Down to the Wire

The starlings merge above the lane the Vikings made

something sparks a disciplined blur

that veers

an intuitive cloud

contracts expands

each bird a magnet

in a wizard’s iron filings experiment

like an Escher in reverse the gang inside out

confused by its own togetherness

a wave of folded black spots

synchronised bodies

shadow and light struggle to allow

as if panic is beautiful following itself inside out

an organic whisper within late summer’s murmer.