

# Migration

Ray Thomas

On and on they journey southward  
To the land of warmer summers  
On the way they shed their feathers  
For the poet's hand to write love letters

Flying high in straight formation  
Seeking out their destination  
Over seas and windswept forest  
Frost and snow they're soon forgotten

Trees are bare snowflakes are falling  
You can hear their leaders calling  
Follow me fly strong my brother  
Be strong of heart and help each other home

And here I am I'm just a man  
And there you are among the stars flying high  
Searching for a new tomorrow  
I wish I could follow

Nearer still to new horizons  
Chill winds blow so far behind them  
Endless days and sleepless nights  
A borrowed gift navigates their flight

Still and pure this morning air  
So tired now but almost there  
The mysteries of nature's calling  
Some will climb while others return back home