

# Prophecy of birds

by [Marjorie Maddox](#) in the [May 31, 2011](#) issue

## *The Raven*

knew flight over waters when all there was  
was wet, the ark lost behind the smooth arch  
of wings, only a thin line of air  
between green sea and grey sky,  
then forever and forever  
washed up with the slap  
of wave against wave.  
What weariness to circle  
the same expanse,  
the echo of rain,  
even the wind  
unable to land,  
looking,  
looking.

## *The Dove*

pale shadow tracing the raven's soar  
above an earth-turned-sea,  
sought for seven days  
any inch of dry,  
found only its owner's  
chapped hand.

The second week,  
its flight fingered the tops of waves  
that fingered the tops of trees, releasing,  
finally, twigs of green  
ready for the dove's  
sleek beak.

Its last journey knew no U-turns,  
just a straight flight to elsewhere  
brimming with bushes,  
drenched orchards hungry  
for song, *hallelujahs*  
hanging from every  
waiting bough.