Robby

How swallows learned their flying skills,
Their swooping, diving, soaring thrills –
God only knows how we came to this,
Together / Creation / World we can wish.

Making decisions / answering pleas,
Summersaulting with perfect ease –
Followed by jazz in rows on the wire,
Easily mistaken for a heavenly choir.

Thinking things through / liking it clear,
Clocks running out scientists fear –
When Progress or Go-Back hangs in the balance,
You do what you can or maybe lose the Chance.

Rest, then suddenly flight again,
Glimpsing Infinity / Garden Zen –
A Voice, Voting, Democracy's the thing,
A miracle with a flick of wing.