

For you sang out aloud
 Arching the silent ~~xxxxx~~ wood
 To stretch itself, tiptoe
 Above the crowd...

You hold the word

Unspoken.

You breathe. You be.
 Bare, stripped light
 Time's fragment flagged
 Against the dark.

You dance, Explode
 Unchallenged through the door
 As bullets burst
 Long deaths ago, your breast.

And song outsoars
 The bomber's range
 Serene with wind-
 Manoeuvered cloud.

Light, flight and word---

The unassailed, the token!

Dorothy Livesey