

Song In Flight (I)

*Crushing, massive, swift and deadly pace
The winds of towering nimbus overtake
Me here, aloft—a hard and rocky place—
My fragile wings to rip, my heart to break.
Blind my eyes, perched on Earth's dizzy rim
Upon a blackened downward spiral flight;
I tread the ragged razor's icy edge
And scream my mayday calls into the night.
Ah! But homing to your beacon in the rain,
A vectored constant course to you, I hope.
From night's chill terrors, childhood's pain,
Guide me lightswept down that final slope.
Newfound flights unfold to open air
With homeward journey's haven and repair.*