

## **A FAR DISTANT CRY**

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We've come full compass, the year and I,  
in this new northern land. This solitary planet  
has once again turned and tilted on its axis,  
offering a moment briefly suspended—  
the season of instinctual gathering,  
of selves, of inner and outer stores;  
a golden swath of time  
that parts the glow of summer memories  
and the approaching winter's bundled slumber.

Fragrant wood smoke envelops my senses  
and the graceful lace of branches become still  
and stark against a blue paper sky. Vibrant,  
crisp light, that singular late autumn creature  
perches gently on my shoulder and caresses my hair,  
beckoning something deep within, wordless  
and waiting.

A sound of muted trumpets rise and fall  
as winter geese wedge themselves  
through bright, cut glass air  
all the way to the hard horizon,  
a vanishing point leading south,  
to the land of my birth.

Oh, the sight, the sound, fills me with such longing!  
How I ache to let loose wild, wishful wings  
feathered in the last of the season's fiery leaves  
and let the wind take my body, to sweep  
my lonely spirit up and away, following them  
along their ancient migratory path,  
toward my heart's home  
and the hushed notes  
of a far,  
far distant cry . . .