



## James Douglas Crocker

February 3, 1955 - April 18, 2017

### High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
and danced the skies on laughter- silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of wheeled and soared and swung high in the silence.  
Hovering there, I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or every eagle flew.  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God