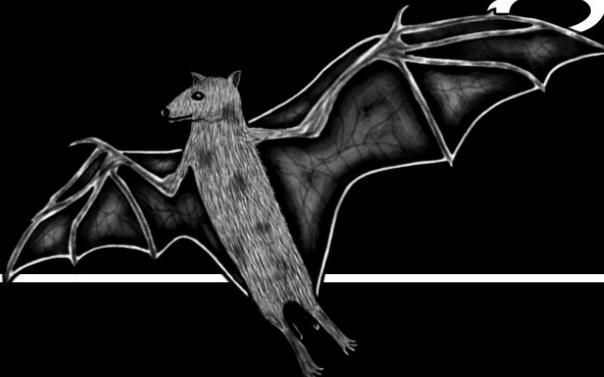




birds of night



A poem
by Lori R. Lopez



birds of night

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The birds of night flap broodful wings
Against the pewter clouded mist
Though sleep might claim most
At this hour of witchcraft and ghoul
Their leather-like flails evoke a restless
Energy for mischief, screeching and silent
Diving enmasse; swimming the air like fish
With bursts of upthrusts and echoing reports
In the quiet of Nocturnity; like swarms of bugs
Cluttering the sky against a lunatic pall
Keening in graceful plummets of precise formation
Their dense fraternity defined by echoes
They are swept aloft like a flight of starlings
And greeted with a similar disapproval
The same unpopularity of rodents
Rakishly adorable, these vermin of Twilight
Fit into the overall design, the fragile balance
That maintains the environs of a delicate planet
Like thread or glue, binding the seams
Holding the links together
Once in seemingly inexhaustible supply
Labeled pests, they have dwindled with wolves
And other species competing for space
Food and water, the right to exist, to survive
And roam free by land, sea, or sky.

~ *First published in POETIC REFLECTIONS: THE QUEEN OF HATS, 2014*

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Illustration from Darkverse: The Shadow Hours



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Look for the author's poetry collections [Queen Of Hats](#) and [Darkverse: The Shadow Hours](#), containing "birds of night"!

Lori and her talented sons have a creative company at [fairyflyentertainment.com](#).
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