



## FLIGHT

There's no girl for me,  
Only a woman with a soul that's free,  
Even her I don't pursue,  
More prudent to enter a monsoon,  
Girls know what they want,  
A woman knows what she's got,  
What do I have to offer,  
Aside from a servant's coffer,  
I see myself miles away,  
From the mocking voices that shout to "stay,"  
I run in full fury toward,  
A sailing ship then jump aboard,  
The U.S.S. Eternity,  
Slowly but surely takes me,  
To deep waters un-bound,  
By my mockers' sound.

—Ketema Ross