**Circling Back**

Christian Knoeller

A dozen doves

 trace winter’s cusp

 at dusk above

the river their flight

 synchronized such

 that wingtips

do not quite touch.

 Once I flushed

a flock at dawn

hiking past a lattice

 of passages the Anasazi

wove of stone

and then abandoned

 for what we call

 *all time*

birds they hunted

 ephemeral now

 as memory

parched migrations

in search of water’s

 ebb and flow

rivers running

always toward

a common shore

the oldest ocean

still coursing through

 our veins