**On Blackbird's Wings**

**By: Nicholas Campos**

In a sky of viscous ebony

Pierced with burning cosmic light

Banshee's delight

But a banshee un-shrieking and swift

Whose wings cry out in the dark

Pitch and charcoal, feathers stark

Masking starlight, already waning bleak

Silhouette of shadow, a demon's ashen streak

The night was smothered silent

As if sound itself was smote

Yet I heard its viscous gravity.

Half resolved and not quite there

A gossamer of truth

Of suffering unaware

The world so quiet had vanished

In Blackbird's whispered snare

I asked if flight was of concern for those who walked down there

Without answer took to Blackbird's wings

And soon after, ceased to care.