Helicon Heights

(a collaborative poem of reflection on Phyllis Wheatley’s poem *On Imagination*)

Helicon heights She has fresh achieved  
A Nation awaiting, now stands relieved

Most potent hands and minds attend  
Bringing dark hours to an end

My mental station frees the train to fly

And join the mounting victory cry

Against these times that bind me to my rooms

Resplendent rays reverse past gloom

Though winter waits to dull fall’s radiant gold

Glowing heat will banish lingering cold

Once- faded fetters’ tarnish dimmed   
Now break the bands, together win!

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