

SPIRIT FLIGHT

Somewhere high and distant  
my foot rattles ancient lava.  
Above tourist babble,  
above hurrying tides,  
the small truth of a fairy tern  
silhouetted within its whiteness,  
spreads itself wholly  
on a skein of breeze.  
It takes frequent exposures  
to the lessons of aloneness  
and blue: To learn to stay aloft,  
to learn the trusting, to master  
the proper maintenance of wings.

--Glenna Holloway