

Whatever the birds were

by [Christian Wiman](#) in the [February 15, 2017](#) issue

Like a spirited theological colloquy between two people
whose faith has failed,

two trees, alders, whipped drastic in the gust
that subsided so suddenly it seemed each had inhaled, and stilled.

Whatever the birds were that flitted back and forth between them then,
they made a silver seeming noise.