



Allan Burns    thronging cranes



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thronging cranes



brilliant dawn—  
the nuthatch brings out  
a new song

first swallows . . .  
a mule deer fords  
the Arkansas



in the otherwise still twilight a clamor of robin wings

cloudless . . .  
a bluebird  
strops his beak

a stream begins  
in the middle of the trail—  
thrush beyond thrush

a rail's call—  
cattails backlit  
by dawn

island breeze the bobolink vanishes in song

lakeside stillness—  
the cormorant's flight  
starts time again

a line of ibis  
bends with the river—  
columbine meadow

*for Wally Swist*

quail call . . .  
the canyon crumbling  
into itself



blue jays tree to tree the storm's first gust

the grebe's floating nest  
attached to broken reeds . . .  
evergreens twilit

bitter wind—  
a crane lands among  
thronging cranes

from river splash  
to redbud dogwood  
kingfisher blur

the spot a sparrow pecked before flying away

dead snag—  
a magpie's shadow  
glides on snow

fox tracks . . .  
a flock of wigeons settles  
just above the falls

tundra wind—  
some of the snow  
is ptarmigans



into winter sun the raven's back white

inside his wings  
inside the night  
snowy owl

## Award Credits

“cloudless”

Editor’s Choice, *moonset* 3.2, 2007

“dead snag”

Runner-up, The Haiku Calendar Competition 2006

“into winter sun”

Editors’ Choice, *South by Southeast* 17.1, 2010

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