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Diverting Flight

Where does the grief go? Like the ocean
in its constant rolling my chest is a flock
of swallows small bits of memories of her
flowing together then separating and changing
direction as she sits now in her blue
chair pencil in hand or now this moment I find
the paper my son has crayoned with words
in memory of grandma.

The texture of grief: how your wife died
yesterday morning the day before
New Year's and your grief pulled into mine.
Small waves made larger.

These griefs hover over us and pull us
along, small fish darting above
waves flying farther than we thought
possible. The headline reads:
pregnant passenger in labor diverts flight
and maybe we are all in a labor
of grieving hoping for diversion
and the chickadee darting
toward the feeder and my son dreams

himself inside the bird in a flight
from this earth of coffins and dirt.

Carol Berg

Carol Berg's poems are forthcoming or in *Sou'wester*, *The Journal*, *Spillway*, *Redactions*, *Pebble Lake Review*, *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, *qarrtsiluni*, *Verse Wisconsin*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook, *Her Vena Amoris* (Red Bird Chapbooks), is available and her chapbooks, *Ophelia Unraveling* and *The Ornithologist Poems*, are both available from Dancing Girl Press.