

# Mountain Goats

By Owen Strom

Art



# Earliest of Aves

By Corinne Kinney

Poetry

My feathers rise above my spherical head  
stretching and straining  
Droplets sail from them  
leaving behind the morning's collection of tears  
As the sun dares to slink up and bid me good day  
again a reminder to guzzle the earthy victims  
On my woody pillar my eyes pinnacle from empire heights  
below an earthquake of worms like sea crustaceans  
erupt from their soiled sandy caverns  
As my copper breast rises before the fall

The shadowed wings from phantom jets  
is all they ever know

I plummet

glide

talons meet loam

and like hopscotch every square of lawn is flounced  
The plumpest never stand a chance

