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Bright Winter Vision at the Airport

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The soft jungle breeze passes
over us and we feel the deepening mystery
of Chichén Itzá
and the uncounted leaves and grasses
of their land;
we nearly see
the Priest-King regal, jeweled,
watching his people from the rising stone
steps of his palace
where he stood forward, alone.

His heaven had two levels,
and so perhaps has ours:
one the eye can see and one
with no confinement and no name
somewhere within the arc
of the charted constellations
and the infinite uncharted dark.

JOE M. FERGUSON, JR.

**BRIGHT WINTER VISION
AT THE AIRPORT**

Each image of the widowed earth
had turned abstract, and calm
as the dead must seem, alive...
but in no lip of love, alone
among our morning hours,
we waited in our windowed dome,
our port of steel and sky,
and I, survivor of my life,
believing in death, surveyed
the runways level into light.