

The call of the one duck flying south

so far behind the others
in their neat little v, in their
competence of plans and wings, if
you didn't listen you would think
it was a cry for help
or sympathy—
friends! friends!—
but it isn't.

Silence of the turtle on its back in the street.
Silence of the polar bear pulling its wounded weight onto the ice.
Silence of the antelope with a broken leg.
Silence of the old dog asking for no further explanation.

How
was it I believed I was
God's favorite creature? I,
who carry my feathery skeleton across the sky now, calling
out for all of us. I, who am doubt now, with a song.