

## **SIMPLY FLY**

Fly the soul as you like,  
kings of it all.

“Cloud,” I said.

“Crow.”

In light, flight isn't gas.

(Eleven rows.)

See the soul, my logic, glow.

He loves those and you.

Clouds then crows.

Genealogy.

Flight is a hole inside,

in love,

and luck isn't new.

“Key lies in a drawer,”

said Fluttershy.

“Exactly not your need.

Sail over, and over, and sail as you know.”

Simply fly.

Fly the soul.

Fly the stars in droves.

They're sold as a night.

Saddle easy.

Fly through Quanjella's cyclones

where every sigh clones attitude.

Sail it so, blood inside as you glide.

And eyes scan loss and leave.