

Two Poems

Brian Cochran

Migration

Same roads
up and down
day in, day out

some go to seed
others to birds

their call calling
caw cawing
ttreet ttreeting

and all those mnemonics
mnemonicking
(old sam peabody, peabody)

the rusty oil-derrick rrrrreeork
of the shocked heron, shocking
as anything I've ever heard
as pure sound

what does it mean to be
a brain mapped to wind

to know the rivers all the way to Texas

to make a line fifteen, twenty miles long

continuous, ten or more birds thick,
still going strong at nightfall

Meditation Practice

Swallows, a constellation of leaves

their slate-on-metal plea bargain with the air

the last daylight barge passing under the bridge,
rides high, empty

leaves, hold your hats on

new version of the old fish story:
there were dozens of vireos here, thursday

river dropped at least 10 feet, guy in the pickup says

oriole without a song
just sort of puts out notes

just sort of like this

the pelican comes in

sky's last thought for evening

