

FLEDGLINGS

Look in vain for the humour
giggling irreverence
deep chuckling
swirling bouyancy
No
not even sharp dark wit
nor black cynicism of survival.
No
too serious this time
this wall we're backing up against
turn around and see -
invisible yawning hole
gaping wider and wider before our eyes and
through the chasm
plunge to unknown depths
arms and legs flapping
like pathetic featherless fledglings.

- Diane Sophrin
Vermont (8.31.19)