



Journey

Looking out of the window,
At the passing hills of Europe,
Through the poppy fields,
Through the mountains,
Through Europe in all its glory

Passing the windmills and the dams,
The cities, the churches, the gates,
The skyscrapers and the castles
The fences along the old frontiers,
Passing Europe in all its glory

Into the old Bloc,
Through the beauty of Transylvania,
Through the forests with wolves,
Into the Ancient land,
Into Europe in all its glory

Through the old cities,
Nearing the end,
Approaching the last frontier,
Nearing the end of Europe in all its glory

Into the old city of Istanbul,
Past the churches of the Byzantines,
Past the Ottoman mosques,
And out.
Out of Europe in all its glory and into Asia.

By Will Goddard