

**Whenever the PD Wizard Strikes (Series: Part One)**

Whenever the PD Wizard  
flips off the light,  
snaps off my wings and locks me in my cage,  
(or so he thinks)

I swiftly grow another set of wings, delicate,  
translucent, and invisible  
to the Wizard's predatory ye.

That's when the mysterious, unlikely beaks of my new wings  
open wide, breathe in the wind  
of a white and luminous fire;  
and then, like 2 delirious rebel- kites,  
oh-so-clever, slip me through the dark bars  
of my weighted bones!

They lift me high and far beyond to a land where the Wily Wizard never flies,  
and for a brief and brilliant while, my spirit sails,  
flaming wing-tips brush-stroking  
white-hot fevered poems  
across the dark pages of the night,  
grazing the lips of this steadfast, inviting,  
but all-too-temporary sky.

**Leonore Gordon, 3/6/08**