

“A Day without Light”

By: Mary Margaret Park

On a day without light the grackles scream  
their dusty wings in the troubled flight of thought  
the doves of silence are sought in dreams  
but still the grackles scream

the swarming flock obscures the light  
tired and weary; this solitary plight  
their wings striking memories glass  
this fevered fury cannot last

there is no mercy in mirrored sight  
on a relentless dive towards perpetual night  
the doves of silence are sought in dreams  
but still the grackles scream

the doves are distant dreams  
and still  
the grackles scream

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