

**Attending Murmurations Dance**  
*or Precarity*

how seamless the dancers lean in, float apart  
their near collisions fluid as starlings  
and swallows that swoop their way  
to evening roost

all eyes widen  
sixteen agile limbs arc like eighth notes  
climbing, falling against Stromeyer's sculptures,  
bared soles choreograph his outdoor gallery,

swaying to a score of lowest frequency  
shadowed by steel giants recast from molten machines,  
replanted on a Vermont meadow where Holsteins  
once grazed in predictable rhythm

what else to name a flock of feather-gowned  
bodies, impervious to suspended steel  
and boulders, bird-women who embrace  
precarity

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