

Title: "Seeing the World" by Steven Herrick

Every month or so,
when my brother and I
are bored with backyard games
and television, Dad says,
"It's time to see the world."
So we climb the ladder to our attic,
push the window open,
and carefully, carefully,
scramble onto the roof.
We hang on tight as we scale the heights
to the very top.
We sit with our backs to the chimney
and see the world.
The birds flying
 below us.
The trees swaying in the wind
 Below us.



Our cubbyhouse, meters
 below us.
The distant city
 Below us.
And the Dad, my brother, and I lie back
look up and watch
the clouds and sky
and dream
we're flying
we're flying
In summer
with the sun and a gentle breeze
and not a sound anywhere
I'm sure I never want to land.