

Born of Flight

by Larry Strattner

I can walk among words,
Scatter them like birds,
to compose two thirds
of a poem, when they settle
on nearby wires,
in an order inspiring
wonder.

What do they think, when
I scatter them asunder.
Bring them disarray,
Shape them to a raucous cloud
of noir ballet,
to chatter at me, their tart sorbet,
a squawking I shape to reggae,
depicting long, dark, passageways,
emerging into a sudden Monet
a pastel perfect, vibrant bouquet
born of the shrieks
from a Stellar Jay.

This is the magic passageway
out from the world of yesterday,
relaxing
into today's sobriquet.

