

Dance the Sky

Paul

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I am a dot
A blotty spot
That matters not

I am unknown
I'm all alone
In widest zone

A tumbling blue
An arc on cue
I'm tugged anew

It curves to yield
With tension wields
A forcing field

So dot and I
We fly on high
And dance the sky



Berchtesgaden Alps
Credit: Doris Demharter