

Shearwater, Leviathan, Bound

the hollow light
is still on the fields
where the winter has warmed
and the snows have drained away
and the hunter's cry
is still on the air
as the bullet flies home
but the heart that's pierced with it
still is racing
still is racing, alone.

the silver shoals
of the light in the deep
brush the glitterin skein
where the great, dark body writhes
and the trembling jaw
the unfathoming sounds
of leviathan, bound
as his heart, though weakening
still is racing
still is racing, alone

you are racing
you are racing,
alone.