

Prophecy of birds

by [Marjorie Maddox](#) in the [May 31, 2011](#) issue

The Raven

knew flight over waters when all there was
was wet, the ark lost behind the smooth arch
of wings, only a thin line of air
between green sea and grey sky,
then forever and forever
washed up with the slap
of wave against wave.
What weariness to circle
the same expanse,
the echo of rain,
even the wind
unable to land,
looking,
looking.

The Dove

pale shadow tracing the raven's soar
above an earth-turned-sea,
sought for seven days
any inch of dry,
found only its owner's
chapped hand.

The second week,
its flight fingered the tops of waves
that fingered the tops of trees, releasing,
finally, twigs of green
ready for the dove's
sleek beak.

Its last journey knew no U-turns,
just a straight flight to elsewhere
brimming with bushes,
drenched orchards hungry
for song, *hallelujahs*
hanging from every
waiting bough.