

Airflight

By **Ronald Webster**

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,
they shall mount up on wings as eagles.”

Isaiah 40:31

“Who seen any robins?” he sang to
himself one May day jumping out of his hay
stack toward the meditation barn up the road
flying just four inches above the green sheep-meadow

arriving on his meditation mat where
he sat rolling over
a seed of contemplation
content

this seed was slow motion growth in the century of Chartres
after Father Louie’s word primed him
with an existential insight into the art
of being over against more having an hour in silence

your own palace of nowhere
forgetting all they tell you in the zen pooh manuals
doing things right once you are done searching high
and low everywhere for the greener pastures,

for the greener knobs and
on the blue grass bottoms who is
the old Kentucky eagle viewer sitting still, timeless, looking
where nobody seen no sparrows?



Ronald Webster

Ronald Webster is a poet whose work has appeared in *America*, *Western Poetry Quarterly*, *The Crab Creek Review* and other small journals, as well as in *The Merton Seasonal*. He lives in El Paso, Texas.