

On An Early Friday Morning

Driving south on 41,
Passing Bullard, nearing Shaw,
In my windshield's orange glare,
High in heaven's canvas blue,
Moved a mystic, V-shaped line,
Stroking sky, a dream-like wave,
Pushing waking air aside,
Necks outstretched, in perfect
flight.

As the undulating boomerang
Disappeared in morning's haze,
My heart leaped and sang with
joy, And I longed to be with them.

