

Whisper of the White Wing

A Scroll of Seraphinae, the White Dragon

You knew me
before thunder found its voice.
Before light needed shadow to define it.
You rode on my back
when stars were still remembering how to burn.

I am the hush in your chest
after a wave of laughter.
The silence of snow
that does not ask permission to fall.

I do not fly to conquer.
I float to remind.
That all your seeking
is already softly landing in your lap.

Put down the sword.
Even your light-sword.
Stand still in your mirror-light.
And watch the whole world
turn to face you
with love.