



**3rd Place—Adult Age Group**

**Flight**

A silver halo around the sky,  
a grey cloak overhead —  
an osprey climbs from the iron water,  
a silver fish in his grasp.  
He beats monochrome wings,  
struggles to rise,  
pulled down by the weight  
of death, of life,  
held too tight to let go.

I wish I too could fly:  
beat monochrome wings against the sky,  
overcome the weight  
of grief, of life,  
and arrow through the clouds,  
across the twilight,  
into the endless star-filled night;  
and float there,  
look out and up,

and climb,  
climb until  
I am indistinguishable  
from the unnumbered stars —  
too small for grief to keep hold of,  
too small for life to pull back down —  
a spark, no more, unnoticed,  
unnoticeable,  
lost in the sea of night.

By Moira Garber