

Looking up

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [May 4, 2022](#) issue

Those starlings,  
that crowd of black wings  
patterning the noon sky,  
flow along a highway invisible,  
unknown to us, we without  
wings, stiff, anchored,  
eyes on the rutted road beneath our feet.

How to look up. To risk  
looking up, perhaps to lose  
our footing in the enchantment of  
cloud splendor, the heaven-  
sent stabs of sunlight, the arrival  
of rain on our dry fields,  
our yearning hearts.