

ON ULYSSES' GAZE

Jacie Ragan

The music draws me underneath its wings.
We rise, bright ravens drifting past the trees
whose curving fingers scrape and try to seize
our new-fledged feathers. Downy twilight swings
its softness over all those living things
which wait below its gray peripheries.
Our plumage swells with heartfelt harmonies
and melodies this floating spirit sings.

For gazing homeward, we hear secret songs
that flit like thistledown on puffs of air.
Autumnal winds intone their lullaby
to soothe the weary wanderer who longs
for refuge when the journey's hard to bear.
As long as we have music, we can fly.

"On Ulysses' Gaze" © 2004 by Jacie Ragan