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SUSAN GLICKMAN

BATS

Squeaking like screen doors
so quick you can barely see who
or what they are -- there,
against the sky, the scudding clouds, high
above the rooftop, they are dusk’s
dark angels
or spirits from another place,
their grace
unearthly. Little aliens, perhaps;
not unfriendly, or if so, only to bugs.
The bat's song:
Mouse-bird
fur-wing
I am
an in-between thing.