

Swallows

Martin Robertson

How does it come that here
I have hardly seen a swallow this year
but today on the high wire
I count twelve in a row?
circling, twittering, sitting again there,
gathering themselves to go.
More in keeping perhaps to see them so
than earlier,
more in keeping with how I am and feel.
Autumn is near.
Autumn is beautiful.
All seasons are beautiful, but now
I find the year's wheel
move faster—more than sixty turns
completed, am more aware
what a small number we're entitled to,
what a small proportion of those remains
for me. Never mind.
A full, a whole time,
a time shared.

Wish the gathered swallows joy of their far journey
and ourselves prepare
for winter coming, as they
do, but in our own, our different way.