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## Directions

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## Declination

Tonight the moon swims like a fish  
Devouring stars; the ocean of air  
Is fathomless and occult dreams  
Float lazily in the languid sky;  
This transient hour is mine:  
Extravagant with light I lean  
An arc upon the earth  
To intersect your star.

—*Veris Wessel*

## Directions

In the crystal ball that is my world  
My orb, my globe the evening birds  
Whirring soft on the wind of beginnings  
Have touched me with the brilliance of their shadows:

The given feather of the Eastern Bird  
Has lain a little in my palm;  
No longer will I live surrounded  
By yesterday's green mountain rim  
And in sight of the blue rain of time to come.

The wind of the innerness of wings  
Descends upon me in the form of  
The Southern Bird, the mourning dove,  
The Comforter

The Great Fisher  
The Northern Bird, the lone osprey  
Prepares a place for me in the curves  
Of freedom's world-long wind

Snow begins its downward bloom  
The West-sea wind is white to harvest  
The least sandpiper  
Seeks this moment that which was lost  
And shows me now the first fruits of my sleep.

—*Patricia Kasper*