

LEE WARNER BROOKS

Whooping

In the shallows of the Mississippi
In Moline, a crane stands looking north
Toward Iowa, and like a jaded hippie
He seems lost in fumes that issue forth

From desiccated features of his brain.
It's dawn; he has all day to fish and eat.
And though the river's feathered by new rain
And currents mimic minnows at his feet—

Despite the lightning on the Iowa shore—
The urgency is gone; he can't remember
What he used to rise so early for.
But he still sees uprisings in November

When the whole flock lifted like one wing
And females used to sip the sky and sing.