

# SOUL FLIGHT

Reflections on the Golden Bird of Brancusi

Brancusi's Bird cannot be heard  
with ordinary ears.  
One must rise to a higher realm  
to hear the Music of the Spheres.

The song that makes our souls fly high  
up to where the stars are born  
is heard when ego's torn away  
like heavy clothes on a warm day.

Matter is sunlight made solid.  
The soul dwells in between,  
thirsting for its origin,  
lusting for the dream.

The heart of the soul is made of light.  
Brancusi has sculpted the sound of the flight -  
the flight of the soul to its source.

Matter is light made solid,  
thought-forms tied in a bind  
holding in place but wanting,  
aching to unwind,

beyond the deep desires  
that glue forms into sight,  
past the wires of ignorance  
that keep us from the Light.

F. LANIER GRAHAM  
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