



PILGRIMAGE

written by Miriam Jessie Fisher

you
 solitary
 against the wind
 through God-only-knows storms
 propelled by the thinnest of structures
 overlaid with feathers
 of all the ridiculous and unlikely things
 feathers and bone, that is not bone,
 cartilage
 easily dried to brittle in the sun
 you travel
 nowhere to land
 just sky
 and sea

and the odd silver sliver of a meal
 and freezing feet beneath the water
 if you want to rest
 no company
 just blue and silver
 and the eternal horizon of
 clouds and white tipped waves
 I wonder what destination calls
 implicit in your cells
 why you would set out at all
 what an incomprehensible notion
 adventure
 true north
 compulsion

would open your expansive wings
to the lift and drag of winds
to follow currents
you, harbinger of pilgrimage
scaling the wide arc of coastline
bi-cultural
belonging here
belonging somewhere else
at home above the blue void
of landless ocean
your call catches
sticky at the back of my throat
I know it as vocation
a voice that calls across the wilderness
the voice,
that calls me into the unfolding blue
of moana
that says, set out
launch
lift up your sails
to the unseen wind

plunge into the unknown
the voice cries, insistent
true north awaits
out there
I keep going doggedly
dejectedly
long after
sense would call me back
long after
hope has become a whisper
whipped away across the waves
long before
before the coastline arises hopeful
I have chosen my course
I cannot return
I doubt
my flimsy framework
frailty of feathers
I know
my own lack of all that is necessary
I set out

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