

Bird Thought

Paying attention one day
driving down Ocean Parkway
instead of listening to the radio,
I notice a flock of gulls
some roosting, others
flapping in all directions
above the naked trees
reminding me
of snowflakes waltzing
on the breeze during
a gentle fall.

And I remember weeks ago
on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway
as three or four flocks of pigeons
in different corners of a sunset sky
banked,
and banked again,
dozens per flying cloud,
each bound by some
force to its neighbors,
like water molecules
pulled one by the other
in an ocean wave;

and when the geese flew
in formation while
lines of songbirds
followed their leaders
in less disciplined congregations.

I could, I suppose, look
for an evolutionary explanation
for such diverse bird patterns—
each no doubt appropriate
to its situation.

I decide, however,
simply to wonder.

Steve Bloom
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