

Melanie Figg

Flight

We looked for her
for days. Scanning
the trees, gardens; we opened
the flue, echoing
her name into that hollow
throat. All those dark
places—we peered
useless and eager.
The heart holds more
than it should be able to,
believing a search
will always lead
somewhere, a face
will light up when she hears
her name calling
through heavy, unexamined air
and come back, one eye
glazed with another vision,
but return, nonetheless, into our hands.

Melanie Figg has published poems in *The Iowa Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Conduit*, *Colorado Review*, and other journals. Her first manuscript, *Monarch*, was a finalist for the 2006 Walt Whitman Award. She has won many awards for her poetry, including fellowships from the McKnight and Jerome Foundations. She works at Graywolf Press in St. Paul, Minnesota.