



Upon a Dark Wind

In the dust of the sky I spread my wings,
From the tip of a cloud, the dream she sings...

Save her from the Zephyr I must,
The Zephyr's darkness turns all dreams to dust...

A dream is light and hope, a path to purpose here,
The Zephyr its nemesis, a destroyer with doubt and fear...

The dream cries out, the Zephyr points his staff,
I am too far. In booming thunder, I hear his wicked laugh...

Cold. I am so cold. Thick darkness veils the sky,
My wings too heavy, I cannot see, I cannot fly...

The Zephyr's laugh continues, a gale of heartless mirth,
The dream's light fades. I have failed. I shall never see her birth...

Her cry fills my soul. It is the end, we both know,
Then through the blackness of despair, I see the faintest glow...

She has not given up. My wings begin to beat,
Zephyr fights to douse her light, but too late, my veins have filled with heat...

Wings open, close, open, close. I am fire and she is light,
The Zephyr will not win, sun and light always defeat the night...

I cut through the dark wind, my wings aflame,
The Zephyr rages, the dream screams my name...

My flame melts the wall of fear and doubt,
You will fail, Zephyr bellows. I close my eyes, force the evil out...

Rain falls, but he cannot stop unquenchable fire,
I grasp the dream, hold her tight, drag her from the dusty mire...

She is wounded, scared, and broken,
But light spills out each crack, a golden token...

She's even more beautiful for her pain,
I tell her this as we dive through pouring rain...

She moves toward my chest and I shake my head,
Dreams, my sweet, are not for the dead...

Her song quiets as on one knee I land,
Tug her free of my robe, hold her out in my hand...

My fire fades to ember glow as I glance at the sky,
Lights call me from the dust. It is time for her to fly...

Her confusion's familiar, they all feel this way,
I am to save you, not keep you, I say...

She spins from of my hand, I watch her turn to join the rest,
But in a streak of light, she enters my chest...

My heart flares, my flames ignite,
Orange, red, blue. I am fire and light...

I was made for you, she whispers in my head,
Beautiful angel, you are not dead...

Upon a dark wind your strengths were born,
A finder of dreams, a warrior of the morn...

Who you are is who you were meant to be, it is your turn to fly,
Above the ash of burned dreams, the dust of the sky...

Beyond the dust in the sky I spread my wings,
Inside my heart, with hope and light, my dream she sings...

by KellyAnn

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