

Feathers

Cranes

We are all as light as feathers,
Blowing in the weather,
Looking for a place to float.
Could hide away forever,
But it is now or never.
Take a chance; untie the boat.

See the stormy weather.
Feel the change in pressure.
Watch the seasons come and go.
Freedom is a treasure
That I just cant measure.
All these things can make us hope.