Early November

Devon Johnston

Overhead a wood duck
sounds the dark, its whine
a thin rise and fall,
a vibrating column of air,
a call that could be carved
from walnut or osage
cut along the Meramec
and fitted with a reed
to draw down the real duck
from wherever it was bound.
Now it glides among the reeds
and through a raft of decoys,
red eye of morning set
in an iridescent whorl.