

GARY HAWKINS

Transference of Birds and Waters

To call it less, but what is gone:
still the high waves build, still their crashing.
Decided it was done, then your call.
I drove all night over the coast road
to where the Earth hits end.
If requiem begins at sea
we've built a sea.
Then the horizon from this puddle
seems the rim and I am wrong.
No more counting cycles, this undulation.
No more gathered ballast for the storm.
Buoyant, winged—we sink the sun,
go down the face of waves, find things, shells,
succumb to this young current, will the air,
what we then fly from.