

Horizons

by [Melaney Poli](#) in the [May 11, 2016](#) issue

to the sparrows in the terminal at Mitchell Field, Milwaukee

all your life you have to travel somewhere
crumb to crumb
floor to soffit, bubbler to piano,
the spread of atrium
and your still point an immense sanctum
that holds the pattern of your flight

and if you knew how wide
 was the offering of your sky,
 how far would you fly?

all your life you have to roost somewhere
plastic tree
girder or spar, baggage claim,
the top of a shop, security,
and your sanctuary whatever peace
can keep safe winged desire

and if you knew how unblessed
 was the safety of your nest
 how long would you rest?