

# Phoenix Rising Out of Ashes

by Jane Stuart

At midnight when the sleeping bird awakes  
he shakes his comb beside the winter's fire  
and fans his feathers to restore their hue  
while listening to wind play on his lyre  
an ancient love song learned when time was young,  
a century ago; fifty years' sleep  
brings Phoenix back from lost and lonely hours.  
It is the clock again that sets him free.  
The bird awakens from a rumbling depth  
those broken words and hearts that have no home  
to fly from ashes, circling midday's flame,  
crashing above the mystery he knows.  
Night's wind was madness; a star heard him cry  
his name back into ashes left below.