



Flying Through The Night
Donna Champion

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by Donna Champion

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Waiting

The sky pours out
its anguish

Trees bend and sway,
helpless giants
in the wind.
Rivers and streams
release their fury
on the land.

Buds of new life
wait cautiously
to claim the day
with abundant promises
of sweet fruit.

While
forsythia bursts forth
fearlessly
defiantly
with the fire of its golden pride
sparkling
against the thick gray coat of April

and the scent of spring
releases desire
and leaves.

Field of Stars

Each step requires one foot in front of the
other.

The crunch of gravel beneath tired feet.

Footsteps layered on top of those
who have come before us,
numbers lost to time,
stars against a dark sky.

Footsteps of lost souls,
pilgrims, seeking direction
on an ancient path.

All is in constant motion westward.

Only the heart finds stillness,
solitude, on this beckoning way.

Each step is transformation.

Climbing mountains, crossing rivers.

Solace

Healing

Forgiveness

The light within will fill the valleys below
as the heart becomes a field of stars.

One with time,
glimmering in the darkness,
lighting the way.

Dream of the Emu

Timeless

ancestral calling
now lost, almost forgotten.
What cruel trick
of evolution
tied and weighted
your thick body to
this earth?

Legs,

tree trunks, rooted firmly
in familiar soil,
reptilian claws
feet of gargoyles
grab at sand,
have learned to run.

Feathers hang like thick fur,
hiding tiny wings
vestiges of a once-powerful voyager.

The dream beckons:

you soar beyond hemispheric boundaries,

lift your heavy body to the wind,
over mountains of time,
back, through prehistoric fogs,
to a boundless universe
where you spread fully-empowered
wings
and join the stars.

Thoughts on Jackson Pollack

Crisp

November morning air,
moist from last night's rain.

Damp leaves

matted against dark earth
splattered on the ground
golden yellow, burnt sienna,
Holding fast to the still-moist canvas,

and the artist dances around
in celebration of autumn,
crying to the wind:
I am nature.

The wind shares the sentiment:
I am the artist.

The poet sees
but does not speak.

Poem for Maureen Hurley

A never-ending landscape:
wild, overgrown canyons, deep arroyos,
scrub oak and manzanitas
the untamed places of the heart,
places you will visit many times
before your death.

Wild woman,
spin your stories of perilous gorges
where acacia blinds the eye
and the scents of rotting apples and
forgotten blackberries
mark chapters of time.

Look! There! In the valley,
up in the mountains,
the timberline
the snow, the fire that consumes
the summer of your poems.

Sing for us, beguile us
draw us
into that wilderness of your love.
We will be on our own
with only flaming constellations to guide us
through her wild, Irish nights.

Guard well your heart!

Night Train to Chiba

Orange groves and rows of camellias
carefully embroidered on the hillsides of
Chiba,
hills dotted with farm houses, small
villages
glittering in the furrows of twilight.

The winter moon fills the empty rice paddies
with light.

In the morning, the farmers will burn
incense,
rub the round belly of the Buddha.
Rain will feed the rivers,
rivers will feed the valleys.
In the spring, there will be plum blossoms.

This is all there is,
all that is needed,
as sensible as a journey not begun.

For a brief moment, the night train
rattles and clatters in the silence,
the place between somewhere and nowhere,

the passengers asleep
or longing to arrive.

Haiku 1

Red flash
in the reeds:
the blackbird
seeks his mate.

Haiku 2

Acacia in bloom
caressed by wind's touch:
the king bird returns.

Haiku 3

Spider in silence
tattling anew a ragged web
the strands between worlds.

Haiku at the Bus Stop

December's weak light
plays on leaves falling late, while
caught in their flurry.

Dear Pablo

There is that certain colorful odor of
ripeness and rotting,
so perfectly timed,
a blending of the seasons.

We are not alone.

We know that you are looking scrupulously
over our shoulders, dear Pablo, advising us
about the cantaloupe, the firmness of the
tomatoes,
sniffing out the pineapples,
making harsh judgments about the mangoes.

And the potatoes, yes, las papas!

How you have taught us, your humble
disciples

of the word, to hold them tightly,
run our fingers over their coarseness.
We must fill our pockets with potatoes
to remind us: look down, bend, stoop,
smell the freshness of the soil that clings
to their eyes. Ad, after we have explored
all

possibilities, we must eat these
silent wonders.

In the early hours of morning, we fill our
baskets with

the fruits of another's labor.'

In the damp, pungent air of this market,
we feel you everywhere, dear Pablo.

Gracias.

Nine for a Fig Tree
after Wallace Stevens

the wind blows in
from someplace
untamed and forgotten
carrying seeds across
barren fields

the fig tree stands
divided
into many branches
many selves of the self

leaves shimmer in the sunlight
sad and big
drooping
as if in slumber
heavy with great sorrow

the figs lie securely nestled
in the buds
still green
it's difficult to tell
where the bud ends
and the fruit begins

branches dance and flirt in the wind
like ladies at a cotillion
their dresses rustle
to the rhythm of this
silent adagio

two trees stand together
male and female as one

both giving life

wasps swarm, burrowing
in the fruit
females bearing eggs
and pollen
for future life

swallows dip and soar in the air
singing to each other
from the branches of the
fig tree
singing
while flying to their children

bite the sweet fruit
filled with many seeds
the luscious
promise of life.

Dream

The night comes in satin
wearing a tunic
without seams
without buttons
the tunic of the night has pockets
wet mouths
holding dark secrets.

Asleep,
we wear satin tunics,
our gnarled hands grope,
ache for the dreams hidden well
in the pockets of the tunic
without seams
without buttons.

Donna Champion wrote her first poem at the age of nine. She is the co-founder and coordinator of the Russian River Writers Guild. Her poetry and prose have been published in various small press publications, mostly in Sonoma County. She is a world traveler, gardener, and bon vivant who has lived in Sebastopol since 1963.