

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Murmuration

By Joan S. Soble

Out of the corner of my eye,
west of the highway,
a swath of starlings
spreading wide and thin
above the leaf-stripped trees

then contracting, circling in,
each bird a tiny v-shaped stitch
embroidered on the sheer black banner
stretching across sunset's gold,
then vanishing.

Salome of the starlings
must have whipped
that diaphanous shawl
into sinuous, shifting form,
launching it high above her head
and letting it drift down circling
toward her shoulders

until, just before it settled,
she flung it again, this time to her left,
where it unfurled with grace and force
until she drew it back.

Oh, the gorgeous intelligence
Behind such sights . . .