Flight

A silver halo around the sky,
a grey cloak overhead —
an osprey climbs from the iron water,
a silver fish in his grasp.
He beats monochrome wings,
struggles to rise,
pulled down by the weight
of death, of life,
held too tight to let go.

I wish I too could fly:
beat monochrome wings against the sky,
overcome the weight
of grief, of life,
and arrow through the clouds,
across the twilight,
into the endless star-filled night;
and float there,
look out and up,

and climb,
climb until
I am indistinguishable
from the unnumbered stars —
too small for grief to keep hold of,
too small for life to pull back down —
a spark, no more, unnoticed,
unnoticeable,
lost in the sea of night.

By Moira Garber