

Whippoorwills

by Sherry Chandler

When night falls clear, I listen for whippoorwills
in the hollows or in the grass beside the doorstep.
I will not hear them on this flat farm.

Though I am grounded here, I want to hear that jarring
outside my window, those cries of the eroded hills,
want to become one with the night's invisible birds.

I wish I had stroked my father's cheek, brushed
the hair away from his forehead, could hear
his lamentation for the lost hills and the night,
but I am out of time and out of tune.
All my singing is a burlesque of whippoorwills.