

## Woman (Terrific Black Wings)

Woman,

I desire,

To guard the spark of life  
beneath terrific black wings,  
to inspire dread  
in twisted hearts  
that openly conspire  
to consume  
the soft flesh  
of fresh life.

And so I need  
you to guide me back,  
away from ravine's edge,  
to the wide level plain  
of fertile faith:

Faith in Love,  
Faith in Joy,  
Faith in a morning spent  
gathering and breaking wood for our hearth;  
Faith that night can come as a friend  
of deep rest and just recompense.

For I wonder,  
as my heart breaks with memories:  
What will become of the names  
we have imagined for our young?

And what will be born  
of the struggle we have shouldered  
with our nearly-clotted blood?

I wonder about the seasons,  
turning over and over our earth:  
Will we let them lay down dark,  
fresh soil upon our souls?

And in the blue dusk before wakefulness,

I pine for release  
from our sins and chains;

I ache for the rising  
I know must come,  
for the warm wind yet unheard;

I yearn for us  
to roam with strength into open air;

I hunger, with every fiber of my body,  
for a turning:  
away from suffocation,  
and into cleansing light –

I burn,

with relentless desire,

for the juggernaut of Truth  
to awaken.