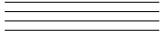


B I R D M A N , 1 9 1 1



D O L O R E S H A Y D E N

*Lincoln Beachey*

Left school at twelve, can't follow physics,  
I'm just a man stepping out on the law  
of gravity, making my living leaving –  
and reappearing. Morning bally, evening  
bally, I'm The Man Who Owns the Sky.  
I fly over Niagara, down into the mist,  
close to the whirlpools – whooooooeeee! – dart  
under Honeymoon Bridge, soak my suit  
as wheels kiss water. Suicide? Risk improves  
my mood. I burn my last drop of fuel,  
climb two miles above Chicago, glide  
down to proclaim the gospel of wings –  
heaven penetrated by human calculation.  
Call me a minister in the cathedral  
of exuberance – I trace a benediction  
above red hots, root beer, ice cream,  
racket a blessing, a holy ruckus in the sky.  
Give me a hundred thousand pairs of uplifted eyes. Amen.