

KINGFISHER

I am kingfisher
not master of the skies
nor lord of the seas
awaiting plenty
of both worlds

Earth is my jealous sire
that gave me wings
that scarcely threaten sunbounds
and turns on the nights
of my days

The sea was my weaning mother
who plucked the last teat from my lips
and made me a freshwater fishterror
when she ungated the dawns
of my days

My love is an amphibian beast
that hungers and prowls from beauty to beauty—
yours the dawn of vision after vision—
that dies not with the past or region
as I skim from shadow to light
in and out of sunfare.

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