

Blues Moody**"Departure"**

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Graeme Edge)

Be it sight, sound, smell, or touch,

There's something inside, that we need so much.

The sight of a touch, or the scent of a sound,

Or the strength of an oak, with roots deep in the
ground.

The wonder of flowers, to be covered, and then to
burst up,

Through tarmac, to the sun again, or to fly to the sun

Without burning a wing; to lie in a meadow

And hear the grass sing; to have all these things

In our memory's hoard, and to use them,

To help us, to find.....

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