

FROM THE BELL TOWER

After ages of staring nescient
into the empty glare of clouds
suspected of quantum wisdom just under
the surface if only you could penetrate,
you suddenly see the birds.
Maybe they were there in the beginning,
dreaming their wings,
but you believe they arrived this moment
with time's forgiveness.
They free fall, arc and gyre then pose
as finials on posts of light.
Like Nureyev's ghost holding at the top
of his leap, or Nemerov's musings
levitating as blue swallows,
they soar on exclamatory vowels.
They orbit the sun, then return,
trailing fire from their tertials, turning
at eye-level until you recognize them,
articulate them: Your own human joy.
Anthems free of the brain's dim cage.

--Glenna Holloway