

The Flock

Les Blake

I had walked
a few steps

of chalk cold
asphalt toward

the front door
when the rustle and rush

of blackbusted air
caught me up

dead on my feet.
A feathering fluttering

crease in my ears,
its shear of wind

stuttering
west to east

leaving me at peace
a grounded bird.

In a blink
the flock of swallows

swallowed
me whole then blinked

out of sight.
Left me wondering in their wake

what to make of all
our intersecting.

Some moments we fight
in nightsilence.

Some moments the fight
gone, going white

like morning's
first birds light the dawn.

This dawn, this soul,
loud with the joy of having

unconsciously, undeservedly
walked into flight.

I am aware of
the likelihood of never

stepping into such
grace again ever.