

Wings

She was mired
in fading light
when the Lash first fell.

She did not wish to resist.

The first bites strangely pleased
while wounding upon wound.
Pain's warning whispered too late
lost in long darkness.

As life stirred
she struggled
broken
from the mire.

Self-inflicted scars faded
to time's magic.

But some marks
came unbidden
and would not go.

As years passed
through cycles of unwelcome chaos and
wondrous growth
she bore those marks;
wept over them;
embroidered around them;
tried to forget them;
always felt them by
her heart.

And oft as darkness parted toward dawn
she soared
in new skies,
wondering at the power pulsing through her.
And glimpsed glorious wings
where her worst wounds had been.

Written by bob mccue
for
a loved one
February 2002