

The Speed of Flight

by Maren O. Mitchell

Driving home up Little Mountain,
numb from mindless work,
it isn't the whole range

of the flight of the crow
that I can't believe,
wings, body coordinating

through one cycle of two beats.
It is the solid mustache-shaped
down stroke

that stops,
and will not rise
to be the lifting forward

against a lighter sky,
preceding the unlikely up
up once more of wings

that come down
come down again.