

# Departure

[Dennis Cruz](#)

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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