

# Kevin's Telescope

## The Gathering

His hands hide inside a sleeve  
And little feet play with the ground  
beneath him  
While up in the sky is where he wants to be  
Time will fly  
And the wind plays with him  
The night will give him its charm  
While he walks home  
His head's up in a cloud  
He feels his pores fill up with fresh air  
And there's no doubt  
That one day he will be  
Where the eye of his telescope has already been  
Night will pass  
But he's a lot faster  
No one can do him any harm

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