

Horizons

by [Melaney Poli](#) in the [May 11, 2016](#) issue

*to the sparrows in the terminal at Mitchell Field, Milwaukee*

all your life you have to travel somewhere  
crumb to crumb  
floor to soffit, bubbler to piano,  
the spread of atrium  
and your still point an immense sanctum  
that holds the pattern of your flight

and if you knew how wide  
    was the offering of your sky,  
    how far would you fly?

all your life you have to roost somewhere  
plastic tree  
girder or spar, baggage claim,  
the top of a shop, security,  
and your sanctuary whatever peace  
can keep safe winged desire

and if you knew how unblessed  
    was the safety of your nest  
    how long would you rest?