



8-15-2018

Flying Woman

Dennis Ross

Abstract

The horses stand asleep in the pasture,

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Ross, Dennis (2018) "Flying Woman," *Westview*: Vol. 34 : Iss. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol34/iss1/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

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?