

FLIGHT

Above summer tourist babble,
beyond impatient tides,
the small truth of a fairy tern
silhouetted within its whiteness
revealed itself against the sun.

October's red-shouldered hawk
threw down discouraging cries
like splinters of cold as it soared
overhead thermals. But I saw the blue
trailing from his tertials and tail.

Last night three migrating cranes
inked the full moon's empty page
like an ancient haiku scroll.

From frequent exposure
to the lessons of aloneness,
the tutelage of wind,
I learn to stay aloft, feel
the dynamics of trust, and master
the proper maintenance of wings.