

A
sky-
hurl –
plunge,
sheer off
wind-flail,
its flung and
folded curve,
swerve, brace
the feather-web
of wing as long
primaries feel
shifts, the heft
of atmosphere.
Effort – *shivers*
through a blade
to its pointed tip –
to *turn*; a tail forks,
ruddering the gusts
as shoulders hunch
at massed air; flight-
path torques, hurtling
to a targeted speck.
Muscular glamour quickens the deft snatch.
From the minuscule to the vast, this is how to swim a sky,
manoeuvre through deep currents – *insect after insect* –
to surf a planet's breath and shriek the Eocene's joy.
Millions of years to hone the arc of a soar,
swoop of a glide; but
the craft of the body
can't evade the pull
of gravity or limits
of frail avian form.
An egg forces hard
terms. A bald chick
is the hatched vow
to return. Epochs
fledged migration
after migration
across Pangaea's
broken continent,
drifts of land, rims
of ocean; and still
they come *here*,
feeding a desire
to wing a future
into the dark
crevices; lay
and brood
so more
may
fly-
y