

Onward

Marisa Messina

Fairytale clouds hang
Atop evergreen shoulders.
Blue mountains below
Stand vigil and blow kisses
Flirting with our awe.
Road ahead empties
Just me and sky.
I press onwards fast
Trying to arrive before
The stars remind me that they
Shine on, shine in me.
I could not forget;
Our hearts beat in time.
I wonder where I will go
When the darkness comes.
I am not afraid
Gently grateful for today
Made of trust and dust.
We say willows weep
But could those be happy tears,
Old forest wisdom?
I like to think so
That the trees, who've lived so long
Know to celebrate
For they see cycles
Are what made the stars.
Today I look up
In wonder of the magic
Tomorrow I look
At evergreen canopies
From fairytale shroud.