

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Sightings**

By Hilary Sallick

When the birds fly over  
I look up as if they  
are signs and follow those shapes  
across the sky

Just now one dark-winged  
against the dense white morning  
cloud plowed eastward  
I think of Ammons's eagles  
a pair oaring across  
the sky's ocean in communion  
with each other at a great  
height

Last night I lay in bed  
thinking of many things  
how I saw a nest among  
the yellow reeds across the pond  
how I looked with binoculars  
and three eggs like stones  
half-buried rose into my view  
right there in the warm sun  
the bluish-white  
stones of eggs  
I thought how the weight  
of one egg would fill my hand  
and of the mother bird bearing  
those eggs within her as she  
flew in search of food  
or water not yet the moment  
to give forth the eggs  
into the nest how  
would flying be different  
would it even be possible

I look now through  
a window try to track  
one bird's movement flitting  
among the boughs of the  
spruce a shadow of  
an action a whirl of energy  
drawing ripples