

JESSE MIKSIC

A Crossing of Lines

Stepping out rain just subsided
to find a world fragmented
into birdsong

Passed in passing by the stone gate, spotting
a woodpecker poised upon oak bark
waiting for the sound
of his work

I walk
to close the gaps between the trees,
The gaps are gone when
I've joined their line and
come among their number

The crow upon a wing
sweeps low across my path
for now, she has no song perhaps
it's time
to circle back

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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