

On an Early, Cloudless Morning

Driving south on 41,
Passing Bullard, nearing Shaw,
In my windshield's orange glare,
High in heaven's canvas blue,
Moved a mystic, V-shaped line
Stroking sky, a dream-like wave,
Pushing waking air aside,
Necks outstretched, in perfect flight.
The undulating boomerang
Disappeared in morning's haze.

My heart leaped and sang with joy,
And I longed to be with them.