

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



FLYING HOME

I whisk across the sea,
In a silver bird of flight.
Heading now for home,
By dawn all will be right.

As much as I love travel,
Seeing places near and far,
There's nothing that compares
With my sky and my own star.

What is the special magic
About the place where I was born?
It's a universal feeling,
From one's heart it can't be torn.

As God devised our nature,
As His hands shape each new heart,
He includes in each of us
A love in this world for our part.

Travel teaches tolerance,
It expands my wisdom clear,
I soak in worldly richness,
But my home I hold most dear.

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