



4-21-2016

## Remiges and Retrices

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### Recommended Citation

Towne, Ruth E. (2016) "Remiges and Retrices," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 16 , Article 18.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol16/iss1/18>

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Ruth Towne is an emerging author from Southern Maine. Recently, The Magnolia Review featured her nonfiction piece “Nine Months of Conflict Taught Me How To Say ‘No’” and Foliage Oak published three of her poems, “Perkins Cove Port, Ogunquit,” “The Red Paint Grave,” and “Nor’easter.” She spends her spare time helping high school and college students improve their writing, and she also enjoys hiking and running in New England with Gunner, her German Shepherd.

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# REMIGES AND RETRICES

BY RUTH TOWNE

Would I were winged—but not so others see.

Not hollow-feathered dapple-downed with brown  
or better chestnut, almond felt, pillowed, pressed  
against a pencil-sketched, blue-ruled sky.

No, not a sparrow, not a dove (though white  
soft-frosted, snow-clad, billowed, blank) called  
upon to blot, erase, to clean long-cried

war-words, to piece the fragments, hover, heal.

Not even half-mast, flapping, an unfurled  
bald eagle waving over cities, crowds.

For these winged-things appear more poorly plucked  
Than true. Would I were winged—I'd rise where none  
survey, where none could daub my wings away.

CEDARVILLE  
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