

Wings fill the air—a wide V of geese arrows north, a small bird black against dawn hangs and flutters mid-air, mid-hunt, the flicker tops the tallest pine like the last god in a totem and rackets the four directions for a mate, bluebirds slip around peripheral vision, shy blue ghosts trailing tragic family trees behind them like musical old lace—it is mid-march, whether I will or no, the world is waking up.

I wonder at the
wonder of wings, letter and
envelope in one