

Fantasy

JOSEPH MURPHY

When I hear the mountain's voice,
words rise from a burnt page
and a door in my heart swings open.

As it opens, I unclench my fist
and begin to preen the wings I had cast aside.

I fit them into a falcon's dream: within it and aloft,
I hear the melody the loam is humming
beneath the green leaves
of your breath.

Words that rise from a burnt page
no longer need be imagined. You've written them
on the case you carry; on the note
to a lover; on the door that's swung open
in my heart.

Words as real as the world's brow; as the wings
I cast aside. Imagine it!