

# Crane Possibly Walking on Water

by Erin Newton Wells



The sky sank, again. It turned the water heavy, slow  
going for a narrow leg, nothing but bone. Wings

once seemed possible but hidden now, no  
way to bloom as a plunder of feathers, wings

to catch light, explode and powerfully row  
upward. Nothing spoke, so sky sank, again. Wings

became merely what someone heard, a cool flow  
of sails, banners, wind, freedom, such wings

as those who dream once rode beneath so  
easily as shadow skims the water. Such wings

rise, their smooth primordial glide below  
a seam of sky to open it, if any remembered, wings

unraveling in blue to blend with air and know  
no boundary. No one moved much anymore. Wings

became a breath. Someone thought, once, to show  
how it was, a buoyancy of wings,

or name what you will. Hope, maybe, or the low  
whistle in dreams as they ascend. Such wings.



Image: "Leaping Crane" by Kim Sosin. "Crane Possibly Walking on Water" was written by Erin Newton Wells for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, November 2020, and selected as the Artist's Choice.