

PILGRIMAGE

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

written by Miriam Jessie Fisher

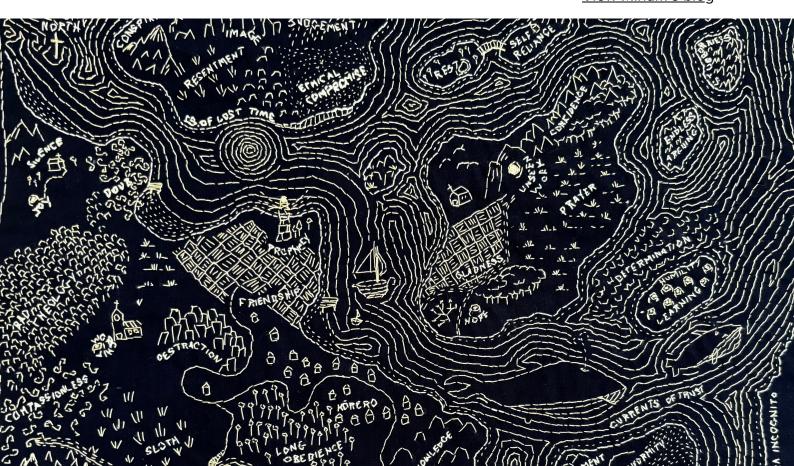
and the odd silver sliver of a meal and freezing feet beneath the water if you want to rest no company just blue and silver and the eternal horizon of clouds and white tipped waves I wonder what destination calls implicit in your cells why you would set out at all what an incomprehensible notion adventure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

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I set out