

A Winter's Night

Wings of silence gliding
through the winter night.
Snowflakes fall heavy,
onto the violet back of the starling.

He lands on a branch,
joins his blood brothers.
Suddenly, soar through
the chilling winter sky.

Whirlwinds of lavender and apricot.
Land in a grove of Buttonwoods,
icy feathers ruffling in the wind.

One by one
they lift their wings to the sky.
Fleeing as winter comes
to the grove.

A lone starling
perches on a diminishing branch,
void of life.

Then takes off
into the still night.

