

MIND GRACKLES

We are circling, we are flying,
beating novice wings, not
in sky's jig, not in courting
darts, but
 g-forces gentled,
plying earnest updrafts
for lift. It isn't easy
this flying, for something must
be forced past, something
molecular, and we must learn
to curl our wings just right,
so that which passes
 passes
overwing, and part of us is always
falling, and part sucked up
by this fraction less of nothing
streamed by, a fast pull past,
a draw up to the sky. Feathered
airfoils bend, the wing is wind.
Flying
 is a kind of balanced
falling,
 out of the blue-black
squawk of us, into the by,
a slip of deeply forked tails,
a shift, askew, a swing.