

Auguries

Auguries: the Roman practice of reading omens in the natural world, particularly flight patterns and birdsong.

Seven birds pass through this ghost chamber
a living fossil reflected above the clouds

Unchanged through millennia
nautilus grows in a logarithmic
spiral of iridescent chambers
each curved room vacated
as her soft tentacled body
expands into a larger shell
sealed with a leathery hood

Clouds speak their own language
in shapes formed by ice crystals:
cirrus, stratus, cumulonimbus -
names we give to the dance
of airstreams telling rain,
wind, storm, hurricane

Are these seven birds sounding the ocean,
drawing a sailor from the deep
with the *swoosh* of their wings?

(Hope is the thing with feathers, Emily wrote -
the thing that perches in the soul -
sings the tune without words -
never stops - at all)

Six hundred feet she rises through liquid darkness
to mate and feed; why could not her transparency
be called up by the sound of feathers,
drawn by desire to the one-minded flock?
How could she not suspend herself
above clouds darkened by birds flying
blind through ever-expanding chambers?

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SkyOceanBirds: Nautilus
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