

For the family and friends of David Olson:

# *High Flight*

By John Gillespie Mageo, Jr.

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, Hov'ring  
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 uplifting mind  
I've tried,

The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face  
of God.