

**murmuration**  
**MORROW DOWDLE**

a spontaneous  
generation

countless starlings  
in kaleidoscopic  
flourish

black handful  
of confetti  
flung

into the bleak sky  
of winter's prelude

a celebration  
of nothing

and therefore  
everything

i praise you  
sweet suffering  
beauty

waxing and waning  
without warning  
an unsure moon

i fill my insatiable eyes  
with your face

i hold your feathers  
against my breast

i track the days cast  
in their murmuration

not knowing  
how many will fly  
or fall