

WINGS OF THE CLIFF

A Beautiful Poem

by
Hazel L. Moseley



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

WINGS OF THE CLIFF
A Beautiful Poem

Hazel L. Moseley

Copyright 1968 by the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa. ISBN 1-60045-089-X

What is it seeks a rugged cliff--
That beats with tiny wings against the granite rock-eroding earth--
This washing--ever, ever washing of foundations?

What is it dares to face a stormy sea
That hides in small encircled holes,
Feeling safe
Yet knowing any moment safety could go crashing to the ground to wash away
in foaming wrath of waves?

What is it darting forth on quivering wings
To see what lies beyond the circled holes;
To venture even farther day by day
Until the precipice is but an image in the mind?

What is it speaking lonely in the night,
Yet chattering and crying caustically by day,
This need to make itself be heard:
This speaking as the wings brush by in thousands--
then returning to the nest?

What is it carrying the instincts held within the womb and knowing things
which never need be learned:

The judgment of an avalanche of snow--
The warning of a cresting wave as it roars landward from the sea
To crash and batter-clawing monstrous fists against the rock and earth--

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---