

Song In Flight (II)

*Rising on the hot upwelling,
Sliding on the rippling currents,
Watching for the hidden quivers
On the edges of perception;*

*Always seeking, all ways searching,
For the quarry so elusive,
Towards the signals ever shifting,
Listening for the faintest pulses;*

*Quickening of heated blood!
Headlong falls and racing dives,
Gliding on the nap and contour—
Thrash of limbs in fast explosion!*

*Pungent tastes and scents of closure,
Sudden gasps and breathless moans,
Rush of wings and upward reaching
Home to eyries of the heart.*