

Swarm of Starlings

Nanci Lee, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

Have you caught this poised dance in the sky?
Caught it in your chest?
This stippled sketch pulled to life.
Muscles flexed in longing.

Tough to trace the lead. Each
looks to another, links to
the large. Tens of
thousands
will it,
stretch to seamless soar.

There is something social going on
here. Cellular. Phantom.
Hungry for the common
story, its taut fresh
tango.

It dives and tumbles, banks
shift-shapes,
casting molten.

This is the shape of
truth;
twisting its tail,
opening its
throat.