

DAWN SAILS

First light, walking
the headland, looking for the bird
whose cry called for a master's hand.
I smiled, thinking my hand not firm enough,
nor willing to clamp the flow of flight
to me. Preferred to hear it free,
beyond demands, my logic & tension.

Alone, dawn rising slowly,
saw the fleet leaving, its sails
not grand but puffs of fabric,
its bells & sailors harsh.
Myself, silently as harsh
& questing for monsters
& promised lands of fire.

Heard you, looked up,
& the clouds were sails
of some finer, regal armada,
with you, in sunlight, its softer pilot.