

A Roost of Turkeys

They are dropping down from the apple trees
some twenty of them wild turkeys
in the early morning winging softly to the ground
feathery air-lightened becoming such awkward
trekkers of the earth their vulturey heads
bobbing with each step as if to say *yes yes*
to the copious world omnivores gobbling
salamanders seeds blueberries worms
moving in a line toward tall grass or woods
in whose shelter they'll disappear before
the sun unleashes its depredations hawk's talons
weasel's jaw gunshots spiking the silence
but how heartening to see them now
votaries of the in-between gravity-bound
bird-embodied rising above us only to fall
like ragged angels we meet in our dreams
half-hoping they will keep scouring our fields
half-hoping they will vault the sky.

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