Wilderness House Literary Review 11/4

Dov Weinman What I Have Done

a red-winged blackbird lifts from the cattails
scarlet tokens on its shoulders
I am able to see now that perhaps
what I have done is not good enough
and hear that this is true
in the jaded laughter of the crows
who seem more knowing than the others
and now am certain that I have not found
what it is that I set out to find
they say that I have not come to it yet
flickers knock their reply on trunks of hemlocks
they say no not yet