**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