

Oracular
by Michael Kleiza

I

That night when the fire
swirled over our heads
“a madness” you called it
to witness alighting tongue
and testament
to a fired heart.

And you saw us
in our embers not passing
not touching but not strangers
not enemies but not nothing.

II

In fallen leaves,
discovered this day
a starling's remains: wings
feathered and iridescent,
maggots roiled
in their purpose
under the pale sky.

This is the wheel chaining us
to its task,
its periodicity
in step with the cycling moon
and setting sun. All
that we have ever done, gone
in that final turn.