

Taking Flight



Palm fronds never wave,
when stillness
paints the sky.
Silence is our portrait -
looking north and south
we form the opinion -
heaven's door is closed
for the reason that,
wind does not waltz
from four corners
of the universe.

Branches begin to sway,
as wind blessings
canvas the land.
Hosanna is our cry -
joy springs east and west
we discover -
prayers always reach
heaven's gate.
"Save us, we pray"
escapes our lips
taking flight