



September Skies

As the sun's journey from horizon to horizon quickens
And the days shorten
September skies host shifting swirls of starlings
Leaderless sways of syncopation.
A recruiting whirling dance enticing their winged brethren to join.
A prelude frolic for their annual autumn migratory journey.

Humankind pronounce their scruffy appearance unappealing
But oh! What miraculous splendid packages they are
Garbed with feathers that endure until their next annual molt
With instincts guiding them on their imprinted venture
To habitats and feeding fields more promising than those they depart
Genes of countless preceding generations their guide.

Evening roostings resting raucously in suburbia trees
Gatherings at first light evenly spaced on power lines
I wish I could understand their friendly excited chatterings
Perhaps they would bid me by Starling example
To adapt and exist peacefully together
Living free and joyfully -- doing no harm.

Don Adams
Bethel Pond, September, 2019