

## Liftoff of the Sandhill Cranes

Rise before night and day converge,  
before the glint of the horizon  
claims the inky channels of the Platte  
from amorphous earth; crouch  
in brittle winter grasses bent  
beneath a taut March wind.  
Thirty thousand cranes stir  
uneasily in shallow, frigid water;  
they murmur of the skyward break,  
the lifting of the heavy, liquid heart  
into moving molecules of air.  
Stay inside the blind, in dreamless  
dark, until a thunderous unison  
of wings ascends night's vanishing,  
and in that deserted hour welcome  
the surrender of the eye's desire.

~ Victoria Foth Sherry

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