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## Migration

The refuge is perfectly silent. Calm  
east winds design the watery surface.  
Eelgrass bows underneath. No need for alarm;  
dawn breaks through the upland forest.

But then, a thrum of sound, a throng of squawks  
approaches in reports so loud it hurts.  
The sky goes black with arriving flocks  
splashing down into the wetlands like gunshot.

For days, the babbling horde drops its yields,  
scattering turns of phrase and scans of webbed footprints  
overlapped in mudflats and trampled down fields  
where any onlooker sees nothing but the chaotic.

Until one afternoon, when, versed by the season,  
a million wings span west and set out past the estuary,  
leaving behind a little piece of rhyme and reason,  
as one chevron, they fly as far as light will carry.

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