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# The call of the one duck flying south

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*The call of the one duck flying south*

so far behind the others  
in their neat little v, in their  
competence of plans and wings, if  
you didn't listen you would think  
it was a cry for help  
or sympathy—  
*friends! friends!—*  
but it isn't.

Silence of the turtle on its back in the street.  
Silence of the polar bear pulling its wounded weight onto the ice.  
Silence of the antelope with a broken leg.  
Silence of the old dog asking for no further explanation.

*How*  
*was it I believed I was*  
*God's favorite creature? I,*  
*who carry my feathery skeleton across the sky now, calling*  
*out for all of us. I, who am doubt now, with a song.*