Fire Bird

*Edith Covensky, Detroit, Michigan*

My hand is extended to the wind
Writing my words sown on the page
In the sun’s yellow
Across whitest clouds
Climbing from height to height.

And then I fly like the fire bird
Cosmic naked
Chanting among all the Seraphim
With language making a flower grow
And waters overflow.

And then I live with greatest freedom
Building my dreams curling from bank to bank
Doubling my love in all the galaxies
As if rising from Genesis
As if taking off across from God.

I never spoke this way before
With music cutting my flesh
Wild as mercy
Echoing in the song of the sea
With such desire
Mixing in the scarlet of my talk.

I placed the wind in matter
And it doesn’t stay there…
(Haya Esther)
I Learn to Write Anew

*Edith Covensky, Detroit, Michigan*

Everything renews itself: inspiration is grand
And passion revives.
(Adam Zagajewski)

I learn to write anew
Measuring my words bound in me like music
Echoing within me
Trapping my yearnings
Trembling in the chant.

I know that my love is the truest
Swarming on the page
Roaming from night to night
Marking splendid stars
Streaming from heaven to heaven.

And then all the memories are left with me
Locked amid the grids of my time
Hastily evading me
Holding on to such a flower
Drawn in thought
Giant like the whole sky.