

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

I declare this to be my own work, entirely. In particular, no AI was used in any research, analysis, synthesis, writing, nor typesetting of this work. In short, AI was not recruited at any time in this work. Errors and inaccuracies are therefore proudly my own.