

Summer Bats

by Hugh Eckert

Leatherwing fluttering, cut-outs in black ink
Against the fading fluorescent sunset sky;
Leaf-spiraling with purpose and hunger,
Cries shrilled out of hearing, sketching their world.
Replacing the swallows, the night-shift pours forth
From crevice and eave. The host of shy hunters
Fills the middle air with their dance. This show
Is unseen for the most part, yet the insect-seekers
Are not invisible. It is our lapse of attention:
How few of us look up for quiet wings at twilight!