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Among Goldfinches

I am floating in a thin cloud
of them—simultaneous with
their soft whistles and rhythmic,
undulating flight—their tiny bodies
suspended just next to my ears
and shoulders, as we inhabit
each other's space and speed
and direction for a dozen wingbeats
and easy pedal strokes,
coasting on the morning wind.

Then they bank off, settle,
and sit like bright blossoms
in scrubby trail-side locusts, watching
my ordinary bicycle plunge ahead
into a canyon of Queen Anne's lace.

Later, as I struggle home against
the wind, their ghosts are glazing
my arms like dew and wrapping
the street full of traffic and starlings
in a yellow nimbus, dropping
an airy twitter and flutter of wings
onto the rolling earth, then drifting off
with a shy glance—feathered spirits
teasing like a voice that whispers:
Some riders here still believe in angels.