

THE WIND IN THE SKY

Elizabeth Copeland

*In the chill of November
The beauty of May
Be it city or forest
She will find her way
Hear the dawn's hush in winter
See the moon in her eyes
Her map the Aurora
Or as the crow flies
The cold air blows gentle
As she brushes the lie
From a wilderness crying
Its wisdom denied
The great oak remembers
The strength of her kind
She listens and follows the wind in the sky*

*Her hair streaked with silver
Flows thick down her back
Each strand tells a story
Of glory and lack
Of laughter and sorrow
Of love here, then gone
A life richly woven
A full-throated song
She sings of the babies
She's caught, that survived
She keens with the night wind
For those that have died
And she prays as she runs
As the moon rises high
She listens and follows the wind in the sky*

*The shadows they fall away
Fall away dancing
Here heartbeat says fly away
Fly on the owl's wing
Be one with the pulse
Of the wandering deer
The birch tree births memory
Her vision comes clear
'I carry the blood of the old ones' says she
To the towering forest
The depths of the sea
And a lone star streaks homeward
As the whippoorwill cries
'I listen and follow the wind in the sky'*

*Today you may see her
In the rise of the sun
The halls of the city
Or a life's work well done
Let the dark night embrace you
And you will see her face
All creatures, all nations
The whole human race
'Rejoice sons and daughters
Like a child in the spring
As the mystery deepens
The universe sings
I am here now within you
And as night draws nigh
Just listen and follow* *the wind in the sky'.*

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