

flock

A flock of snow flies up
in a vortex of light
and the eye says
tiny white moths

Yes: the invisible rides on the back
of the visible and this day
is struck with itself

Even the long aches of shadows shine out
as they reach
to be not shadow anymore but tree:
tree tree tree

A bird on the feeder
a world upside down:
nuthatch

Blink and the bird
never left
here then gone
then here
again

When I close my eyes
the world stands still

I am the blink