

Drowning in the sky
By: Teal Winthrop

The sky that hides
behind such fluffy clouds
and bides the time
throughout the day's crowd

Out on the field
on the grass I lay
the sky's the limit
or so they say

So Sometimes I wish
And Sometimes I pray
that I could Drown in the sky
every single day.

Vast Blue and Pitch black
powered by the moon
Blanketed by clouds
and darkened by sunset

On the field that I lay
the day grows older
sky mixed with shades
that peacocks envy

Still at times I wish
And at times I do pray
That I could drown in the sky
Every single day.

Teal Winthrop

Teal Winthrop lives in a small town in Texas near the Gulf of Mexico and that's all he is,
just a small town poet.