

# Departure

## Mt. Desolation

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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