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JonRemmerde

Fourth Day of Spring

I went out to the Oregon Desert
and surprised a rainstorm
just finishing her spring ritual
of dance and moisture.
Startled Storm lifted soft skirts
of white mist
and ran away from me
southeast, across lava rock
jumbled above damp soil
growing green grasses and trees.
Spring Storm dropped moisture
on high ground
and into jagged ravines,
as she ran.

I climbed a ridge of black lava rocks,
stood high and watched the desert.
I turned and walked across the stones.
Encumbered by a tentative sense of balance
given to me by a drunk driver
many years ago,
I lost my footing
and fell toward unforgiving black rocks
above soft volcanic ash
of early desert spring.

I stretched out my arms and flew,
graceful as a gliding bird,
gained altitude,
soared over rocks,
close enough to see
damp mosses, lichen
and tiny green spring plants.
I swooped toward blue sky above me,
turned my feet down
and landed,
standing on soft, damp volcanic soil.

Two meadow larks and a bluebird
watched my brief flight,
startled that such a lumbering human
invaded their sky.

They clapped their wings
with delight and encouragement.

“Marvelous,” they sang.

“Now do this.”

They moved their graceful wings
in glorious flight,
circled each other just above
where sky becomes earth
and circled me.

I loved their generous willingness
to share their sky with me.

I said, “I think that brief moment of glory
born of necessity
was it, for me.

The memory of flight fills me with new life.”

They sang and flew toward Spring Storm.

She had stopped
beyond the second ravine to watch.

She listened
and rose,
whitely translucent,
toward blue sky
and gathered warmth
of golden sunlight
into her whiteness
as she rose.