Bourne toWrite...
creative writing workshops

State Of Grace

by Fran Duffield

They are all we have
our only hope
to hold us to a state of grace
their birdblack brows shade
their unfathomable eyes
made of deep dark
their long fingers gesture
slowly sadly
as if making inaudible music
their hair is electricity
their pale wings are long, folded
almost too large to fly,
antedeluvian
beyond any history
of time, of crawling things
like us

they rustle together

a flock waiting to seek

their home

at the end of day

their far country

that we may never see