

Camille West "Fear Of Flying"

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Phyllis was a physicist,
a fairly good ventriloquist,
a free-lance photographer
but don't call her a feminist.
Some challenges she'd nail
on the very first try,
but she felt like a failure
for she was afraid to fly.

Our friend the ace in physics
found herself in a great fix:
had to book a flight from Philly
to her family out in Phoenix.
F-f-fear of flying made her
positively petrified
But she could brave math equations;
she could face her fear and fly.

Fortunately our feisty physicist
found a fancy, pricey therapist
Felix P. Fellini
Neo-Freudian psychologist
(the P stands for Phredrick)
He said Phyllis, first and foremost
we must identify
whether your father or your mother
made you so afraid to fly.

Our physicist got physical
confronting her fears
pounding on pillows
chastising empty chairs
After four thousand dollars
and forty thousand tears,
although she's still afraid to fly,
at least now she can tell you why.
(Maybe she doesn't fully understand... but she's so
close)

She met her friend the phrenologist
who was once a pharmacologist
until 1967

when he met up with a Marxist
but that's another story
I may bore you by and by.
For now let's stick to Phyllis
who is still afraid to fly.
The former pharmacologist
gave Phyllis a flask
of a pretty potent potion
He said Put on this medical mask.
It's flammable fluid
What's in it? Don't ask.
But if you want to learn to fly,
this stuff is sure to get you high.
(I mean, metaphorically, of course.
By the way, you have some very interesting bumps on
your head)
Phyllis of Philadelphia
finally felt free of phobia
Fifteen hours later she found herself
in Florida
waxing philosophic
with a fellow Gemini
How she got there, she's forgotten.
Now she's more afraid to fly.
Though phobic about airports
she phoned that very night
She said Look, I need to book
a f-f-f-f-f-flight.
Have you got one to Phoenix?
Tomorrow? Alright.
Sure, tomorrow's fine for me to fly.
Oh my.
She boarded the plane
with her Walkman playing Streisand
Frozen to her seat, about to greet
the friendly skies and
when the wheels left the asphalt,
she could feel it's do or die.
When she forced her eyes open
she was floating in the sky

And it was fabulous, fantastic,
it was even kind of fun
It felt freeing to be flying
so much closer to the sun.
And when the flight was over
she cried Look how far I've come.
Why flee from fear when I can fly?
There's the greatest high .
You can see if you are able
there's a moral to this fable.

You're safe and sound on the ground
it's comfy staying stable
Fighting diffidence can be difficult
we can all identify.
But if you face your fear and do it
you may find that you can fly.

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