

## **Soaring to New Heights**

Flap your wings, the icy water bathes your soul.  
The deep blue water serene on a January day  
Not a cloud to mar His perfection  
As the spirit of Monterey engulfs me.

California beauty often unnoticed as we rush  
From work to play, never pausing to taste the fruits of nature.  
You can see forever, but we are all too busy to see  
The bay and its tranquil effect on all who drift into its domain.

For me it seems it's the way it should be,  
A low flying gull and the chill of the sea.  
As the high pressured world swallows the weak  
And they stray from the path of simplicity

To their lawyers, companions, and group therapy...  
Mimic the gull, who remains to be free  
Gliding from the shore to sea tasting the simplicity of nature  
Participate, but never forget that you are a part of His spirit.

**Frank Allocco  
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