

High Flight

Flying Officer John Gillespie Magee

He was killed in the war

**Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the sky on laughter-silvered wings.
Sun-wards I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a thousand things
You have not dreamed of. Wheeled and soared;
And swung high in sunlit silence; hovering there.**

**I've chased the shouting winds along, and
Flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue air.**

**I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where lark, or even eagle flew.
And while with silent, lifting mind I trod
The high un-trespassed sanctity of space;
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.**