

Realist  
Olivia Bakker

They call me a visionary  
They say that my ideas are impractical  
Or purely idealistic  
That I am wasting away  
The pivotal moment of my life  
Living in the clouds rather  
Than here on earth.

But what they don't understand  
Is that  
*I am the clouds*  
I am racing  
Through the air  
I am hurtling  
And *violently* rushing  
Over oceans and seas  
At break-neck speeds  
While those grounded on earth  
See only

A

Slow

Drift

I am not a stationary satellite  
Held in a motionless orbit  
I am a comet  
Streaking across the vast  
Expanse of outer space  
I am the changeable sky  
*Artfully* painted by the sun

*I am* the stars and galaxies  
Lighting up the blue-black night

Because who ever said  
That nights were made for sleeping?

They call me an idealist

But what they don't understand  
Is that  
I am the *exact opposite*  
I am a *realist*  
I see the *universe*

As it is  
And it is *beautiful*  
They're just too *blind* to see it