

Brave

The terror in my heart speaks,
I who have known no borders,
I who rise in the claws of the eagle.
I am flesh, I am bone,
My voice curves, a round willow in the hunched earth.
In my evening death
I am a black steed
Leaping the painted hill,
I scream, the desert lies in wait,
The owl preys,
I have sung with the swallow;
My course tracks the chains of waters,
Gathering in the seething rain.
You who fly, who melt with the wind,
You the bowman who fords my dreams,
Give me my raven oar and I will row
On to the lake of fire.

Deborah L. White

From "Winter Ravens"