

Migration

For Diane

Every morning now, there is movement.
Stars roll—through frost to fireflies
in summer. True to the wheel,
I turn the pages of diaries growing old.
Each day I find new ways
to say “want” and “need” where once
I wrote admonitions of “never.”
Sometimes, even “good” appears.

It's not a lack of courage,
some failure of curiosity—
I just want to find home, build a nest,
and be certain of every spring.
I think I know now what it means
when I see birds flying south.

—*Thomas Miller*