

Melanie Green

Bats

Resting on the couch by the large picture window
my attention is devoted to sky.

Dusk. Blue slips away like water into sand.

Black silhouettes now, the walnut tree
near, linden trees and houses across the street.
Street lamp arcs a thin glow
below the unclaimed dark.

Then bats. Diving, triangular wings flutter,
shift and veer in the traction of hunger,
the corridor for purpose.

How atoms braid together or fall
apart to spaciousness, hunger, prayer.
Form is but a moment. Motion
feeds us. Stillness retrieves the sky.