

As the White Dove flies

By Usha Chatty

The White Dove Flies,
Eyes widen and the breath gasps,
The windows opened wide
As light absorbs and envelopes all
Time freezes;
As the White Dove Flies.

The light reaches out
Touches its wings, all is one
The microcosm and the universe
The yin and the yang,
The spirit and the soul –
As the White Dove flies.

Then, as the white Dove flies-
Gradually the darkness pierces
Shards of glass with jagged edges
Find their mark with unflinching certainty,
Tears of red for ebbing blood,
As the White Dove flies.

The winds surface with vagaries, and
Life unfolds, in slow, painful phases
The burden is heavy and the shoulders sag,
The journey is lonely and rough
As the White Dove Flies.

Trudging on, now stopping, now falling,
But always, Always standing up,
Surer steps and longer strides,
Hints of maybe changing tides?
As the White Dove flies.

Now, walking on, firmer on the ground,
Walking a path that many have found
Comfort in loss, comfort in pain
Comfort in standing up once again
But wait....

Is that a White Dove that flies; or
A Phoenix rising from the ashes?