

## Night Skies

Travel on the backs of black wings,  
the big birds of silence, of invisibilities  
found in thousands of rustling feathers  
as one above trees, towns.

Feel

that breath, its passage  
as a sea of deep glass pockets,  
deep glass sleeves  
revealing the clouds, the stars  
& the motion of a new day behind  
these hills, these horizons, this Time.