

## 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.

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