



Sandhill Cranes

we stand there
faces held up in wonder
the wonder of feathers
holding such large bodies aloft

we stand like children
watching them fly above us
their tiny voices
their great wings

we can hear them
as wind in their wings
we can hear
the creak of each feather

and we feel
the clasp of our hands
our own impossibility
taking flight

— Katrina Hays