**Belong everywhere**

Yes you are the air  
ever present and passing.  
Come and go as you please  
As the wind between the leaves.

See the green masses  
Too long stood stagnant  
Refracting rays through canopy  
In simple slow patterns

Fly through,  
Yes, billowing breeze, you.  
Bend the stems, brush the leaves  
Spur them to sing softly  
Rustling staticky passages,  
hushed ocean tones.  
Bringing life as to lungs  
in tentative undulation

But you must pass  
Yes, fleeting spirit, fly away  
Come and go as you please  
Leave change you’ll never see