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Untitled

Grant Mudge

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sensation comes to me of watery flight
angling down to the belows of rainforest green
and a rushing white foamed mist
hung about decidedly delicious smoothness
a clear cool stream blue-green ambivalence
reflected—and flight again from flattened mists
beyond forests and their waters—to sustained impossibility of flight and not having power to
retain incessantly the first breath of sky

sound of rushing air comes to me
untemporal flight, not spiritual
but quintessential imagination
mercurial wind drift among pregnant clouds
over warm hills that become plains
above fruitful land—an immensity beyond this
maternal sky—but faint greyness perceived
shading hinting justly calls for rest when
delicate suspension brings land to feet and body
rains fall distant lines from darker clouds

mimosa silhouette stands against the greatest expanse
of orange-violet removing sunlight—eclipsing otherwise
uninterrupted horizon where mind and sky welcome
one another upon ever folding escaping light
followed by mind’s seclusion to easily dream
and call forth after a fashion flight of the day
where without breathing sky—a little less life lived
within allotted time—brief exhilaration exhausts
itself replaced only by lingering delicate memory of flight
unless reinvigorated with new flight and the return of the sun

Grant Mudge
Richmond College 1992