

Born on the wing of a song and prayer,  
To live all my days flying high on air;  
This is the design of a modern airliner,  
In this poem and this rhyme of a modest refiner.

God fill my heart with the love of his world,  
That the earth would turn around and the world will work;  
The flow of my pens like the breath of the wind,  
Coming out like air in this line unsinned.

The airliner a plan that travels along,  
Along time and way to get where it will belong;  
And turn around again and come back in a while,  
With people and luggage in fluent verse and style.

Now I hope you can see as this travels across,  
Without tragedy or mishap or sufferance or loss;  
For the beauty of the flow of this streamline machine,  
Is found through the window and screen for the scene.

So now as I breathe through these words as I write,  
The airliner so smooth and travel so right;  
Well take a deep breath and inhale the high,  
In the height of the heavens through the flight in the sky.

There's a trick to these lines that are floating n air,  
And the magic is bliss as you exhale without care;  
If you can understand the meaning of a millionare,  
These lines of the airliner cost their fair share.

Signed,

Are fare