

# Bards in the Bog



## On the Aerial

Starling is numerous, holds in his throat  
The many colours of his oily coat.  
Each year he - like his fathers - finds new noise,  
Wolf-whistles tall as boys,  
The phone's trill, then the shriek  
Of Kirsty, loudest child in all our street.  
Tonight he softly mews. Then through his voice are poured  
Jay, blackbird's honey, thrush-lilts. He, half-heard,  
Tilts at faint stars, is spring, is every bird.

*Alison Brackenbury*

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