

### *Song In Flight (IV)*

*As nimbostratus billows bridal white  
And sultry moisture marries rising heat,  
Two fronts collide as when two armies meet  
In din of harnessed gray and thunderous might;  
While dark-browed windswept clouds upon the heights  
The coy romancing blue with frowning greet,  
A hawk, whose wing on skiey breast doth beat,  
In liberty with hungering unites.  
There is no trace of error or defect  
That I, on sky of wedded gray and blue,  
Or turbulence embracing should respect,  
Or hawk or bird of prey that ever flew,  
And on contrasting passions should reflect,  
That all reflect I would be wed to you.*