

*My falcon to my wrist*

*Returns*

*From no high air.*

*I sent her toward the sun that burns*

*Above the mist;*

*But she has not been there.*

*Her talons are not cold; her beak*

*Is closed upon no wonder;*

*Her head stinks of its hood, her feathers reek*

*Of me, that quake at the thunder.*

*Degraded bird, I give you back your eyes forever,*

*ascend now whither you are tossed;*

*Forsake this wrist, forsake this rhyme;*

*Soar, cat ether, see what has never been seen;*

*depart, be lost,*

*But climb.*

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.