**A Whisper of Atoms**

Tim Raphael

Nothing random in a feather pattern.

Orbits and spirals trace

miracles in the cosmos.

Nature’s geometry, ratios

in hurricanes, trout scales –

equation of ebb tides.

Not a digit out of place

in goosenecked rivers,

rimrock sandstone,

an orb-weaver’s web

or the kaleidoscope

of bee balm, marigolds,

butterfly bush outside

a kitchen window –

perfect math and measure

turning our strides

to syncopated steps.

Imagine stillness as motion,

everything we rely on –

a whisper of atoms,

invisible travelers

meaningless in isolation

but together, all possibility –

a Cooper’s hawk

scouts cottonwoods with

patience bred in hollow bone.

*How many miles to Dixon*?

I call to him,as if a hawk on the wing

considers space and time,

feels the weight of what comes next

or aches for home

across seasons, continents,

all feather, beak, and talon.