

Sing For Me

I love the sound of birds singing
Early in the morning
Like miniature alarm clocks
All going off at once
In a cacophony of exuberance.
The tree outside my window
Is where they gather to
Greet the dawn, moving on
To their daily lives, after
Making sure I'm awake.
I hear the Holy Spirit in bird song,
Feel God's love wrap 'round me
Like wings of mama bird
Enfolding her chicks.

Harlan Richards

Transported

I am transported, like
Cap'n. Kirk, when he says
Beam me up Scottie,
To a higher level
As far beyond mire of my life
As Matterhorn over valley below
Where no longer
Must I muddle through muck.
Soaring on gossamer wings, released,
Rejoicing like a newborn fawn
Capering across meadows, unaware
Of wolf pack lurking in shadows.
I reach across eons of time
And space to pull others into my
Alternate reality; yet ever alone,
Visionary, hawk-eyed, seeing
Others still groping blindly
Mired in antiquity.

Harlan Richards