

## FLIGHT

The sky as target  
 larger than the target of his dreams  
 this holds him earthbound for a moment  
 his biceps quiver building thrust

the arrow skips into the sky  
 seen horizontally this would be its motion  
 smaller and smaller skips  
 until the parabola's peak

and there it vanishes — some say  
 into the dark side of its downward curve  
 into its inevitable existence  
 given the proximity of the field and wood  
 as a perfectly balanced branch  
 among the calm geometry of branches  
 at a slight angle  
     from the spinning eye

they are crazy these prophets of gravity  
 with their lost arrows  
 cut off from the archer in the original field

there are two visions superimposed  
 beyond the final skip  
 first something quivering in a blue heart  
 the feathers dripping with blue  
 then the prophet-bowman curved  
 towards the sky  
 listening for a target-pulse  
     beyond  
 the blue chameleon heart of death

—J.A. Wainwright