

FLAKE

KYLE CLARK

Cranes leave because they know they will return.

Show me a creature who calls a place home only to abandon it,
who keeps handfuls of himself to sacrifice.

If we could be cranes, flocked, rising and fading like tilted moons,
our hearts sewn into the pulley of this universe, we would be.

If you find a feather on your porch in the morning, know I have gone.

Know, too, I am not a crane.

