

THE HIGH ROAD AND THE LOW ROAD

Hauling the Mistress Logic's cart,
Scrambling on with never a stop,
Checking at every step the chart
To fold it immaculately up,
I start to doubt, till I cannot keep
My eyes on the road, I cannot help
But squint, from a corner of eye, just a squint at the sky.

And what do I see but you, aloft like an angel.

I look for your jets, or props; and so does the woman behind me.
Those curves, I feel how you turn them; I am abashed.
You smile on me as you see me,
And sing to me as you climb:
"Above the clouds there are no more clouds;
Blue, nothing else but blue,"
Through which your course designs itself in real time.