



## High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air...  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark or even eagle flew --  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

— Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr  
Royal Canadian Air Force  
1941