

Stirring

We share in God's purpose here
in this small city of boxes
each enclosure quite the same
as if in chrysalis we wait in fear
of distant trumpets bringing
us alive again from whence we came.

Below this womb there are sounds
sometimes seeping through the carpet skin
A rhythm wumping through my rest
as if in muted greeting outward bound
in coded drumming through the trees
searching others of its kind, distressed.

One day a neighbor stood
propped up by sticks below the giant tree
protecting all the nests from harm
as if his flapping legs were at least good;
He spoke his name and wondered who I was.
I said, I am like you, awaiting the alarm.

but now it has been centuries of sleep;
the sounds below are stirred again at times
great winds of change have cleansed the dens
as if all our crippled dreams shall leap
to life with brassy blasts as prophesied.
We are stirring now, but will we ever mend?