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Departure

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DEPARTURE

Cam Miller

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Praise be four sandhill cranes casting
their proud shadows into
empty meadows—

Praise be the railroad silence that
precedes the soprano sax melody
waves that find themselves
between your ten jiving toes;

Praise be harmonious hip bones swaying
so many trees in the dark olive wind
chainsaw roars to life;
To halcyon days of burnt August skies
To sweet nights laced
with snowflakes.

Praise be thick fog across the low fields

Praise be the waters that release their
embrace from the flooded plains;
To the single park bench, the
free man's pew shaped in the careful
view of floating street lights
oh so dim—
the pink haze of these celestial mornings
oh so warm—

Praise be chips and cheese baking in
the oven, the spirit of Summer
grinning quietly and the few trees
who can't wait for the others
jumping in the new red paint
they've been saving.

Praise be high school football games like
the ones they remember
from thirty years ago—

Praise be stairs woven from what
we all forgot that lead to the
snowy expanse of what we will forget;
To three goldfish living out their winters
in the buried bathtub pond with golden feet;
To the orange cat staring down
the roaring black of this midnight road.

