

Flying

Glenn Medeiros

Flower leis,
yellow, white and purple strands.
Woven like the many days and countless ways,
we held our hands.

Here we are,
standing at an airport gate.
All those wishes on a star that missed so far
will have to wait.

Going,
like an ebb tide flowing.
Like a trade wind blowing.
Soon you will be far across the sea.

Flying,
soon you will be flying.
Like a teardrop drying.
Leaving just a memory.

Misty eyes,
looking many miles away.
No time left to analyze, apologize.
No more to say.

Stay awhile,
linger just a minute more.
Let me see the winning style,
that little smile,
you always wore.

Going,
like an ebb tide flowing.
Like a trade wind blowing.
Soon you will be far across the sea.

Flying,
soon you will be flying.
Like a teardrop drying.
Leaving just a memory.

Flying,
soon you will be flying.
Like a teardrop drying.
Leaving just a memory.

Ahhhhh, ahhh