

## **Peak View Stew**

I guess we'll find somewhere to rest  
Above terrain, below the clouds,  
By gust and flame to carry crest,  
Then gaze from loft, the tiny crowds.

From sheep and stream and emerald life,  
Fields of farm, and wood, and bird,  
To wine and bread and butter knife,  
And sailing high above the herd.

We'll see so far from this great height,  
And looking down, we find our own,  
And while the wind may shift, this flight  
Will always find us home.

Where pots and fires fulfill our view,  
And never mind the fences.  
Potatoes from the ground we stew,  
While onions ring the senses.