

dove arising

you spread your young wings,
and a sun-warmed breath
lifted you toward the sky,
but you stopped to perch
upon a branch
with a falcon standing by.

oo, oo, my dove,
he wants you, my dove.
take flight!
you must fly.

he brought you home,
and caged you well.
you gave him everything:
your downy feathers, and then your blood,
to warm him so he could sing.

oo, oo, my dove,
he is not for you, my dove.
take flight!
you must fly.

he took it all,
then broke your wings,
and kept you there to die,
but you arose on tongues of fire,
and alighted toward the sky.

oo, oo, my dove,
the sky is for you, my dove.
take flight!
you must fly

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