

## **Imagine**

Imagine to be a bird  
slicing air with wings.

Up up over that horizon  
soaring through clouds  
away from solemn earth.

Shining, shimmering  
far above this sphere  
into clear blue light.

Cutting through sky  
gliding over oceans  
eyes open all seeing.

Awake all day all night  
brushing rushing  
against the four winds.

Imagine to be a bird.

## **Birthday Present**

I wanted to bring back the  
best gift from the country  
for you, just for you.  
I wanted to.

Some sky would be nice,  
lots of lovely sky with  
light fleecy clouds.

So I rushed through  
stores and bought the  
biggest shiny box and  
looked for a perfect bow.

All shades of blue, violet  
with red and yellow.  
An entire rainbow of  
colored ribbons for the  
box to put this sky into.

Then on the bus my bow  
fell apart. Somebody  
stepped on the box. It's  
all crushed and dirty.

By the time we got to  
the city it was late. Did  
my sky fly away?  
The box is empty now.

I wanted to bring back the  
best gift from the country  
for you, just for you.  
I wanted to.

## **This Morning**

Between deep night  
and soft dawn the  
mist covers fields  
spreading over daisies  
climbing bunchberries  
wetting seeds, leaves.

Milky smoke roams  
back and forth  
wandering voiceless  
through mountains  
of morning.

Whistling in fog  
past sycamores  
warblers seesaw  
up cloudy layers  
up up circling  
toward heaven.

**Joan Mc Nerney's** poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as *Seven Circle Press*, *Dinner with the Muse*, *Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze*, *Blueline*, and *Halcyon Days*. *Four Bright Hills Press Anthologies*, several *Poppy Road Review Journals*, and numerous *Kind of A Hurricane Press Publications* have accepted her work. Her latest title is *Having Lunch with the Sky* and she has four *Best of the Net* nominations.

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