**Another Name**

Christian Knoeller

By morning black walnuts are

 already falling from limbs

 thinned of leaves

along the river where ducks shuttle

messengers whose wings

stitch water to sky

the sound of flocks passing

make distance intimate

arrival a departure

inevitable as winter wind.

The river carves its course

among naked sycamores

hauling a whole season’s leaves

as if it were a simple thing

to pass between worlds.

Among the names wind knows for going:

 wings of geese lifting

 the feather fluttering in a web

leaves high in a cottonwood quaking

 great flocks of blackbirds

lifting from snags

above the riverbank at dusk

stubble of corn rattling

in fields after harvest

hissing fronds of pampas grass

dry leaves ticking

across a stone walk

Aurora lit by solar wind—

every breath

another name.