

**From a Space Rocket** by Raymond Wilson

We looked back at the World  
Rolling through Space  
like a giant Moon with a calm  
cool silver face.

All its cities and countries  
had faded from sight;  
all its mountains and oceans were turned  
into pure light.

Slowly, its noise and troubles  
All seemed to cease,  
and the whole World was beauty and silence  
and endless peace.



In this poem, the poet uses the human senses to describe what it would be to have wings.

**Wings** by Pie Corbett

If I had wings

I would touch the fingertips of clouds  
and glide on the wind's breath.



If I had wings

I would taste a chunk of the sun  
as hot as peppered curry.



If I had wings

I would breathe deep and sniff  
the scent of raindrops.



If I had wings

I would gaze at the people  
who cling to the earth.



If I had wings

I would dream of  
swimming the deserts and walking the seas.

