

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Birds of Winter

By Robert Knox

They're flighty
They keep flying away from imaginary dangers
Who knew this world was so pitted by emergency,
flight-provoking alarms
Even the jay, the local bully, screams off
at the inkling of some wholly imagined threat
as if to demonstrate the wisdom of his superior, large-winged
caution
I ask the universe
what happens next?
Do black clouds emerge from hiding
behind the collaborationist sun,
that fair-weather friend,
in the watches of the wintry morning?

Who blooms when the wind is screeching
and the thin trees wave their branches in melodramatic warning:
 that wind – wind! – is arriving!
And what do we make
of some less certain rumble behind the wind,
the trees,
the ragged dash of the sparrow,
the chittery dispersal of pigeons,
the banishment of the clouds
the pleasure of the unseen gods
in a world of which all that
is known for sure
is the broken wing
 of eternity?