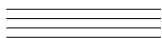


# N O V E M B E R



B A R R Y   S T E R N L I E B

It takes shape  
as flocks  
rising up  
stop us cold to watch  
their dark bond  
with dawn  
become grounds  
for going, a presence  
born again  
in every sense  
when winds spread  
the word  
and brown fields bristle like  
dense fur  
down the back  
of the earth.