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Last Flight

D. M. Gordon

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Last Flight

by D.M. Gordon

In a coastal cave streaked with rose
and ash, just safe above the lanes
of white-capped waves,
I watch the long-tailed phoenix fly,
something morbid in its silence,
so determined, so immense that were there sun,
the day would darken more,
so near, I hear the whip of wings,
the whistle of its tail—a feathered river jeweled
with tangled lines and unsuccessful hooks.
A flash and then it's gone.



Illustration by Greg Martin

