**Porch Easel and Flight**

Charles Farrell Thielman

Sparrows forage thin grasses
close to a roadside cross,
train wails curving

through amber waves at sunset.

Her long sable brush carries
a dark blue bead from dream.

The dark blue flags of dusk unfurl
a reprieve, she paints a last lamp-post,
city centurion, close to a meadow squared

by new sidewalks. The sniper
in her tower still squeezing off
ricochets of low thoughts, planting

cross-hairs on crow’s feet deepened
by years of struggle, days of joy,
faith as real as wings shaping wind.

Gusts change the light while insights
ignite the borders of rust and repair,
she dry-brushes crows on an oak branch.

Her riverbank gypsy leans into the voice
of one current, the dusk in his eyes
a day closer to its roots.