

Halcyon

Waves ebb, stretch ice floes to islands
windless enough for a walk.
I pick driftwood here in the melt
of a hundred tundra, the glacial rage
of passion's debris.

Magma is at the heart, a sore
aortic core, but memory frees healing.
These wings spread & shake
gentle ruffles in the chill
finding each quill a feathery message
of warmth.

Taste spring streams to recollect days
as building nests - that straw, this twig,
with world enough & time...

I unearth my hands again, find the pulse
& life all a solstice dreaming horizons.

I can love you still from Halicarnassus,
the crypt of soul multitudes in the ageless
toss of restless wrestling.
Now they know ease, these pylons sighted:
A door.

Look out. Breathe. There are steps to take yet
on water like Jesus finding far stars coming closer
as cups cast upon the tides...

Yes, life is bigger, better than we knew, a miracle
at this departure point of magnet poles
on destiny's sure shores