

# Bracken Cave

by Hugh Eckert

This wind is from wings, not weather;  
Gently bushing our faces as we sit entranced,  
Riveted on the vortex spinning before us-  
Whirl of small bodies, backlit and translucent  
In the last reaching rays of the sunset.  
They stream unceasing from the cave mouth  
With a surf-sound, the flutter of a myriad wings;  
Spiral up, then flow off in a winding line,  
Undulating through the air, a Chinese dragon  
Made of millions of small, hungry hunters.  
The wonder breaks over us in waves, fills  
Our hearts, steals our words and voices; all  
The figures and statistics dissolve in this:  
A whispering storm of bats pouring up  
From a sinkhole in the summer nightfall.

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