



## 2nd Place—Adult Age Group

The Feathered Fates

Three Sandhill Cranes  
Are strolling across my yard again.  
I have named them after the Fates:  
Clotho, the Spinner,  
Lachesis, the Measurer,  
Atropos, the Cutter.

I imagine I see  
The morning dew  
Glistening off the thread of my life  
Stretched between their beaks.  
What else could have brought me  
To these rolling green hills?

But the thread is not taut,  
It meanders like an old river  
And you and I are back at the place we began,  
Unexpected and unforeseen,  
A destination decreed  
By the wheeling stars of circumstance.

The birds pause outside my window,  
Heads raise as one to look at me.  
The dog never seems to notice them.  
Perhaps they are goddesses.  
Perhaps I am a spirit  
And these are the Elysian Fields.

They turn away to the sound  
Of summer thunder  
Rolling in from the West.  
Soon they will fade away  
Behind gray curtains of rain,  
Invisible as the future.

By Dustin Weeks