

THE SWING

BY JESSICA C. MILLER

With the wind in my hair
And blue skies everywhere
And there seems to exist not a thing
But the peace and the ease
Of the calm gentle breeze
Yes, that's how I feel when I swing

Here I close my eyes
Think of sweet lullabies
And the songs my mother used to
sing
And the stories Dad read
When he tucked me in bed
Yes, that's how I feel when I swing

Into the future I can look
As if skipping ahead in my book
To picture me living my dreams
This is where I write the story
And what I feel is the glory
Yes, that's how I feel when I swing

I look at the flowers, the grass and the
trees
The birds, the butterflies, even the
bees
I feel as if I have their wings
Oh, if I were to drop
I'd be sorry to stop
Yes, that's how I feel when I swing

