

Grounded

MARILYN RINGER

From the pavement
of the small-town
parking lot I watch
the swans seek
the vanguard V
of restless migration,
their wing beats
my song, my heart
beats, their drum.

Wrapped in his sweater,
I watch until they pluck
my heart from my chest,
trail it away, a kite's tail,
a flag, a leaf tumbled
in a breeze of wings.