

The Other Side

I dreamed last night I crossed a bridge
and was terrified

by the strangeness of the other side,
how dangerous it felt to know so little
of what to say and where
to hide my secrets.

So I cried to a passing bird
(swan-like and dignified)

“Please fly
me feather-light home.

My home is where
it’s safe to speak and share

my secrets. Please gather me up
and fly me there.”

Rogan Wolf (b. 1947)

