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Sky Club

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Sky Club

We drift with purpose,
this fleet of hulls
hung under blimps
with winged oars.

A flock, as seen from the ground,
we soar sure as beasts of yore
over our kingdom of fluff
which lifts airships.

Poor other dirigibles remain grounded,
their skeletal fuselages
rot like beached whales on the hills of yesteryear,
their captains can be found filling stools at the pub.

We all know some.
We all were them once.

We roar, in unison, with the wind
whose chorus begins in our heads
and extends
and extends...

We are similar men
who were once told were flightless.

Now we captivate the earthbound till and plow
in our way of uplifting clouds.

They curl in our airstream
and settle into our palms.

We are Sky Masters.
Agents of air.
We hold degrees of latitude hostage,
our ransom is sphere.

We with gold
hearts, fire
in our guts, rose
mouths, petal

ears,
silhouette
the moon, hard
as stars.