

# **murmuration**

**By Mina Simon-Ogan - Montgomery Blair High School**

you are watching the sky fold itself into motion  
a hundred bodies shifting as one  
a shape that changes with each heartbeat  
and somehow always survives

you think of your mother, her hands soft and steady  
how she lifted you before the world could  
and your aunt's voice calling from the porch  
teaching you to move together

when danger brushed the edges of your life  
you learned how one glance could ripple through the circle  
how instinct could become choreography  
and grace could be learned in fear

the village was never just a place  
it was arms, and eyes, and whispers  
hands braiding futures into hair  
songs hummed under breath

you did not know the word murmuration  
but you knew its shape  
that beauty could rise out of defense  
and no one needed to lead