

Red Kite Reel

Laurence Morris

What cresting the radiant final skyline
of a high and snowbound mountain
and the dancing of midwinter candlelight
hold in common is their dilation of time,
the woodsmoke and blue ridge moments
which proffer glimpses of eternity
while holding no true significance
for even the next footstep, let alone
the eventual denouement of the tale
for if time does fly

 on mountain ledge or table-top
then its passage is like that of a red kite,
all reeling twists against a pure blue sky
the dihedral wings and carrion eyes
of a grace which should know better

 although, in truth
the elegance is not in those wings at all
 but in the motion,
in the sail across the heavens
and the flow of action without thought
for it is only in such movement
that we might be freed from sin