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High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling
mirth

Of sun-split clouds, and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared
and swung

High in the sunlit silence, hoving there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and
flung

My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up, the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy
grace

Where never lark or even eagle flew;
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of
God.

— even during war!