

Wings Of Summer Drawing Us Earthward

BY LISA MARKS

Wings of Summer

Vee line of geese wing slowly
through damp gray skies.
Drawing light upon their wingtips,
they are carriers of summer,
north and south.

Part of the flock,
my mind follows,
witness to the fallen.
What losses
must be sustained
for balance?

Let me join as they
cradle this earth with
the pulsing rhythm of flight,
rising on the carnelian dawn
over waters holding earth
and rich, green life.

Wonder floods in, a sense of place.
We know this,
the moment we are called
to land in the arms of
the familiar.

Thrill of recognition,
spruce beckons
with blue-green needles,
the shimmer

of water over stone
draws us earthward.
Sometimes those eyes
flooding us with warmth
are all we need
to come home.

But we leave
to ride the currents,
join the legions
washing the world clean
with strong, beating wings.
We draw the light behind us,
counting our losses,
creation balanced
on the sharp arrow of flight.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

[We're All Refugees & It's Time For Love & Prayer](#)

"Rather than
fearfully shutting
down your
sensitivity, dive
in deeper into all
possible feeling.
As you expand,
keep only those
who are not afraid
of oceans."

– Victoria Erickson

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