

The Leading Bird

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Clouds descend on grass grown wild,
Tall and grand, lush in hand.
They bend in air as man in prayer.
I'm weaving through, trying to get to you.

I'm running past birds of dawn,
They sing like heaven, they're leading on.

Yet I don't see slow motioned wings,
Like gold in sun, how it could be won.
White as snow silk-feathered doves.
Eternal glow, they easily know.

That life is grand in all its shapes,
Whether it gives, whether it takes.
That I am you, you are me, and
Loving grace can set us free,
From sprinting far, above, beyond,
Being our own strong magic wand.