

Evensong

Coal whir-cloud
the flap of a scarf
sudden flight, sudden turn

Iridescent starlings inside
a thick quilt of crows
deeper in redwing blackbirds
skimming

across the lawn
outside the window, foraging

Trills, screeches, wheezing, caws
As in a church voices lift skyward
collide with birdsong

One call to the leafless branches, pierces
the last sun—
then, the jerk of
a curtain

hundreds sweep
the sky into
a glove of black hope.

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