

aloft

plaintive, hopeful
stirring joy wonder
the geese overhead in a ragged v
tens, dozens,
calling to each other as they shift the line
returning to the northern home
aloft in the pastel sky
above the full rising moon,
and a breeze on my face,
cool but not cold
a kiss of spring air coming in,
a singing of all the cords within me.
i feel it too,
the pull
of warm weather,
light,
and coming home.

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