Departure

the phonograph

Be it sight, sound, smell, or touch
There's something inside that we need so much
The sight of a touch or the scent of a sound
Or the strength of an oak with roots deep in the ground
The wonder of flowers to be covered and then to burst up
Through tarmac to the sun again
Or to fly to the sun without burning a wing
To lie in a meadow and hear the grass sing
To have all these things in our memory's hoard
And to use them to help us to find

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