THE WIND IN THE WIRES

on kill devil hill
kittyhawk kitemen
taped together their prayers
and put this thin
matchstick miracle
to flight
	his ungainly animal
of skintight stretched tarp
and its brittle airframe bones
just waiting to be broken
airscrewed its way down
that bicycle track

a gasp at air
that caught and clung
to the lower limbs of the wind
this their whirring dream for sky,
man's hand stretching
with wonderful wings
in airs above the ground,
leaping like icarus up
the incredible staircase
casements of air toward the sun

finding a whole new world
up that low wind wall,
where the age of flight is seen
in winged victory's unchained dreams,
and that magic moment posted
over kill devil hill

where kittyhawk kitemen
became brethren wingmen,
up with the envied urge of startled birds
to rise to sky in flight
that also sings in their veins —
born then and there in the whistle
of the wind in the wires.

— Eric Ivan Berg