

*Nocturnal*

Under  
their silence, under  
their dark feathers,  
                  birds,  
a minor seraphim of  
birds, a hive  
                  of tiny starlings  
in a world of frost,  
though sound asleep now  
in the night's domain,  
                  unmoving  
in the icy cold,  
                  still keep  
the notes of the song,  
still hold,  
                  the dream of the  
warmth of the dawn,  
                  under their  
eyelids, under their closed  
wings.