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Free Fall

Sam Lackey

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Free Fall

— by Dr. Sam Lackey

I, rising slowly in the droning roar,
Tilt the turning spiral, rise to soar
Across the wasteful ocean of her eyes
To hunt the spectre dancing on the clouds,

Leveling then to crouch and fill the flying
Doorway of the arcing stone. I watch the
Metal struts cut slowly through the light;
Blue, green, and silver mark my universe.

Then, moving slowly round the barrier of wind --
The doorway lit with faint blue licking flames
And glare of glass-eyed sentinels of speed
and strength and air. The light drives hard.

Her hands push hard the waves of air that wash
With tidal force against the limbs that cling
Unsteadily and hold the great rock's side
A moment before flight — the drifting dance.

Sheet white, the sky tears through the day.
I, Icarus, cord down waxen clouds,
A squint-eyed reaper of the heavy winds
To plow her breath. I, pendulum of light.

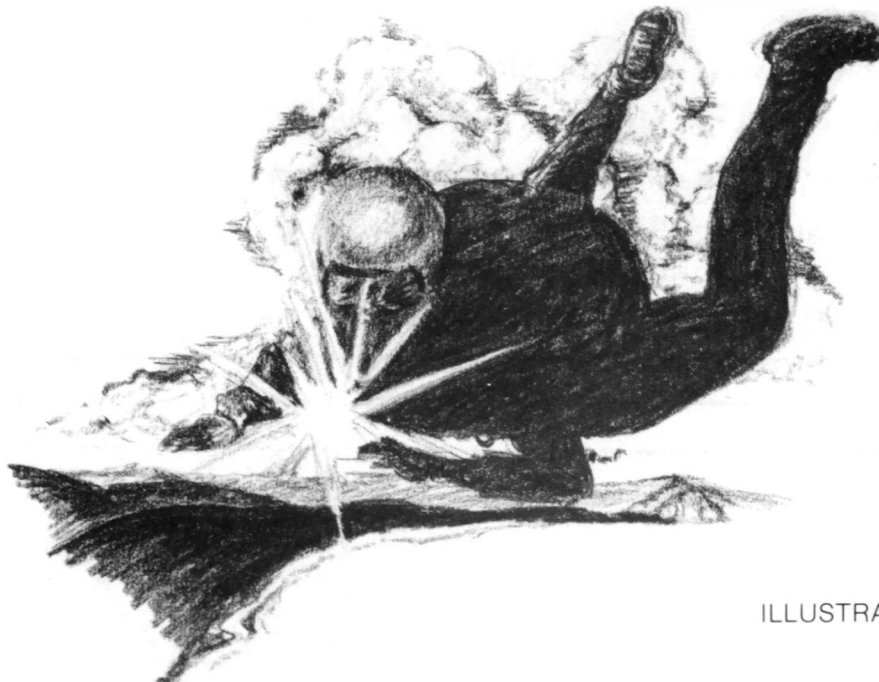


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