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Flying Woman

Dennis Ross

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Flying Woman

by Dennis Ross

The horses stand asleep in the pasture,
and the full moon tacks between clouds;
even the bluebells doze in the grass.

Where are you this luminous night
made for drifting like a will-o-wisp
or a song through the tree branches?

I feel earth-bound now for many years,
a long ache dragging stone feet.
Come again, woman of the quiet night,

of the moon, and the sacred grove,
and help me fly again and soar,
or were you, too, only part of a dream?