



### *Blue Invitations*

One night, encamped upon a hill,  
I saw the town below me.  
The sleepy shops, the waving streets,  
The farmer's airport -- glowing.

The runway lights were bright that night  
And twinkling in their turn,  
They seemed to tease, "Come follow us --  
We're here to make you yearn."

It's now been many lands ago  
Since I felt their invitation  
But whenever I see blue lights that send  
This tempting scintillation,

I pause to smile my silent thanks  
To a little airport -- glowing.  
It told its truth in teasing tones,  
Though I was yet unknowing.