

*Diane Fahey*

## BIRDS IN THE WIND

Today's wind is a hook, a battering ram,  
multiple hands kneading and pummelling  
branches, walkers on will-o'-the wisp sand.  
Like the quest to unlock withheld speech,  
the fraught ascent of birds inside down draughts;  
then they bullet or rock through turbulence,  
each sudden wing riff a token flourish.  
Some, borne aloft on unseen carpets,  
scud sleekly to the point of choice between  
a buffeted freedom or veering fall.  
Wind-chasing swifts hunt in sweeps near the ground.  
Higher up, light clasps seed- and cross-shapes,  
irradiates umber fans. The river  
crests into gull wings, flying inland.

