

Wild Dove

Driving from Machynlleth
Dusk, overcast, craggy.
Wind-beaten yet still,
Holding the chaos.

Suddenly,
A wild dove appears,
Flying low.
A flurry of white.

Struggling,
Dipping towards the car.
Steadying,
Hovering above us.

Momentarily,
Shiny black of eye,
Soft expansive white
Of wing.

Hovering,
For a long moment.
Fleeting,
And it is gone.

But, having seen it,
It is part of us.
Indelible.
Never forgotten.

Wild and white,
Strong and vibrant.
Flying free,
Soaring.