament.