

Compass

By Grace Loonan

I took my bike flying tonight.

Rubber tires whirring over gravel.
Freedom feathered,
Airy as the breeze beneath my feet.
The vehicle: a vessel,
Swift abandon surging
Mere minutes ere the sun exits stage.

A feeling,
Fluttering
Like hummingbird wings,
Bubbly, childish rapture --
Nay,
Something gentler:
Fearless rhythm of a heartbeat.

Reaching,
Fingers weaving through potent gales,
Their roar,
Deafening as a plane's engines.
Now,
Time seems a circle,
Nearing no endpoint,
Only the rushing ebb and flow;
A river of wind and sound and breath.

Pavement gives way to grassy slope,
Heavens yawning wide.
I pause.

The horizon paints a masterpiece.
Tangerine and crimson gushing forth,
Erupting into a fiery sea,
With waves of pale turquoise
And canary flecks.

Yards away,
A woman stands,
Camera clicking,
Hair as silver as the moon's soft sheen.

She turns to me,
Eyes sparkling.
"The sky is beautiful tonight."

I nod,
And gaze
As fire fades to smoky dusk.
A feeling
Of finding one's compass
And following it.

Truly gold,
Which lends its rich store
Only to those
Who know where to look.