Black Congregation

Jo Bartruff*
Black Congregation

“I watched the lovely sight of the group instantly turned into a constellation of birds, into a fugitive pleides whole living stars keep their chance positions.”

—Henry Beston

In the late afternoon of winter I walk away from the day’s work and look at the incoming noise of black boomerangs who, like clockwork, leaf the tree that the first has selected for the day—coming from miles around to congregate and brag of their tire-flattened hamburger snacks leaving the scavenge on schedule.

I wonder as I cover my head why they flock like this. Each one alone, like us, yet all together planning the next day’s mocking and divebombing their acidy shit from what we’ve left for them to eat, giving it back to us, as they laugh from their superior position making their sidewalk designs in the echo of a roaring caw.