

Over The Rainbow

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Poetry

Is there really such a land,
way up high,
over the rainbow,
where skies are blue,
and dreams really do come true?

Is there such a land,
where you can reach for the stars,
without burning
your fingers?
Is there such a land over the rainbow?

You would give much for it to be so.
Do those happy little bluebirds really exist,
that fly in flocks like thoughts
over the rainbow?
Certain, no, you are not certain.