

## ERROL MILLER

### *Night Flight To Birmingham*

Electra becomes reality,  
a summer son's visit ending.  
He needs more than I, more than  
these times have provided.

Way back when I transferred from his boardinghouse,  
his future pending, big black hearses taking his childhood  
to shantytown, his mother stoic, her screams  
piercing the bayou air, a slow walk  
into her own lost world.

After sowing wild oats, after reaping nothing,  
a hush on the pampered whispering voices of night,  
paying the fiddler over and over until  
his music never stopped.

Having a grand time,  
o grey bird of despair, your metal frame  
taking my son into its belly, smoking steel mills  
blazing in acceptance, iron hearts burning,  
unknown lights of a distant field.