

# White Bird Poems



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## Poems by Rogan Wolf

The background to this little series of poems is a reminder I was given by the late artist Rachel Stevens : that a ten-year old child is soon to move from being top of a small primary school to being bottom of a much larger secondary one - a major transition and possibly a major shock. These poems were written as if for that child. The 'White Bird' is a bit of a dream figure, looking rather similar to a swan.

## The Other Side

I dreamed last night I crossed a bridge  
and was terrified

by the strangeness of the other side,  
how dangerous it felt to know so little

of what to say and where to hide  
my secrets.

So I cried to a passing bird  
(swan-like and dignified)

“Please fly  
me feather-light home.

My home is where  
it’s safe to speak and share

my secrets. Please gather me up  
and fly me there.”

## Wings that Thrum

This bird I ride  
dignified as a swan

has wings that thrum  
as they beat the air

like the cello strings  
of an orchestra.

Most days, sitting astride  
its shoulders, I'm quiet,

but once, I asked politely :  
“Excuse me, thrumming bird,

am I your pilot, riding you -  
or just your passenger ?”

The bird turned its head  
and looked back at me

most searchingly,  
but answered no word.

## The White Bird Speaks of Fear

This royal bird, white winged -  
what part does it play in the theatre  
of my dreams and hasty days ?

How did I get here, astride its shoulders,  
sharing its flight,  
beneath the stars ?

“I shall guide you to places  
you never dreamed of,  
powers

you never thought you had.  
I shall teach you  
not to be afraid”

## Never Still

There's never pause astride these shoulders.  
Hearing the white wings beat as if singing  
I know I'm almost alone in the universe  
and sometimes I find that I'm afraid.  
And we must fly, we two, never still,  
as all around us the universe flies,  
like a bird, never still.

## Crossing

I've learned  
that nothing stays still,  
that time takes me  
and space gives way to me  
and being alive  
means always crossing over  
from time to time  
from place to place -  
crossing without end.  
And I must take wing  
for my crossing.  
This is my home.