

Hang-Gliding

A beautiful Swiss day in June,
cumulus clouds flat-edged, perfect
hang-gliding weather.

She's all kitted out, ready to go,
her eyes blue-green, her smile soft-curved,
this one takes your breath away,

and all she asks is that you hug her close,
step out from the ridge of the mountain
seek with her the thermal

where the golden eagles glide
with inherited ease
in the quiet of the cantons,

the one who says
we can do this together
we can fly.

Stretched out before you, the immense
Alps, the gilt-framed canvas,
vapours drifting into questions:

how edges form and blur,
what passes for gold, why wings
fail short of the sun,

the one about sailing the clouds,
forever hanging in the twisted
tangle of your answer.